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OF STRENGTH, BEAUTY AND SATISFACTION IN MUSIC

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AS an evolution-document the modern art of music is one of the most creditable (and significant) productions of the mind of man. Its material, tone (purified sound), has been evolved expressly for the purposes of this art, and for no other use whatever. Its forms, or principles of organization, wherein they are not purely rhythmic and thus derived from the dance, rest ultimately upon principles of unity derived from the inner organization of tone itself, wherein nature gave us ready made that first step in harmony, the common chord. The musical sense, to which this art addresses itself, is also a highly specialized and cultivated form of hearing and remembering, and the vast output of compositions in the higher forms illustrates the power with which this acquired means of expression has taken hold of man's imagination. Moreover, the art-products of music cover a wider range and a greater variety of individuality than is to be found in the products of any other art whatever, a circumstance itself capable of explanation, as we will see. Moreover, the future is rich with promise for this art, since as long as man hears and imagines, the gifted ones will create in every generation ever new products, phrased according to the inner consciousness of that generation, and at times of the race itself. Thus the art has wide ranges, and far-reaching relations.

The popular analysis of music into three co-operative elements of Rhythm, Melody and Harmony, is of use from certain

¹This essay was left by Mr. Mathews at his death in 1912. Mrs. Blanche Dingley Mathews, the widow of the distinguished author and editor of "Music," suggested publication in "The Musical Quarterly." The suggestion was accepted as a matter of course.—Ed.

standpoints; nevertheless it is not radical. Rhythm, while enjoying in music a complication and extension far surpassing its action in any other art, nevertheless remains of the same essential quality as in the dance and verse; a matter of number, accent and proportion. Eliminating Rhythm, Melody and Harmony remain as principles of tonal organization, peculiarly musical. That is to say, the Melodic and Harmonic tonal movement is the central thing in music; the one thing which music has which all the not-musics do without.

II.

All the fine music we hear pleases us first of all as a sensation of ear. The entire art of music has grown up from the root of the natural pleasure of the ear in tone. Tone might be characterized as an audible crystal of sound; a sound which, in place of containing conflicting vibrations, consists exclusively of vibrations related in definite proportions to each other, as in the case of molecules aggregating themselves into the forms we know as crystals. Out of this germ, actual pleasure in the sensation of pure sound, all music has taken its origin. The first tone (may have been) a twanging bowstring; and presently they had discovered other sounds of like quality, and thus some kind of stringed instrument was evolved, affording two or more degrees of pitch, which the untutored musician alternated and played changes upon, in a rude rhythm. This went on for an unknown time during which probably no rational melody or tonal unity was discovered. All the music was arbitrary, tentative—a seeking after something to satisfy the latent art-sense of man. Pleasure of ear is still a powerful force and attraction in music, increased beyond its early strength by as much as the variety of tones and tone-combinations has been increased in the evolution.

Now the act of hearing ceases when the incitation stops, *i. e.*, as soon as the vibration ceases. But in this minute fragment of time the ear manages to report many things concerning its sensations.

The number and variety of chords in modern music is very great and each one of them has to the ear its own acoustical quality, according to the combinations of vibrations which make it up. While the simpler chords in music are all individually much alike, and are soon disposed of, the number of complicated chords is constantly increasing; whereby the variety of individual ear-tastes in chords is greatly augmented and the exercises of ear, if not its pleasures, are greatly increased above the range of

sensation which existed in Mozart's time or that of Bach. The musician knows instantly every individual chord as it falls upon the ear, just as the listener recognizes every word in a spoken discourse in a language which he speaks.

In the higher forms of music the variety and range of tone-color is also continually tending to augment, which again affords the ear a greater range of incitation. And each act of this kind of sensation ceases the moment the vibration ceases.

Music, however, requires something more than ear; it may be ever so agreeable a sensation, but it begins to be music, in an art-sense, only when the mind takes it up and finds Idea in it. Every single chord or tone of melody has in it the acoustical quality which the ear takes up; but it also has in it other qualities, which the mind adds to these reports of sensation; namely, the qualities of connection and dependence. The ear knows nothing of connection and dependence; it knows sensations, pure and simple. The moment the listener recognizes connection and dependence, his mind is working; subconsciously, it may be, but working nevertheless. It is a question of memory and expectation. The mind keeps tab on the series of sense-acts, and adds to each one its own due of memory and expectation. For example, suppose a melody, like "Home, Sweet Home," the sol-fa running (ignore rhythm) *Do-mi-fa-soh-me*, etc. Now the tones individually are more or less agreeable to the ear according as they lie withing an easy vocal range, which in this instance they all do. And there is no more innate authority in the pitch designated above as *Do* than in either of the others. Nevertheless, the ear accepts it as the starting point, and refers the next tone *Mi* to the *Do* as bass; *Fa* moves out of the sphere of influence of *Do*, or crosses its territory, but with the *Soh* we are again resting upon *Do*. And so on of all the remainder of the melody, other tones coming in as resting points, especially *Soh* itself and *Fa*, the other two principal points of repose in the major key. The same thing takes place in all melody. Every tone has in it first of all its own sound; then, second, this that the mind adds to the acoustical effect, the mental quality of "place in key," as belonging to either of the primitive spheres of influence in the folks-tone or keys. And this goes on all through.

There is another element in melody, two of them in fact. First, an element corresponding to that which in a sentence we designate as subject or predicate. A phrase in music is much the same as in speech, either something which we will speak of later, or something we speak concerning a subject previously

stated. The subject element in melody is the tendency away from the tonic, or remaining upon tonic without having been away from it, as happens often in Beethoven. A predicate is a phrase which tends back to the tonic, after something has happened away from the tonic. But always, you observe, a mental addition to what the ear hears, due to memory or longer retention of the sense-impression in the mind; and an expectation of what is likely or necessary to follow. This is one element in melody.

The other element in melody which the mind adds to what the ear hears, is that of rhythm and the rhythmic balance of phrases. Now rhythm is a quality which is much mentioned, but little understood. It is not, as our elementary books tell us, a matter of long and short; but simply a matter of fluctuations occurring symmetrically. These fluctuations in music are those of measure accent, and those of phrases or accent groups; and when the first phrase of melody is completed, it is like the first line of a poem,—a pattern has been set for the lines and meters to follow. Recognition of such patterns and satisfaction in their symmetrical completion are effects which the mind adds to what the ear hears, and are important parts of our enjoyment in melody. One of the difficulties which the early music of Richard Wagner encountered, arose from his choosing to ignore the conventional expectations of metrical symmetries in his melody, and of carrying it out upon a more purely tonal logic, according to the innate sense of the poem. It took time for the ears to find out that here also was new satisfaction, more musical if less obvious.

Of chords as we hear them, the mental additions are vastly more important than in single tones. The variety of relations in chords is much greater, because in chords of three tones there are some eight or ten elements of possible permutations; and of chords of four tones many more; and each one has its own individual taste to the ear, and each new relation to the key has a different taste to the mind, a change just as noticeable as that arising in words considered as subjects or objects, words of action or of passivity; then there is greater variety of new relations which do not enter into the mere sensation, individually considered, at all; but are nevertheless put there by the mind, and form an important part of the resources of musical expression. One writer, Julius Klauser, goes so far as to claim that only a small fraction of the harmonic possibilities of music have as yet been employed by composers, and that in this department vast opportunities lie open to us, (but this was before Richard Strauss).

The development of musical sense to appreciate the remote relations of connection and dependence involved in such music as that of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, not to mention later great masters, is a process involving much time and intelligent direction as well as inherited aptitude and a good environment. And at this point our musical education is still remiss.

III.

In all our music, over and above its quality as a series of ear-sensations, and its cognition as such and such purely tonal relations and dependencies, with other qualities of purely tonal beauty, as yet not definable, there lies yet a third element constantly growing in popular estimation, so much so that many suppose it to be the key to the entire art of music itself. This element consists in the impression of human feeling as depicted by the music. If a hundred fairly well cultivated persons were to be asked what in their opinion is the ground object of music, they would by a large majority reply that the primary object of music is to represent human feeling.

Herbert Spencer took this ground and argued from it that music had come up by the way of emotional speech. The myth that music represents feeling is natural enough. It belongs to the class of myths which explain nature. A series of tones in rhythm betokens an intelligent personal author, just as truly as Paley's watch found by the savage on the seashore. Tones in rhythmic arrangement do not arise impersonally; tone itself does not sound impersonally, excepting a few make-believes in the natural singing of a fast-running machine and the machine itself is of personal origin. But Spencer, if he had lived a little later, might have chosen to derive music from the singing of the earlier electric motors, which ran down gradually in pitch until the machine came to rest. Spencer would have obtained the musical scale by subdividing this descending slide of pitch. It is insufficient. It asks too much. It demands ear competence before there has been any ear-experience. Now, we know that they began education in the perception of pitch and the study of its degrees many thousand years ago, thousands of years before the great pyramid; because we find at that time instruments so advanced as to have required very long evolutions for coming upon them, unless we go further with myth and suppose them handed down out of heaven.

Any person who finds comfort in believing that the ultimate rationale of music is the expression of human feeling, is at liberty

to believe it. Nobody can authoritatively contradict him. It may be. But when he says that the development has followed this road, then the facts have to be reckoned with; which show that pleasure in sensation and pleasure in tone relation as such, "musical pleasures" pure and simple, have determined all the advances in music down to the point where we are. It is admitted that during the three centuries of opera great progress has been made in finding ways of a more graphic correspondence of the music with the dramatic moment to which it is set. But this is because in the drama all varieties of human feeling are eventually appealed to, and in following these appeals music has advanced to certain resources of sympathy with such feelings. Some of these are innate, as when *minor* effects accompany grief, and so on; and some of them are conventional, like Monteverdi's tremolo on a diminished chord while suspense lasts until it is known whether the unknown duellist is living or dead.

Nevertheless, Bach began to write after a full century of this chapter in evolution, which itself started with the perfectly well understood fact in Palestrina's time, that music could correspond remarkably to human feeling, which Palestrina tried to make it do in the solemn moments of the mass. Now Bach, while one of the most emotional of men, nevertheless wrote always music; the emotion which it had behind it sometimes flowed in from the text, and sometimes was the unconscious color of his own mood at the moment. Hence, while the feeling led him to interest himself in one motive rather than another, his musical logic led him to develop each motive according to its inmost musical nature, so that whatever of emotionality there is to be found in the product was more unconscious and unsought than otherwise. What Bach busied himself with was Music, as such; and rational music as such. Every piece of his is an individuality, coherent, pronounced and complete; at least all his good ones since even Homer nodded.

This idea of writing music for music's own sake, was the standpoint of the composers during the century, including Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and the younger Beethoven. Gluck, the opera composer, stood out for poetic depiction; nevertheless in his best moments he also wrote music; and the music he wrote lasts while his description has long since passed into innocuous desuetude.

In the next century the standpoint slightly changed; to the extent that while composers considered the music its own sufficient reason as music, they went farther and conceived that it

might be its own sufficient explanation. This Mendelssohn neatly suggested by his title of "Songs Without Words," as if by close listening the words could be made out from the music. He was nearly right. Words? No! Not words; music has no words. But the moods, Yes! Certainly! And this is the standpoint of what we call the romantic epoch in the evolution of art-music.

IV.

Those who suppose that the so-called emotionality of music is due wholly or mainly to the over-worked imagination of biased listeners, fail to take into account the physical facts involved. Music moves upon the sensorium with many and powerful incitations. Consider the merely physical impact of sound-vibrations in a modern orchestral composition, such as those of Tschai-kovsky, Wagner, or Berlioz. Is it supposed that one can fall under this intense bombardment of ear sensations and remain unaffected? Then, too, consider the acoustical tensions and contradictions which exist within the complicated chords, such as all the secondary sevenths, the suspensions and other forms of dissonance. That the careless listener does not feel them marks only his insensibility for the vibration incidents themselves, and the combination tones generated by the tones sounding together, are terribly appealing at times. And the ear certainly recognizes these things and passes them along as vibration incidents to the musical brain. Add to these the contradictions in rhythm which often intensify the great moments, and we have a variety of powerful physical incidents which might seem equal to burning up or blowing down the building itself, so powerful are they. That these should almost stun the hearer, is at times unavoidable.

Moreover, we are made up of conventions and habits. In some way a peculiarly voiced chord gets itself associated with an idea, and straightway when we hear it again we think of the idea. Moreover, people are simply a kind of animals. The dog listening to a violin practice illustrates my point. Note his quiet as his master begins his ascending scale of slow notes, drawing the tone long and carefully. Five notes up, six notes, the dog remains quiet; the seventh appears to occasion disquiet, the eighth makes him anxious; the ninth makes him squirm, the tenth is beyond endurance. He sits up, opens his mouth and howls to his soul's comfort. Evidently, he is giving what we call in music, "sympathetic resonance" to the tone which finally compelled him to break the silence. It was perhaps his own personal key note, and he simply had to give it vent. There is

many a woman in an intense concert who would herself sit up and howl when her note comes, did not convention stand in her way; convention, and her "adventitious" character. Our minds have their underground relations and the subconscious plays a great part in life. Much in life, and everything in art, for in art it is the thing we feel which satisfies us, long before we reach the thing we know.

V.

The myth of what is called program music is not an impossible conception. While music can never tell a story or describe anything, it is not impossible that a composer of unusual gifts and mighty sensitiveness might be so filled with a great story or character, that the music he writes in that mood will find answering chords in the especially congenial listeners; and that in extreme cases the same story or incident might be suggested to the hearer as his own unconscious myth from the awakening of the same deep springs of sensibility.

It is no more impossible than that an iron diaphragm is able, in response to a quiet human speech, to transmit through a thousand miles of coarse iron wire electric fluctuations of such potency that another iron diaphragm at the other end not only takes up those electric fluctuations, but actually speaks the words and the voice into the ear of the distant listener. This is one of the simple facts of life, which is a greater miracle than any that a magician ever pretended. Many a boy has wondered how God could know of His deeds; the farther we go the greater the wonder grows whether God is able to shut off the receiver when He needs a rest.

Thus while the main thing in music is the music as music, a coherent and beautifully expressed discourse in tones; and the production of such discourse, a wholly sufficient reason for the composer and a satisfaction for the hearer; it remains true that human feeling is unquestionably a very important by-product in music. A by-product constantly growing greater as the resources of music are amplified and the capacity of listeners is increased by education and practice.

We may even accept the dictum of Hegel that the ultimate destiny of art is to voice the entire subconscious soul of man. To utter all those aspirations, hopes, reveries, and contests which move and shake the soul, to the end that man may know himself. That eventually all the evil in man will find expression in art as well as his noblest and best moments. Or, like Schopenhauer, as

Wagner understood him, that music is a kind of somnambulist cry of the soul.

Yet wherever we stop, the position of Hanslick is authoritative and demonstrable; that whatever there may be in music, be it much or little besides the music itself, that something can come to the listener in no other way than by hearing the music sufficiently. Whatever the music means is involved in its notes and what those notes imply. Therefore, to become wise in music, is to become a better hearer, a more competent hearer. And when we have thus heard and enjoyed it as music we are in nine cases out of ten as far along as the composer himself was in the moment of composition; since first, last and all the time the composer is busy in music. It is music he writes; it is music we should hear. And whatever over and above music we get is so much to our gain, provided we still keep in touch with the music.

VI.

On the whole it appears to me that the most satisfactory theory of the beautiful in music is that of Lotze, who in his "*Geschichte der Esthetik in Deutschland*" suggests three categories:

1. The pleasing in sensation (perception).
2. The beautiful in contemplation.
3. The beautiful in reflection.

The first two of these categories may be taken to correspond with the first two kinds of satisfaction I have mentioned. The third includes all that stirring of imagination and sympathy which great art gives out to sympathetic souls. It is impossible to strictly define the limits of this variety of satisfaction, even in the one art of music. Not alone does the myth of human feeling spontaneously form itself as we listen to any great music, there is something more, an impression as if the music itself were a living creature, a disembodied personality, a floating over-soul of sound, flowing through us and strangely and deeply stirring us.

The line of thought here traversed throws light upon a fact which many serious teachers of music have observed, but which as yet is unknown to our educated men; the fact, namely, that music is studied seriously, in the spirit hereinbefore described, the student undergoes that maturing of mind which we recognize in education as growing strength and culture. I speak, naturally, not of the one-sided specialist who devotes prodigious hours to developing the different forms of what they call "technic"; but of that rational study of music, which reaches forward and

upwards so far beyond mere technic, and arrives so much better by mind and the open door of the soul than by practice. The explanation is that music, whether it be studied from a narrow and purely technical standpoint, or from this larger outlook of intelligent and sympathetic art-cognition, in both cases demands and necessitates the closest and most sensitive possible attention. Good luck takes a student but a very small way in the serious study of music. It takes mind. And the qualities of a really superior musical mind are in no respect below those of an accomplished mind in other directions. Wherefore, it would perhaps be well if, in some good time coming, the mental values of musical discipline could be measured and estimated in school work. But such an advance will naturally follow some time later than the general recognition of the penetrating mental qualities which alone give rise to the higher forms of musical creation. Man, cultivated man, is after all the great singing bird of the universe. And he sings because he feels, he thinks, he imagines, and he soars.

We may say definitely that the sensation of beauty experienced from music may be of many degrees and of many kinds. The entire sensuous side of music is beautiful in its degree—beauty (at least delight) of sensation in pitch and quality, in symmetries of rhythm, and so on. When we advance beyond the mere sensation to the intellectual enjoyment of music as a coherent and inspiring discourse, the sense of beauty rises in proportion to the good fortune of the composer in carrying out the moods and musical ideas he had in mind, and producing in them unities at once witty and beautiful.

There is in this part of music an exquisite fitness and adaptation, which of course needs to be understood and felt musically, before it is appreciated; but given the "ears to hear," it is beauty containing wonderfully varied sources of gratification.

Strength in music lies mainly in the purely musical management of the ideas, the melody and above all the harmony. Here is where great writers are greatest. As for satisfaction in music, perhaps we can do no better than agree with the popular sense, that after all the highest satisfaction to be found in music is that of being stirred in our inmost feelings; but the music lover is thus stirred only when the harp is handled by a master hand, having nobility and strength in his combinations, beauty in the melody and harmonies, and surrounding the whole that deeper sense of great art, which is so vastly greater than the greatest possible artifice. Beauty and purity cannot be separated; great art is pure art. And its limits are as yet beyond the ability of man to define.

BRAHMS AND CLARA SCHUMANN

By FERDINAND SCHUMANN.¹

1894

NOVEMBER 9. Brahms arrived here to-day from Vienna, and is living with us. . . . At dinner I saw him for the first time in a long while—a corpulent little gentleman, with a full beard beginning to turn gray. The very odd mustache is fiery red on one side and gray on the other. His voice is unusually high and clear and sounds as if it were cracked. Brahms sat opposite to grandmother and was very lively and witty. The conversation was quite animated. In the evening attended a Museumgesellschaft concert. In honor of Brahms, the programme consisted entirely of works by him: Tragic overture, Variations on a theme by Haydn, the Violin concerto, the Hungarian dances arranged for violin and piano, and the C minor symphony.

G. F. Kogel conducted, Joachim was the soloist, and James Kwast was at the piano. Brahms sat in the front row with grandmother. She made an exception to her rule of not attending concerts, for she has become hard of hearing — cannot hear a tone, not even orchestral music, except forte passages. Besides, like grandfather before his end, she suffers from deceptive hearing, so that she imagines that she is continually hearing single tones and false harmonies. After Joachim had been applauded at the conclusion of the concerto, he left the platform and, pointing to Brahms, begged him to arise and thank the audience. Brahms turned to the public and there came a hurricane of applause, thunderous bravos and cheers. The orchestra played a fanfare. After the symphony Brahms stepped up to the platform, and again received an ovation.

November 10. Grandmother rode with me this morning to the house of Ladenburg, the banker, where the Joachim Quartet, just arrived from Berlin, rehearsed for the matinée which it will

¹ These extracts are from a diary kept by the grandson of Robert and Clara Schumann, who dwelt with the latter in Frankfort. They date back to the years 1894 to 1896. Whenever Brahms visited Frankfort he was the guest of his oldest friend, the great pianist Clara Schumann. The extracts first appeared in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," 1915, and are printed by permission.—Tr.

give to-morrow. Otherwise, only Ladenburg's family were present. Brahms's B major quartet (Op. 67) was performed. The Master sat on a sofa smoking a cigar and was in a very good mood. At the close he applauded and exclaimed softly: "Bravo, bravo!" We followed the performance with the score. In the evening Brahms brought Herr Mühlfeld¹ to supper, the artist having just come from Meiningen. For the first time we heard the newly-composed clarinet sonata. Brahms was at the piano, grandmother at his right turning over the leaves. At the end of each movement she expressed her delight; Brahms would then ask: "Shall we go on?" and, observing her pleased nod, continued to play. . .

November 11. At eleven, *matinée* of the Joachim quartet in the small hall of the Saalbau concert-hall. Programme: Mozart, quartet G major (Köchel, 387); Brahms, B major; Beethoven, A minor (Op. 132).

Brahms was present; there was much applause. For dinner Brahms and the Quartet were at Ladenburg's. In the evening the two clarinet sonatas were again performed at our house: Brahms and Mühlfeld. Ludwig Rottenberg, the conductor of the opera orchestra, was present. He came from Vienna, and enjoys Brahms's particular esteem. A brother of Mühlfeld's, oboist and Musikdirektor in Wiesbaden, was also present. After the first sonata, Joachim came in.

When playing, Brahms utters very peculiar sounds—one might call them a sort of gasping, grumble or snoring. After the first sonata Mühlfeld's brother addressed various compliments to the Master, who, pacing up and down the room, paid no attention to him. He would glance at him for some moments, turn his back and keep on walking and smoking. . . After supper, punch in the salon. Brahms remarked of the clarinet that its tone was much more adapted to the piano than string instruments. The tone-character of the latter was quite different. The clarinet, as a solo instrument as well as in chamber music, should be more cultivated than it had been.

The most wonderful thing about Brahms is his peculiarly blue eyes. He wears his hair rather low over the back of the coat collar, closely cut on each side. Occasionally he wears a *pince-nez*. At nine in the morning he takes breakfast with us. Later on I hear, much to my surprise, that as early as seven he is at work in his room, so that the breakfast with us is practically a second meal.

¹The celebrated clarinetist of the Meiningen Orchestra.

In the evening we all visited my uncle, Louis Sommerhoff, grandmother's son-in-law. The company assembled in honor of Brahms. . . It includes the Joachim Quartet, Ladenburg and Herr Bertuch, the translator of Frederic Mistral's *Mirèio*. The clarinet trio, by Mozart, with grandmother at the piano, and Joachim playing the viola.

November 13. At one o'clock grandmother and Mühlfeld played grandfather's "Phantasiestücke," Op. 73. Earlier in the day, while walking with her, she expressed to me her pleasure at being able to play with this excellent artist, and called my attention to the fact that in those pieces the violin was no adequate substitute for the clarinet. Had grandfather had the opportunity to hear them with a clarinet they would have made an entirely different impression upon him, for, as so often happens, a violin was used because it was difficult to obtain a wind player.

At dinner Brahms and Mühlfeld were again the guests. The subject of conversation is Joachim, who had departed for Winterthur where he was to play in Ernst Radeke's Society. Brahms admires Joachim's endurance. On his travels, he said, Joachim's capacity for sleeping was enviable, but he was a poor *skat* player. We then talk about Hans von Bülow, whose conducting at concerts from memory Brahms did not "think astonishing; but that he also directed the rehearsals without notes was, in his opinion, a wonderful thing." The scores Bülow would practically commit to memory beforehand. (He had just died in Cairo.)

In the evening a musical gathering at our home, also in honor of Brahms. I observe many gentlemen on the staff of the Hoch Conservatory: Ernst Engesser, Lazzaro Uzielli, Iwan Knorr, Hugo Heermann, Naret Koning, as well as my professor in musical theory, Anton Urspruch, of the Raff Conservatory. . . Gustav Erlanger, Johann Hegar, a son of the Zürich composer, who is studying in Frankfort with Hugo Becker. Most of the gentlemen were accompanied by their wives. Frau Julia Uzielli sang songs by Brahms; afterwards the two clarinet sonatas were played by Brahms and Mühlfeld, and grandfather's clarinet pieces, with grandmother at the piano. The company was very animated, and my grandmother, in spite of her seventy-six years, did the honors.

November 15. I hear that last night Brahms had expressed his opinion concerning the proposed monument to Bülow in Hamburg. He is opposed to it, in spite of his friendship for Bülow. He declined to contribute to the fund. He did not think a monument should be erected to the memory of a man, who had

left nothing behind [*sic!*], and who had created no new epoch in music. That it was not stinginess on his part was proved by his frequent and liberal contributions to funds for the benefit of orchestral players, etc. Bülow was an eminently gifted conductor, but that did not entitle him to a monument.

1895.

February 11. Brahms has just written from Leipzig. His letter reads:

DEAR CLARA:

To hear your dear Leipzig heartily praised must surely afford you a genuine *gaudium*. If you therefore let me describe my eight days there, you shall have that pleasure. It was really one of the most enjoyable concert adventures that I ever experienced. Everything was so successful that it becomes difficult to point out any of the details. First of all, the weather, which doesn't often give us much satisfaction there, but which I enjoyed every day; then Herr Kraft (Hôtel de Prusse) saw to it that I lived like a prince, and paid like an humble citizen. The one thing better than the other. Orchestra Quartet D'Albert, Mühlfeld, the public, the management, then the Museum Klinger¹ and what not. That the whole thing impressed others as being fine you may infer from the facts that D'Albert received two hundred Marks more than usual, while I—who had expected only my travelling expenses—was presented with two thousand! Besides which, the management gave a grand banquet to one hundred and sixty persons at my hotel. . . .

That the two piano concertos should have been given one after the other, you can hardly, or, at least, reluctantly imagine. But you would have endured it, for at the rehearsal as well as at the concert, everything went so smoothly as to seem a matter of course. At the concluding overture I waited in vain for some one to leave the hall. You will find the intermediate selections a cause for wonder. But these, too, were just right, because the singer (Erika Wedekind) was really a most charming young girl, who sang admirably. (Pupil of Frl. Orgeni, whom on this occasion I saw again.)

This chatter of mine seems trifling in every way. But to do better is impossible, owing to the innumerable letters stacked up here. For you are only to take pleasure in your Leipzig and incidentally at the beautiful days it gave me. On the fourteenth there is to be a rehearsal of the clarinet quintet in Frankfurt. Couldn't that be done at your house, so that you could listen to it in perfect comfort? On the 15th, Mannheim; 16th, Frankfurt; 17th, Rüdeshcim-Beckerath; and on the 18th may I again bid you farewell?

Yours, with hearty greetings,

JOHANNES.

February 13. Brahms arrived to-day at half past twelve. He stayed to dinner, and related some interesting things. We

¹ The sculptor of the famous Beethoven statue.

heard this remark by the Duke of Meiningen to Mühlfeld: "When you want leave of absence and Brahms is in question you can always leave Meiningen, without asking me." This afternoon the clarinet quintet was to have been rehearsed at our house, for performance at Mannheim, not at Frankfort, the interpreters being the Heermann Quartet and Mühlfeld. At half past four the guests were all assembled: the Landgravine Anna von Hessen, Baroness Rothschild, and many others. But the Landgrave had not arrived, neither had Herr Mühlfeld. The latter was expected at the Hôtel Continental, but on telephoning found he had not arrived in Frankfort. Instead of the quintet, the G minor piano quartet of Brahms was performed, with Brahms himself at the piano. After that Schumann's F major trio was played. Grandmother was at the piano, with Herr Heermann and Hugo Becker at the desks. The trio was selected at the particular wish of Brahms, who desired to hear it again. Unfortunately it could not be played to the end, for grandmother felt rather indisposed, and so the finale was omitted. At the trio Brahms sat apart from the performers and the listeners at the table in the dining room, from whence he heard it. Before it was finished Stockhausen came in and was cordially greeted by Brahms. The latter inquired regarding the condition of little Julie Stockhausen, who is very ill, and has been in bed for three weeks. Stockhausen was very much depressed. He had but recently lost his elder daughter, and is moreover suffering from a serious weakness of the eyes which threatens total blindness. Johannes Hegar and Johannes Stockhausen, youngest son of the singer, are god-sons of Brahms.

In the evening I attended the concert at the Opera House. The first number on the programme was the F major symphony by Brahms. It being the anniversary of Richard Wagner's death, Conductor Rottenberg wanted to give only Wagner, with one Beethoven number; but when he heard that Brahms was coming to Frankfort, he changed his plans. Brahms appeared after the symphony. Sitting quite alone in a first-tier box he heard Carl Halir perform the Beethoven violin concerto. Later on the "Faust" overture and that to the "Meistersinger" were performed. Before the concert was over Brahms entered the manager's box, where he stayed to the end.

February 14. This morning at ten the quintet was rehearsed at Professor Hugo Heermann's, Mühlfeld having arrived the night before. Grandmother took me along and we read the score. . . Brahms left with the others an hour later for Mannheim. At dinner grandmother expressed herself most enthusias-

tically over the composition. Discussing different passages of the profound and grand work she frequently exclaimed: "If Papa (Schumann) could have lived to enjoy that! He would have been delighted beyond words." But she did not approve of Brahms's taking the piano part at the public performance of the clarinet sonatas to-morrow evening. She thought that he should have engaged a Frankfort pianist, for his by no means technically perfect playing only lessened the effect produced by his compositions. He had been told this by others, but he could not be induced to abide by their advice.

February 15. Brahms returned at midday from Mannheim with the Heermann Quartet. He came directly from the station to the "Saalbau" in order to rehearse his G minor piano quartet. He took dinner with us, in the course of which he related the following episode: During the rehearsal Conductor Kogel came and begged him to attend the Sunday night popular concert. The D major symphony and the "Academic Festival" overture would be performed, and Kogel hoped that he (Brahms) would not object if he took certain liberties with the symphony. "No, go right on," answered Brahms; "the police will not punish you." (Brahms was highly amused while saying this.) Kogel remained for some minutes during the rehearsal, at the conclusion of which Brahms exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, I am entirely satisfied; or" — in a much louder tone — "does Herr Kogel know of any liberties that we might introduce?" Kogel had left, but everyone in the hall heard Brahms. . . Grandmother thought that the affair would soon be in all the newspapers and, after Brahms had left, was rather put out and regretted that Brahms was sometimes rash in saying things which he afterwards was sorry to have said. He of all men should be careful by reason of his too impulsive temperament.

In the evening, chamber music in the smaller hall. The Stimmung was most elevated, since Brahms desired personally to introduce his clarinet sonatas to Frankfort. The programme comprised: Sonata in F minor, for clarinet and piano; Piano quartet in G minor, Op. 25; Sonata in E \flat major, for clarinet and piano; all by Brahms. The players were Brahms, Mühlfeld, Heermann, Bassermann, Welker, Hugo Becker.

Brahms entered in evening dress, which emphasized his corpulence. On the other hand, from afar his head and beard made a wonderful impression. I cannot remember ever having seen anything more impressive. A mighty wave of cheering greeted him. I was glad of the applause, for it was spontaneous. . .

The Frankforters know who is in their midst. It was a glorious evening. Brahms looked aristocratic in his evening dress, but evidently he doesn't like to wear it; he perspired profusely and his face was very red. To-night he appeared rather out of sorts and did not seem to be interested in the applause at all. After each movement he rose reluctantly and, apparently angry, pointed a finger at Heermann. At the close there seemed no end to the applause, after Brahms and his associates had left the platform. They sat together in the artists' room, none willing to come out. The applause lasted for three minutes, ceased, and then began again. Brahms does not appear—the platform remains empty. At last the door opens and Hugo Becker flies out as if shot out of a blow-pipe; behind him Brahms, fiery red in the face and furious. Abruptly bowing they retire. The public is amused—some people laugh. Afterwards I ascertained that Brahms had requested Heermann, as concert-master, to come out with him, which he refused to do. (Of course.) This greatly enraged Brahms, who finally persuaded Hugo Becker to come to the platform. Brahms is still highly incensed. He will never again play with Heermann. He is not, he says, an actor, and will never look at Heermann again. . .

February 17. At ten o'clock Brahms took me with him to the rehearsal for to-night's Sunday concert. As we entered the hall the first movement of the symphony had already been performed. Kogel came down from the stage, and greeted Brahms, who took a seat and listened. He had something to say after each movement. The third movement was taken much too fast—the inherited sin of all conductors, especially in this movement. After the symphony Brahms, accompanied by Kogel, ascended the platform, the orchestra greeting him with a fanfare! He bowed and delivered a few remarks in which he highly complimented Kogel. I distinctly heard him say: "The orchestra should congratulate itself upon its very capable conductor."

Afterwards he conducted the "Academic Festival" overture. I shall never forget his conducting—the concise, calm gestures, the serious expression of the face, the amiable directions to the different instrumental groups.

Mühlfeld performed Weber's E major concerto for clarinet, the strings played Handel's *Concerto grosso* No. 10, arranged by Kogel, and then Brahms, Mühlfeld and I walked through the town out to my Uncle Sommerhoff's farm. The menu included Brahms's favorite dish: sauerkraut. But the costly, old Rhine wine which my uncle served to Brahms he drank mixed with

water! On the way Brahms spoke to me about serving in the army. "It is much better," said he, "to serve when young than to become an old recruit." Mühlfeld agreed. The Master expressed repeatedly his deep regret that he had not served in the army. . .

February 19. Brahms returned from Rüdesheim at noon. He presented grandmother the menu designed at Rüdesheim. It represented a lion comfortably reclining upon a pedestal, the front legs crossed: the head was that of Brahms. It was cleverly symbolized, *viz.*: Brahms, the powerful man resting after his great work, and enjoying his fame. At night company again. Grandmother desired to give Brahms as much entertainment as possible, and besides did not want him to be alone on this, his last night at Frankfort. To-morrow he leaves. Brahms shared Urspruch's opinion about conservatories in which practically only piano-playing was taught. Real musicians such institutions could not develop. . .

February 21. While Brahms was yesterday listening to a pupil play Schumann's "Bird as Prophet" he remarked that it was one of Rubinstein's greatest pieces. No living pianist can be compared with him. The good players of the present day have no touch. Of Berlioz's overture, "Romeo and Juliet," he remarked that it was very tedious and contained only two fine passages. It is to be given at to-night's "Museum" concert.

September 8 (Interlaken). As in former years, grandmother is spending the entire summer here. She gets very angry whenever she reads or hears some one say that as a creative artist Rubinstein is the equal of Brahms. "Brahms is without a rival and stands alone among the living." That's her opinion.

Professor Stockhausen came to-day to say good-bye. He returns to Frankfort. Wagner was constantly discussed. Grandmother and Stockhausen are of the opinion that Wagner will one day totally disappear. His music, they argue, is too unhealthy; the coloring is good, but the drawing bad. However, they grant that he was a genius. Levi¹ was not a fanatical Wagnerite, like Mottl and Richard Strauss, for there still dwelt something of the classical school in him. The estrangement between Brahms and Levi is alluded to. Formerly Levi was one of his warmest admirers. But when Wagner's fame began to rise, and while Brahms was visiting Levi in Munich, Levi one day spoke of Gluck and

¹ Hermann Levi, the great Munich director and first conductor of "Parsifal." Levi's classicism is shown in his admirable editions of Mozart's operas, which are used in the Munich productions to this very day.—*Tr.*

Wagner in the same sentence. "These names are not to be mentioned in the same breath," Brahms angrily remarked, and left the room. The next day he departed from Munich. Since then Levi became a bitter opponent of Brahms and expressed himself with incredible harshness about his music.

October 3. Since the end of last month we are again in Frankfort. To-day, on my twentieth birthday, Brahms arrived here at five o'clock. At tea I saw him. After congratulating me he spoke of the musical festival at Meiningen. It was very fine. He praised the Meiningen opera singer, Ludwig Wüllner, who interpreted his songs better than anyone else.

In the evening, Brahms and Stockhausen at supper. We were joined by Professor Kufferath,¹ of Brussels, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Speyer, of London. After supper Frau Speyer (*née* Kufferath) rendered some songs by Brahms, among others "In stiller Nacht," from the folk-song collection. The Master accompanied.

October 4. Brahms left for Vienna this afternoon. He therefore came this time only to see grandmother. Mr. and Mrs. Speyer and I were at the station. The Master stepped into a first-class compartment, closed the door and, looking out of the window, indulged in all sorts of pranks. . . . In the morning I had gone to Schepeler in the Rossmarket to procure some tobacco for him. He had written the kind he wanted on this slip of paper which I still possess: "Cigarette tobacco Caporal, blue paper, (50 pfg.), small size, 5 packages." At home I handed it to him. He placed it in his satchel. When grandmother asked him what he intended to do with so much tobacco, he exclaimed, laughing: "Smuggle it through, Clara!"

October 5. To-day I took to Dr. Ludwig Rottenberg a manuscript of Brahms at his request. It was the song, "Über die Haide hallet mein Schritt," (poem by Storm), with this inscription by Brahms: "To Ludwig Rottenberg, wishing him a joyous pilgrimage, Johannes Brahms."

Rottenberg had recently become engaged.

* * * * *

Yesterday Brahms said to grandmother that he no longer composed for the public, but only for himself. One composes only until one's fiftieth year. Then the creative power begins to diminish. Even though he had composed the clarinet quartet at fifty-five, one must always bear in mind that fact.

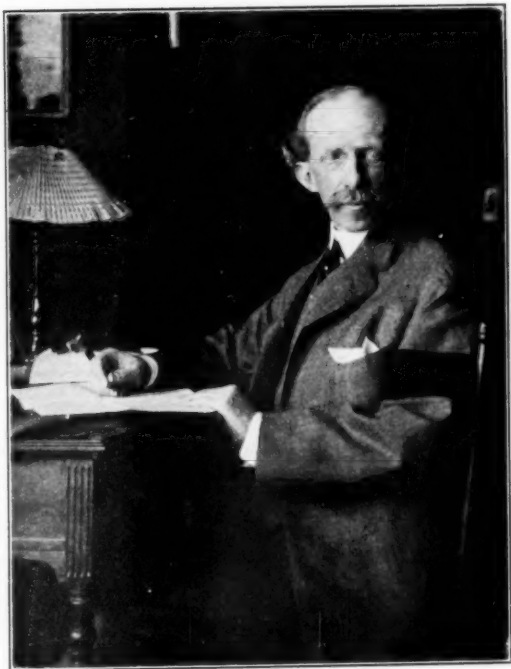
¹ The eminent Belgian musical critic.—*Tr.*

EDWARD J. DE COPPET

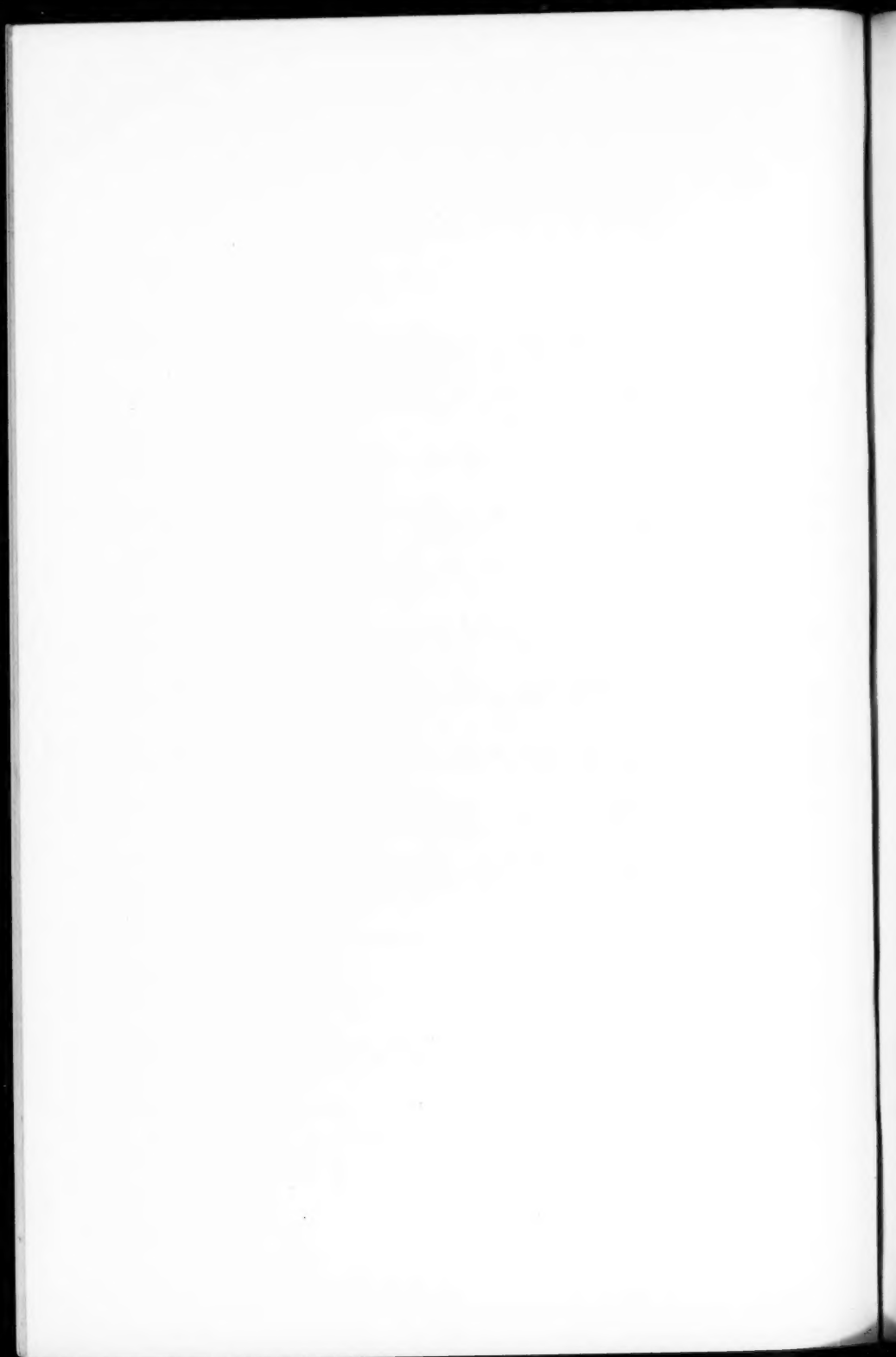
By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Emerson somewhere says that in a great man there is a spirit greater than any of his works, a quality that permeates them all, and yet is fully expressed in none. How true this was of Edward J. de Coppet, how really great he was in the sense it suggests, is probably realized only by a few of the many who knew and admired him as the founder of the Flonzaley Quartet. His modesty made it only too easy to underrate the rare nature of which it was itself the finest flower. Even those who had got beyond the vulgar view that he was merely an eccentric rich man who maintained a quartet as others maintained steam yachts or other more or less selfish luxuries, who had noted his complete superiority to personal indulgences, and the warm affections which made him the most spontaneous of altruists—even these appreciated but gradually the spirit of art that he put into everything he did, and especially into his work with the Quartet: his tireless pursuit of excellence for its own sake; his patient, sympathetic study of all problems that had to be solved in its interest; his tender regard for the feelings and convictions of those with whom he worked; his quiet indifference, touched with quizzical humor, to all efforts made by outsiders to put commercial gain or the satisfaction of personal vanity in the place of the large impersonal ends he sought. Once we recognize the rarity of such pursuit of excellence for its own sake, especially in America, where the curse of music is a facile mediocrity, we realize that de Coppet's life-work had a value that is incalculable, that cannot be measured even in such deeds as the founding of the Quartet he so loved. There was in him a spirit that was greater than anything he did, a spirit that expressed itself throughout his life in his quiet championship of whatever was fine, and that will long survive him in its inspiration to all who care for quality.

The deliberation, patience, and devotion with which he built up the Flonzaley Quartet, in striking contrast to the careless facility with which so many musical undertakings are conceived, neglected, and abandoned, were in the best sense of the word artistic. The pride with which he always spoke of "our artists"



Edward J. de Coppet



was justified most of all by the fact that he, too, was an artist: the Flonzaley Quartet was his work of art. He never supposed, as do those who aspire to be patrons of art less for the sake of the art than for that of the patronage, that he could create what he was after by the simple process of signing cheques. His method was that of all genuine art: indefatigable experiment, proceeding by trial and error, requiring endless loving thought, and extending through a long series of years. The books in which are entered, in his own hand and with the painstaking precision he did not spare even when physically ill, the programs, participants, and guests of all his musical gatherings, cover thirty years, from October 21st, 1886 to April 21st, 1916, and record one thousand and fifty-four meetings.

The list of works performed, classified also by de Coppet, in another book, according to composers, is fairly equivalent to a complete catalogue of string quartet literature, classical and modern, with a large representation, thanks to Mrs. de Coppet's assistance as pianist, of trios and piano quartets and quintets. There are also, of course, string trios, duos, and solos. Outside of the staple material—Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Dvořák, Franck—there is a bewildering variety of lesser matter, of which the following roll, by no means complete, will give some notion: d'Albert, Borodine, Chausson, Debussy, Dohnanyi, Gernsheim, Glazounow, Glière, Grasse, d'Indy, Kaun, Klose, Kodaly, Lekeu, Magnard, Moör, Novak, Novacek, Ravel, Reger, Samazeuilh, Sammartini, Sandby, Schoenberg, Sgambati, Sibelius, Smetana, Stahlberg, Stojowski, Strawinsky, Suk, Suter, Tanciew, Thirion, Tomasini, Wolf, Zemlinski. It is interesting to note the change of musical "fashion" from 1886 to 1916 reflected in the programs. At the beginning we note such names, now seldom heard, as Bargiel, Goldmark, Onslow, Reinecke, Rheinberger, Rubinstein; at the end we find Debussy and Ravel, Reger and Schoenberg and Strawinsky; below such surface changes flows of course the steady stream of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert and Schumann.

At the first meeting, Thursday, October 21st, 1886, only Mr. and Mrs. de Coppet, Mrs. de Coppet's brother Mr. Charles Bouis, (violin) and Mr. Edwin T. Rice (violoncello), himself an ardent patron of chamber music these many years, were present. The program consisted of one Beethoven and two Schumann Trios and Vieuxtemps' Fantasia appassionata, played by Mr. Bouis. Passing rapidly over the early years, we come to musicale number 626, November 5, 1896, memorable as the first given at the house in

West 85th Street, New York, which will ever be associated, by many of the guests, with some of the happiest hours of their lives. Number 808, October 1st, 1902, is notable as the first appearance of one of the present players, Mr. Alfred Pochon. On this occasion he took the first violin part; and in later years de Coppet never tired of insisting that to the making of a quartet must go a second violin of first violin calibre, that in a sense the second violin was the corner-stone of the whole structure. It was a characteristic view. The combination of skill and devotion, the subordination of personal to artistic ends required by a post exacting a musicianship both competent and unobtrusive, appealed to him.

The first musicale at which the present personnel of the Quartet played together was number 836 of the series, and took place in Vienna, January 3, 1904. Here is the program:

- Haydn. Quartet No. 33, opus 64, B-flat.
Messrs. Pochon, Betti, Ara, d'Archambeau.
- Bach. Piano and Violin Sonata in E.
Mrs. de Coppet and Mr. Betti.
- Pogajeff. Theme and Variations, opus 3, A major.
Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara, d'Archambeau.

It is well known that for some years Messrs. Betti and Pochon alternated as first violin—an arrangement as creditable to their loyalty as to the founder's rare perception of the relative importance of artist and art. From the fall of 1906 on, Mr. Betti took the leadership, to which his rare analytic and synthetic grasp of a quartet as a musical whole peculiarly fitted him; but he would be the first to insist, as every careful listener can recognize for himself, that he is but *primus inter pares*.

The one thousandth musicale was celebrated on March 24th, 1913, with a large gathering of friends, and the "thousand and first Arabian night" as it was called by Mr. Ara, the speaker of the Quartet, in a happy address to the founder, the following evening in a more intimate group. One year later came an even more impressive occasion, when over two hundred friends met at a supper at Sherry's, March 9th, 1914, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of the de Coppet musicales, and the tenth of the founding of the Flonzaley Quartet. So public a tribute had its terrors as well as its gratification for de Coppet, retiring by nature and now, alas, seriously afflicted with a deafness that had been growing for years. "A testimonial supper", he writes in a letter, "is to be offered the Quartet and myself,

after their last concert. I am very glad for them, but don't fancy the idea for myself, as I shall not be able to hear what is going on."

When the evening came, however, he first referred whimsically, (in an address read for him by a friend) to his dread of such a formal occasion:—"Imagine me rising before a considerable number of people and boldly stating that two and two make four! I could not even do that. How much less could I attempt to express any finer sentiment!"—and then proceeded as follows: "But suddenly there was a change in my mental attitude; something like a ray of sunlight broke through my clouds. It came from the great sun of human kindness and sympathy, and I felt its benevolent heat warming my heart. I said to myself: 'These friends, who are bidding us join them in this festivity, are not going through a pure form. They have something in their hearts which they wish to express.' And then I saw it all. We personally were to be of no importance in the matter. Even our friends 'the Flonzaleys' and their fine ten years' efforts were to count for little. The purpose was to be for us all to assemble as an expression of undying love and devotion for the great art. Ah! that is another thing. Let me in, if you please. And the first thing I knew I was fighting my way to obtain a front seat."

To a friend abroad he wrote in a similar spirit: "What you say of my work in connection with the Quartet is very gratifying to me; yet it is impossible for me to feel anything in the nature of pride about the matter. It all occurred so unconsciously that it seems as if I had nothing, or almost nothing, to do with the final result. (Yet I know I have.) That is why it was difficult for me to understand the desire that people had to do us homage. However, I was much moved at the time by their evident warmth and sincerity of feeling. It has done me good and given me fresh courage. I think, also, it has had a very good effect on my son, who, I hope, will eventually devote his efforts to altruistic work. That is the great source of happiness in this life, and my experience has, I think, opened his eyes to the truth about this matter."

As one turns the leaves of these program books one finds reminders of countless happy occasions that can only be summarily mentioned here. There were for instance the "reading evenings", usually in the spring, when the Quartet's season was over and de Coppet engaged them for some weeks, to play for his friends, to read new works before a few intimates, and even to rest—for such was his magnanimous idea of what a good patron should expect of a good artist. "They are tired after their year's work" he would say. "If they are to do their best they must have time

to relax, to think, to absorb new impressions." There were again the jovial St. Cecilia Festivals, held from year to year with much good fellowship and good music, ending up after dinner with an octet by Raff, Bargiel, Gade, or Mendelssohn, played by all the available "talent." There were other times, too, when some or all of "the Flonzaleys" listened instead of playing: notably when their friendly rivals "the Kneisels" supplied the music.

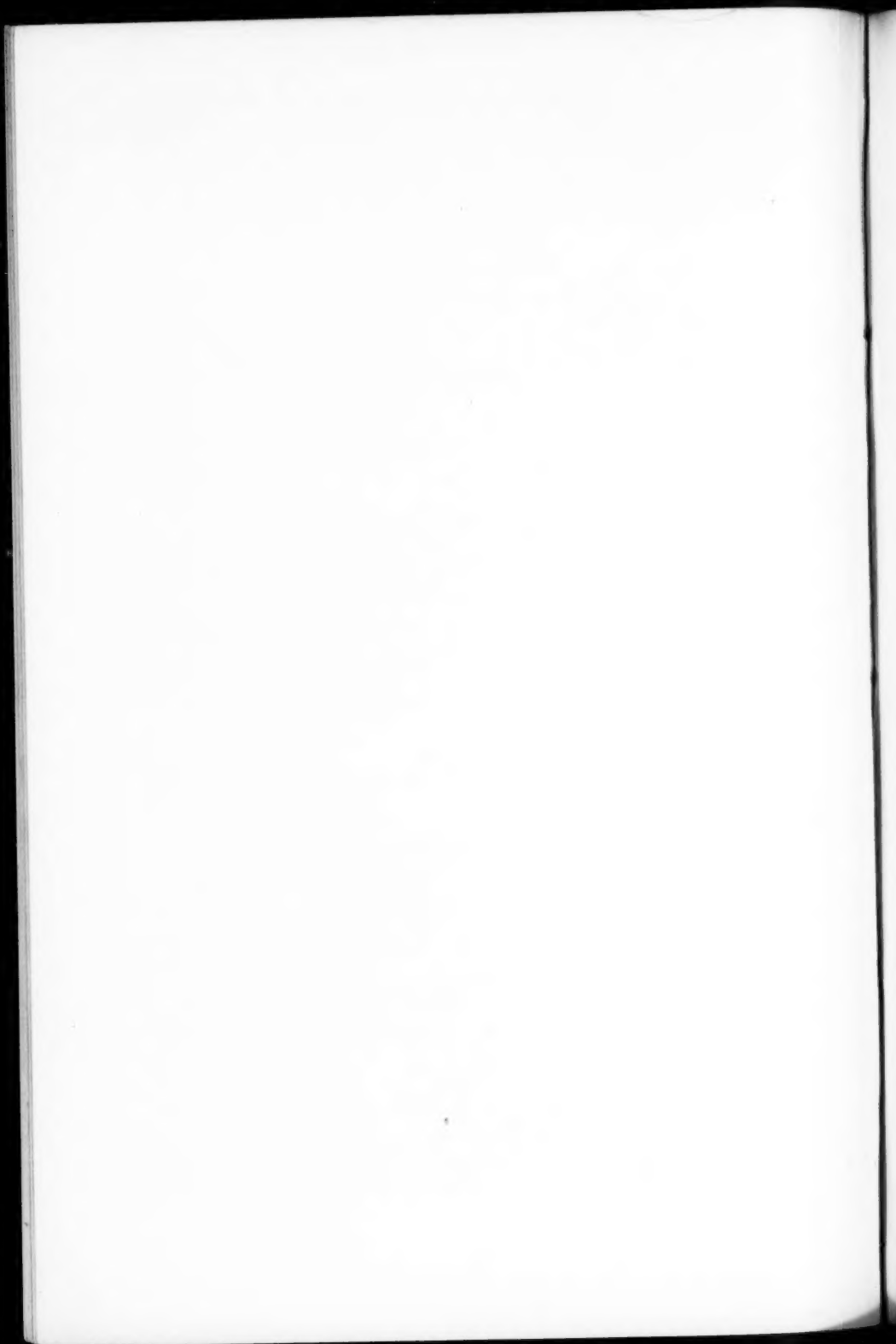
Turning reluctantly all these leaves, we come to the last musicale recorded in the familiar handwriting, now tremulous with the nervous weakness which had for some time been bravely borne. It was number 1054, April 21, 1916, a meeting of "the professionals", and the program consisted of the Schubert A minor Quartet and the Minuet and Fugue from the Beethoven C major. With this the record ends. But there was, happily, one more meeting, on Sunday afternoon, April 30, the very day of his death. Though his health had been failing for a year or two, and he had known that the end might come at any time, and though—which was even harder for one of his active habit of mind—he had suffered much from drowsiness and difficulty in concentrating his thoughts, he was in cheerful and even jesting mood that afternoon, took tea with a characteristic naughty-boyish gusto (for his diet had been much restricted), and talked with animation of future musical plans, especially of the playing of the later quartets of Beethoven, the high point of chamber music. It was in a similar happy frame of mind that he listened, a little later, with his family, to one of the noblest of these quartets, that in E♭, opus 127; and hardly had it died away when a sudden seizure resulted quickly in unconsciousness, and a few hours later in death. "Soutenu", writes his friend Mr. Ara, "par les sublimes idées de Beethoven, dont une heure avant de mourir il analysait lucidement les beautés, il s'est éteint presque subitement. et sans peine, sous la caresse bienfaisante et le sourire angelique de sa douce compagne; et cette mort, si simple et sereine, semblait être l'inévitable épilogue d'une vie comme la sienne, entièrement dépensée dans la poursuite du Bien et dans l'amour du Beau."

Fond as de Coppet was of insisting on the close connection there is between moral and intellectual qualities, he perhaps did not realize what a testimony, more eloquent than the most earnest words, he gave to the truth of this theory in the example of his life. His power lay in the combination of an intelligence both keen and broad with a moral quality, a sweetness, loyalty, modesty, that is even rarer; and each enriched the other: intelligence directed character, and character deepened intelligence. His



Musical Gathering at Le Flonzalet, Chexbres, Switzerland, September 13, 1913

BACK ROW: Messrs. d'Arhambeau, Ara, Betti, Weingartner, Hofmann, Mrs. Ganz, Mrs. de Coppe, Messrs. Schelling, Podewski, Siojowski, Mason
 Poehon, Miss de Coppe, Mr. Stengel.
 FRONT ROW: Mrs. Mason, Mrs. de Coppe, Mrs. Weingartner, Mr. Ganz, Mme. Sembrich, Mr. de Coppe, Mrs. Podewski, Mrs. Hofmann.



modesty, for instance, was that of discernment, which saw the limitation of the individual as a corollary of the greatness of the world. "What is so stupid" he would exclaim, "as conceit! What a fool a man is, who is satisfied with himself!" When he was praised for his manifold generousities, which sometimes became known to his friends despite his habitual reticence about them, he would first say that they gave him pleasure and were his form of selfishness. (Would there were more egotists of his stripe!) If hard pressed, he would point out that men of wealth owed much, which they ought to be glad to repay, to modern civilization, because of its efficient protection of their wealth. "In the middle ages," he would say, "I should have had to spend half my fortune to defend the rest. Nowadays I pay a very small percentage of it for its protection. I can therefore afford to use a part of what remains for the general good."

It is important to observe, however, that this characteristic goodwill resulted not at all from blindness to the evil in the world, as in weakly amiable natures, but from a stoic or fatalistic endurance of it in so far as it was inevitable. He was tolerant, not gullible. Thus he writes a friend: "I feel sorry for you, being knocked about from the French faddism and snobbishness in musical matters to the American crudities. The only cure I know for that is to read my friend Du Bois, and you will become less severe with other people's weaknesses and stupidities." But that such love of the sinner never inhibited, in his keenly critical mind, a wholesome hatred of the sin, is shown by the lifelong fight he waged against the most unpardonable of artistic sins, that of contented mediocrity, whether displayed in the laxness of performers or in the dulness of audiences. He comments in a letter on "the tendency of the day to palm off insufficiently prepared concerts as thoroughly prepared ones"; he declined his aid to undertakings, whatever their renown among the thoughtless, which he considered inefficiently managed; and nothing distressed him more than the measuring of artistic results by quantity, rather than by quality, so common among us. Above all, his habit of judging things for himself saved him from any taint of that servility to the herd so often supposed to be "democratic", but in reality fatal to all higher values. "Of course", he writes of the Schoenberg Quartet, "the majority dislike it, but there is quite a fair-sized minority that seem to realize that there are elements of real greatness in it". He liked to quote a remark of Mr. Pochon's, that even where he had nothing to do but hold a single note, he could do it "for a cent, or for a dollar—and ninety per cent of the audience would

not know the difference. You have to do it for the other ten per cent, and for your own satisfaction."

He carried this independent attitude consistently into all his thinking. He was an agnostic in religion, a sceptic in metaphysics; and his cautious and economical mind instinctively disliked glittering generalizations and gratuitous assumptions. "Listen to d'Indy's advice", he wrote me, "as much as you like on musical matters, but be careful he does not convert you to Roman Catholicism". Works seemed to him of vastly greater importance than faith; and his interest in constructive social effort, expressing itself in the support of many undertakings, notably a bureau for political study and education, was thoroughly modern. A much cherished plan of his last years was to establish an endowment for ethical research. The great laws of morality, he felt, were vital to human welfare, and should now be disentangled from the religious superstitions with which they have come down to us. He fully realized the difficulty of such an undertaking. "I feel encouraged", he writes, "for we have surely advanced at least one inch, and we only have ten thousand more miles to go".

But keen as was his critical insight, the saving sense of humor shown here, and even more his warm affections, served to keep him unembittered. His intelligence alone would have made him a remarkable and no doubt in a worldly sense a successful man; it was the sweetness that went with it that made him a rare spirit, and successful in a higher than the worldly sense. This shone from him in the most casual contact, in the kindliness with which he seated a guest, the deprecation with which he offered a musical opinion, as happily as it directed his largely conceived benefactions. The Flonzaley Quartet is the public monument of it; but de Coppet was not a public man, but one who felt most at ease with his family and friends, listening to the music he loved. And therefore the memory that seems to contain most of the essence of his unique nature is that of him as he would sit, in the darkened music room, among his friends, listening to a quartet of Beethoven. To watch him at such a moment, armed with his enormous apparatus for hearing and yet obliged to sit but a few feet from the players,—to see the deaf lover of music thus listening to the deathless thoughts of the deaf musician, was to realize how the tragic limitations of human nature may yet be met by its unconquerable spirituality.

THE MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF SHAKESPEARE ON THE MODERN STAGE

By EDWARD J. DENT

THE Shakespeare festivals of the present year will no doubt have included, at any rate in those countries where people still have the leisure and detachment of mind to prepare thereto, some attempt on a larger or smaller scale to give performances of the poet's plays that may stand out above the average level and serve as new models for the interpretation of these works in the future. New experiments will have been tried, we may expect, in scenery, in costume and in the general style of execution; there will have been serious effort made to grapple with the dramatic, literary and decorative problems involved. What measure of intelligent effort, we may wonder, will have been expended on a problem of no less vital import—the problem of Shakespeare's incidental music?

There are many playgoers, musical as well as unmusical, to whom music in the theatre is nothing but an unmitigated nuisance. Some will even go so far as to say that opera itself is a spoiling of two good things; but in this case they merely show that they have not grasped the fundamental principles of opera, either owing to their own mental inertia, or quite probably because the operatic principle has not been fully grasped by the performers, or, it may even be, by the composers of such operas as they may have witnessed. As regards music in connection with modern plays, there is often good reason enough for condemning it. Yet there are few English theatres that have the courage to go without music between the acts of a play, although the music may have nothing whatever to do with the play itself; and to the popular romantic drama of to-day, or to the popular melodrama of yesterday, the conventional tremolandos and muted violin solos are still considered indispensable.

The fact is that in all these cases the employment of music is a tradition that has come down to us from the Elizabethan stage. The Elizabethan playhouse served the double purpose of theatre and concert room. There is abundant testimony both to

the popularity and to the excellence of the instrumental music provided in those days before the play and between the acts; and there is hardly a single drama of Shakespeare or any other Elizabethan poet which does not definitely require music, vocal or instrumental, as an essential feature of the performance.

One effect of the Puritan domination, strange as it may seem at first sight, was to give a considerable stimulus to musical activity in England. It was only after the Court masques had come to an end for want of a court, and the public theatres had been definitely closed, that the first attempts at the production of opera were made in this country. During the later years of the Commonwealth the drama was able to make a tentative and even successful reappearance under a musical disguise, with the result that when the Restoration reopened the theatres and gave free rein to the natural dramatic instincts of the English people, the operatic tendencies imported from Italy and France gained a strong foothold on our stage. The Elizabethan musical tradition, even after the Restoration, still maintained its strength to a great extent in spite of new developments in music, in spite of the new French influences in drama, and in spite of the complete remodelling of the theatres themselves by Inigo Jones and his successors. Shakespeare was still acted, but in the revised editions of Davenant, Dryden and Shadwell, who had no scruple in rewriting his plays with a view to introducing the novel attractions of stage mechanism and the more elaborated music of Locke and Purcell. *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the two plays in which music bears its largest part, were in fact definitely described as operas, and set to music by Purcell under the titles of *The Enchanted Island* and *The Fairy Queen*. Yet in spite of Purcell's music, they are no more operas than they were when Shakespeare first produced them. They are still plays with music; the principal characters never sing at all, and the music, for all its elaboration, is merely incidental to the drama. In the eighteenth century the only Shakespeare music of any importance is that of Arne, whose setting of the songs in *As You Like It* are still popular. A less-known setting of "Come away, Death" was revived recently by Mr. Plunket Greene; it is remarkable for a tragic feeling not often to be found in Arne's music.

The classical example of music to a Shakespeare play, it need hardly be said, is Mendelssohn's setting of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The overture was composed in 1825, the rest of the music in 1843 for a performance of the play in the New Palace at Potsdam. Mendelssohn's work marks an entirely new epoch in the

history of Shakespearean music. The Romantic movement had brought a new outlook on Shakespeare himself, both in England and in Germany. The translations of Tieck and Schlegel were beginning to establish Shakespeare as a classic for the German stage. A play of Shakespeare was no longer a well-worn convention to be refurbished and pulled about at will by any actor or manager who wanted to make an effect and astonish an audience; a standard text had been drawn up, and the scholarly interpretation of Shakespeare for his own sake had become to some extent a national ideal both in Germany and in England.

Equally important is the new outlook which the Romantic movement had brought to music and musical drama. Two points call for special consideration: the combination of music with spoken words, and the use of music for what we may call atmospheric effects. We naturally associate both of these characteristics with the name of Weber, but they can be traced historically to earlier composers and to other countries than Germany. Music as a background to speech is one of the typical features of the Elizabethan stage. We find an attempt at "atmospheric" music in Locke's music to *The Tempest*, and there are further examples of it in Purcell's music for the same play, as well as in *King Arthur* and *The Fairy Queen*. It is, however, in the operas of Rameau that effects of "atmosphere" are first secured with a real mastery of method, and from Rameau the line of descent is clear through Gluck and the first French romantics, Méhul and Lesueur, whose works were well known to the German musicians of the early nineteenth century. And although after the appearance of *Der Freischütz* we feel that both musical "atmosphere" and declamation to music are essentially characteristic of the German stage, there is a curious and interesting throw-back to English tradition in Weber's *Oberon*, which was composed in 1825 to an English libretto for an English theatre, and based on English principles of construction that trace their origin to Purcell's *King Arthur* and the operatic versions of Shakespeare which immediately preceded it.

The interest in plays with incidental music which was a marked feature of the German stage during the forties was due to the initiative of the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV. It was by his wish that the *Antigone* of Sophocles was produced at Potsdam in October, 1841, in a German translation, to music composed by Mendelssohn. The play was given publicly in Leipzig and Berlin the following year, and met with remarkable success. The enthusiasm which it aroused in the cultured circles

of Leipzig was amusingly caricatured by Lortzing in his comic opera *Der Wildschütz*. In the same year the King of Prussia had already commissioned Mendelssohn to supply incidental music for Racine's *Athalie*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest* and *Œdipus Coloneus*; and in 1844 he was desired to compose music to the *Eumenides*. Neither this last nor *The Tempest* were ever written. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was produced in the autumn of 1843, *Œdipus* and *Athalie* not until 1845, though the music of *Athalie* was mostly composed in 1843. The account of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* given by Sir George Grove is amusing:

The music met with enthusiastic applause; but the play was for long a subject of wonder to the Berliners. Some disputed whether Tieck or Shakespeare were the author; others believed that Shakespeare had translated it from German into English. Some, in that refined atmosphere, were shocked by the scenes with the clowns, and annoyed that the king should have patronized so low a piece; and a very distinguished personage expressed to Mendelssohn himself his regret that such lovely music should have been wasted on so poor a play.

Mendelssohn's reputation as a composer has passed through many and various phases since those days of seventy years ago, but the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* still remains popular, both in Germany and England, and probably many of those who condemn him utterly would be willing to make an exception in favour of this one work at least. Indeed it seems hardly possible to think of Shakespeare's play without Mendelssohn's music, so intimately are the two associated in the minds of most playgoers.

Had he lived to write music, as Frederick William IV desired, for *The Tempest*, that play might have become more familiar to English audiences than it is. It was obviously under the influence of Mendelssohn that music was composed for it in 1861 by Arthur Sullivan, then just fresh from his studies at Leipzig. He wrote music for various other plays of Shakespeare between 1871 and 1888—*The Merchant of Venice*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Henry VIII*, and *Macbeth*. In later years the tradition was carried on by Edward German. His music to *Henry VIII* at the Lyceum Theatre in 1892 brought him immediate popularity. It was followed by *Romeo and Juliet* (1895), *As You Like It* (1896) and *Much Ado about Nothing* (1898).

There is no need to criticize these works in detail. The well-known dances from *Henry VIII* are typical of most of Edward German's dance-movements, and there is a certain same-

ness about all of them. At the same time there is much that deserves high praise. The music is admirably suited to the stage. It maintains consistently a certain distinction of style, and never shows the least sign of vulgarity, which is more than can be said of Sullivan's stage-music. It is effectively scored and shows a scholarly sense of form—no small merit in music for the theatre. In the music to *Romeo and Juliet* it is evident that the composer has taken his task quite seriously, and has produced music which if not strikingly original is very sincerely felt. Lastly, there is in all Edward German's stage-music a certain characteristic of style which his critics have agreed to describe as "an English flavour." Let me frankly confess myself somewhat sceptical on the subject of musical patriotism. The suggestions of "Staines Morris" and "Sir Roger de Coverly" which contribute to the effect of the "rustic dances," "shepherds' dances," etc., do not amount to more than what we may call English "local colour" of a somewhat obvious nature: any clever composer of any nationality could produce "English" dances or Spanish or Russian dances that would be accepted as equally effective. More definitely English are his reminiscences of Stanford and Parry in the serious episodes of his work; and if at moments of real tragedy he expresses himself in terms of pure Schumann, he is but following distinguished precedent.

We shall be in a better position to judge of what is really English in music if we can compare settings of the same play by composers of different nationalities. An interesting example for study is afforded by *The Tempest*, which has been set by English, French and German composers, and is a particularly fortunate example, since it demands more music than any other play of Shakespeare. As Caliban says:

the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again.

In *The Tempest*, if in no other play of Shakespeare, there might be claimed good reason not only for the composition of music to fit all the moments where the poet has expressly demanded it, but also for a general background of "sounds and sweet airs" suggesting associated trains of thought and gently underlining the emotional values of the spoken dialogue.

Sullivan's music was written before he had had any practical experience of the stage. This is, in a certain sense, an advantage: it is the work of a young man, accomplished indeed in the technique of his art, but unspoilt by routine or popular success, and intent before all things on expressing himself to the full. He seizes his opportunities in the Overture and entr'actes, which are of considerable length, in the banquet scene, and in the masque of Juno and Ceres, with its accompanying dance. His settings of Ariel's songs are graceful and charming, and he is evidently anxious not to over-develop them. Indeed, in all the music which accompanies the action of the play Sullivan shows a strong sense of reticence and restraint. His attempts to be dramatic in accompanying dialogue are not always very successful, though there is some strongly written music in the last act when Prospero lays aside his magic robes. It must be remembered that Wagnerian methods had not become common property in 1861, and the technique of Weber and Mendelssohn was hardly adequate to solve all the problems of accompanied declamation.

It should be noted that Sullivan did not set any of the songs for the comic characters. The only occasion on which he allows himself to come in contact with them is in the second scene of Act III, where Ariel plays the tune for them on the tabor and pipe, just before the banquet is brought in. The composer seems carefully to avoid even any suggestion of Caliban, Stephano or Trinculo in his music, wishing to associate it only with Ariel and the gracious spirits.

A curious contrast is provided by the music of Ernest Chausson, a pupil of César Franck, to a French translation by Maurice Bouchor. Chausson's music is accessible to me only in a vocal score, and I do not know whether it originally included more than the few numbers printed: the three songs of Ariel, the duet for Juno and Ceres, and two dances, apparently for the banquet scene and for the nymphs and reapers. The settings of Ariel's songs, and some other Shakespeare songs published in the *Recueil de Vingt Mélodies* are of extraordinary interest to the English reader as examples of French criticism on Shakespeare. There are probably not many Frenchmen now-a-days who would be content to dispose of Shakespeare in the words of Voltaire:

Il avait un génie plein de force et de fécondité, de naturel et de sublime, sans la moindre étincelle de bon goût et sans la moindre connaissance des règles... Il y a de si belles scènes, des morceaux si grands et terribles épanchés dans ses farces monstrueuses qu'on appelle tragédies, que ses pièces ont toujours été jouées avec un grand succès. Le temps,

qui fait seul la réputation des hommes, rend à la fin leurs défauts respectables. La plupart des idées bizarres et gigantesques de cet auteur ont acquis au bout de deux cents ans le droit de passer pour sublimes....

C'est dans ces morceaux détachés que les tragiques anglais ont jusqu'ici excellé; leurs pièces, presque toutes barbares, dépourvues de bienséance, d'ordre, de vraisemblance, ont des lueurs étonnantes au milieu de cette nuit. Le style est trop ampoulé, trop hors de la nature, trop copié des écrivains hébreux si remplis de l'enflure asiatique; mais aussi les échasses du style figuré, sur lesquelles la langue anglaise est guindée, élèvent l'esprit bien haut, quoique par une marche irrégulière.

Yet in spite of the romantic movement of the nineteenth century, the French mind remains the same. It may become enthusiastic for Shakespeare, but it is always conscious of the principles of Racine, and if it is for a moment carried away by the wild lawlessness of English poetry, it never forgets that such raptures are essentially foreign to the genius of its own language.

We English have become so accustomed to Shakespeare as the foundation of our modern literary language, we are so much in the habit of taking him for granted, that such musical settings as Chausson's are positively startling in the unrestrained passion of their utterance. Chausson is at all times inclined, like Hugo Wolf, towards a certain morbid insistence on painful emotions, and his treatment of words is vigorously declamatory as compared, let us say, with Berlioz. But we need only look at his settings of Maeterlinck's *Serres Chaudes*, which are definitely and deliberately morbid in temperament, to see how much more vivid is the impression produced on him by Shakespeare. To introduce his settings of "Come away, Death," or "Take, oh take those lips away" into an English performance of *Twelfth Night* or *Measure for Measure* would for us upset the emotional balance of the plays, and centre the entire tragic force in songs which we are accustomed to regard as nothing more than episodic.

Chausson's music to *The Tempest* is not tragic, as these other songs are; but it seems that he is at some pains to suggest to his French audience what an English audience has absorbed almost unconsciously from childhood. Ariel to us has tended to become an institution: Chausson feels he must re-create him entirely for listeners who have never heard of him before. One feels almost ashamed of one's national apathy towards Shakespeare when one realizes how deeply he has moved those who read him in another tongue, and that one so utterly incapable, as it seems to us, of reproducing him.

One turns with peculiar pleasure at this moment to the settings of Humperdinck, whose music, in everything that he

writes, seems always to express all that is most essentially German and most lovable in Germany. There Shakespeare is no stranger indeed. Some people would even go so far as to say that he was more of a national institution in Germany than in England; and I remember a German friend who maintained to me that this must inevitably be the case, if only for the reason that the German version of Shakespeare is in the language of the present day, whereas Shakespeare's original English is antiquated and partially obsolete. It is curious, is it not? that there should be so many Shakespearean commentators among those whom Tieck and Schlegel ought to have relieved of all further anxiety as to the poet's meaning!

Humperdinck's music to *The Tempest* (1906) is at first sight less original than either Sullivan's or Chausson's. His themes are all rather obvious in character: he sees the play very much in terms of *Rheingold*, and accepts wholeheartedly the tradition of Weber and Mendelssohn. What is really characteristic of Humperdinck is his exquisite technique, his subtlety in the use and development of somewhat familiar themes, and his temperamental outlook, so familiar to us all in the infinite kindness of *Hänsel und Gretel* and *Königskinder*. He has, needless to say, one great advantage over Sullivan in the familiarity of all German theatres and German audiences with Wagnerian principles of stage-craft. No English theatre of Sullivan's days would have known how to deal with the innumerable little scraps of music which have to synchronize exactly with some particular word or movement of the actor, and no English actor would have realized for a moment the necessity of timing his actions by a conductor's beat.

The introduction, opening with easily recognizable motives representing Ariel and Prospero, works gradually up on a rocking figure to a representation of the storm. The curtain rises, showing the ship, and the music goes on continuously throughout the scene, the dialogue being spoken in carefully planned pauses. Shakespeare's "A confused noise within"—"Mercy on us"—"We split, we split!" etc., is actually sung by a male chorus, ending in a cry of "Weh!" at which the mainmast falls, clouds cover the scene and the storm subsides. Gonzalo's last words, "The wills above be done; but I would fain die a dry death," are apparently cut. The storm music gradually dies down, due time being allowed for the changing of the scenery; soft trumpets and horns hint at the melody of "Full fathom five" and after two solitary flutes have taken up the original "rocking" theme, the curtain rises again on Scene 2, where harps and brass announce Prospero

and Ariel again. This scene will illustrate Humperdinck's methods. It is all one continuous piece of music; it is elaborately descriptive and dramatic, while at the same time it is carefully designed so as to be a perfectly logical example of pure musical form. The one motive which stands out by itself, undeveloped, is the melody of "Full fathom five" which is to reappear in its complete form later in the play.

It is the symphonic, much more than operatic, treatment of themes that gives this music its peculiar interest, especially as a commentary on Shakespeare. When Prospero sends Miranda to sleep (Act I, Scene 2), soft music is heard, which is turned to account in Act V, Scene 1, when Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered at chess—so, at least, according to the English Shakespeare; but the German version discovers Ferdinand playing on the lute, the music being given to the harp in the orchestra. Another interesting chain of scenes begins with "Come unto these yellow sands." Ariel appears, not invisible as in Shakespeare, but in the character of a nymph riding on a dolphin, and playing the flute, followed by Ferdinand, and accompanied by other nymphs and spirits with flutes and harps. The song is played by flute and harp, then sung by Ariel, the chorus of male voices entering softly with "Horch! wau wau! es bellt der Hund!", utilizing the harp's previous figure of accompaniment. A big *crescendo* is made by the full chorus on the "kikiriki" of strutting chanticleer, after which the sopranos and altos take up Ariel's song in chorus, accompanied by the tenors and basses singing their "wau wau" in falsetto.

Sullivan, like a well-bred Englishman, had evidently been a little embarrassed by Shakespeare's farm-yard imitations. He avoids drawing attention to the "bow-wow," and indicates the "cock-a-diddle-dow" only by one short phrase for hautboys. Chausson, remembering Gluck's Cerberus, is less afraid, and even allows Ariel to shriek out "ce cri de joie — cocorico!" in a quasi-recitative phrase. Humperdinck has no qualms about making himself ridiculous. Shakespeare wrote it, it must be right and beautiful. And by the time we reach the awkward moment, we have had so much music, we are so saturated with the half-operatic atmosphere of the enchanted island that we are ready to hear these cries of nature transformed and turned to poetry. But this is not the last of the watch-dogs, for in Act IV, Scene 1, when there "enter divers spirits in shape of hounds and hunt [Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo] about" Humperdinck works up another big musical scene, beginning with Caliban's song set for

two piccolos and drums; and, on the appearance of the hounds, he accompanies it by the full chorus singing "wau wau" to the same figure as before.

The Neues Schauspielhaus at Berlin, for which this music was composed, seems to have interpreted Shakespeare's play with a good deal of freedom. Stage effects were considerably elaborated, and some scenes altered and curtailed with a view to more satisfactory musical effect; but space forbids me to describe the performance in further detail. Humperdinck has written music for three other plays of Shakespeare: *The Merchant of Venice* (1905); *The Winter's Tale*, (1906); and *Twelfth Night*, (1907), all performed at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. None of them attain the elaboration, or even the poetry of *The Tempest*, though they are not without beautiful moments. It is in the setting of jocular songs that Humperdinck is—to an English reader—least successful. For one thing, they are too finished, so that the very obvious cadential formulæ suggest with painful insistence the ordinary musical atmosphere of the nineteenth century, and so appear suddenly to thrust such people as Sir Toby Belch or Autolycus into a period to which neither they nor Shakespeare nor we ourselves belong. There are certain vulgarities—if I may use the word without offence—in Shakespeare which all accept with joy, but which we cannot endure in another language or another period, and the composer of Shakespearean music, when he is confronted with this problem, may easily fall into the error of suggesting not Shakespeare's characters but a certain type of elderly actor who once impersonated them.

Like Sullivan, Humperdinck has sometimes been obliged to write music for the sake of making a musical diversion. Both composers introduce into *The Merchant of Venice* a song sung behind the scenes to Italian words, and both composers make a great display of the masque under cover of which Jessica elopes, the result being to transport us for the moment into the Venice of Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann*. Humperdinck is at his best in the final scene of *The Winter's Tale*, but his sheep-shearing scene, charming as it is considered simply as Humperdinck, seems utterly inappropriate to the words of Shakespeare. The waltz and mazurka rhythms which seem now so banal and tawdry are characteristic of the period rather than of Germany, for Sullivan showed no more discrimination: and indeed a German audience might well argue that the *Ländler* was exactly the right dance to employ in a German theatre, and had more authoritative

tradition behind it than Edward German's Wardour-Street Pavanes and Bourrées.

It is in fact rather salutary for us to look at Shakespeare occasionally through foreign eyes, for we tend in this country to attach perhaps too much value to the mere sound of the words rather than the ideas expressed. We have made Shakespeare into something of a fetish, we have disconnected him altogether from modern life, as we disconnect Sundays from week-days. It is one of the fatal vices of English artistic life that we cannot cure ourselves of our ingrained romanticism, our unreasoning devotion to what is old and remote, our foolish enthusiasm for "quaintness." "Quaintness," as Rupert Brooke well said, "which swathes dead books as sentimentality swathes dead people, has little hold on the living." Characteristically English was Mr. William Poel's plan of producing Shakespeare without scenery, acted in Elizabethan dress and accompanied by Elizabethan music. Such principles, however, appealed mainly to audiences of an academic type, for a scheme of Elizabethan music to a play requires not only careful selection, but in addition a certain willingness to listen carefully on the part of the audience.

Between 1909 and 1914 the Marlowe Dramatic Society at Cambridge exhibited some interesting experiments in this direction, though they generally avoided performing Shakespeare himself. A representation of Marlowe's *Faustus* was given in August, 1910, in honour of some fifty German students who were visiting England, and the musicians among our German guests were very much taken by surprise at the dramatic effect of contemporary incidental music, such an arrangement being apparently quite unknown to the German theatre. A still more elaborate scheme was arranged for *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* in 1911. In this play there are various musical allusions: Old Merrythought sings some thirty snatches of songs, and the Citizen asks the musicians to play Dowland's *Lachrymæ*. To give these items their proper artistic value, and to make the audience realize that they were the favourite tunes of the day, the play was set as it were in a frame of Elizabethan popular music, in the hopes of attuning the audience subconsciously to the common musical atmosphere of the period.

Shakespeare differs from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Massinger¹ in that he does not deal with contemporary English life, so that Elizabethan music for his plays is only necessary if

¹ The Marlowe Society produced also *Epicæne* (1909), *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (1913), and *The Alchemist* (1914).

we wish strongly to emphasize their Elizabethan character. And if the plays are not given in a definitely Elizabethan setting, Elizabethan music often involves us in further difficulties. Consider such a case as *Julius Caesar*, in which the only music required is one single song, and even that left to the singer's choice. But though Shakespeare has indicated merely "music and a song" in the stage directions, the music is none the less important. Its function is to prepare for the appearance of Cæsar's ghost, and the music must be carefully chosen with that end in view. Now if the play has up to this point been produced with the idea of suggesting the classical Roman atmosphere, Elizabethan music may well enter with something of a shock. It is indeed hard to know what kind of music will not sound incongruous at this moment, for nothing could be more ridiculous than to see an actress singing, let us say, a Shakespeare song of Sullivan, with orchestral accompaniment, and pretending to accompany herself on a classical lyre! Here is the difficulty: Roman music being out of the question, any other style will risk offending us unless the ear has been subconsciously prepared by other incidental music to create the desired atmosphere; but against this must be set the fact that the more incidental music we add in excess of Shakespeare's own requirements, the less effective do the poet's carefully planned musical scenes become.

Shakespeare's employment of music is an integral part of his dramatic method. His attitude to music is moreover very characteristically English. He loves music and values it, but not as a means of self-expression. Herein lies the explanation of our use of music on the stage, and even to some extent of our national indifference to Opera. For the fundamental principle of all Opera is that music is not only more expressive, but more directly personal than words. In Opera music is the normal language, and the characters themselves create (that is, they should produce the illusion of doing so) not only the music which they sing, but the sounds of the orchestra as well, just as on the viola d'amore the sound of the bowed strings wakens the untouched strings below into sympathetic resonance. In a play, the function of music is totally different; music, so far from being normal, is definitely and essentially abnormal, and in Shakespeare almost always associated with abnormal people and abnormal states of mind—with supernatural beings of all kinds, with drunkards, madmen and decadents or degenerates, as we might now-a-days call them, apart from the obvious employment of music simply as a performance taking place on the stage, as in

case of dances, processions, marches, serenades, etc. There are also certain very interesting cases of music being called for deliberately to induce an abnormal state: the Duke's demand for music in *Twelfth Night*, a similar episode in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the employment of music by Paulina to enhance the effect of the statue scene in *The Winter's Tale*, and the music heard by Richard II as he lies in prison.

There follows from this the curious fact that incidental music for Shakespeare, and probably for most other plays as well, is of necessity bound to be more or less second-rate, or at any rate second-hand—*nachempfundene Kunst*, as the Germans call it. For it is not the function of such music to be essentially creative, to tell us something that we had not known before: it must, to fulfill its dramatic purpose, be to some extent familiar, it must aim primarily at awakening associations. All incidental stage-music, then, bears a certain relationship to the general music, and more especially to the operatic music, of its period: Mendelssohn necessarily hints at Weber, Sullivan at Gounod and Meyerbeer, Humperdinck at Wagner. The inevitable consequence is that such incidental music has little chance of immortality. There may have been times when audiences looked for points of similarity between Shakespeare and Lord Byron, or Shakespeare and Mr. Browning; but we do not for that reason wish to link Shakespeare eternally to Weber or Gounod. We cannot think of Goethe's *Egmont* without the music of Beethoven, and we could never say of Beethoven's *Egmont* music that it was second-hand and purely associational art; but the case is not analogous to that of Shakespeare, partly because the poet and musician were contemporaries, and partly, if a foreigner may dare to express such an opinion, because in this particular conjunction the music has kept the play alive rather than the play the music.

In Germany the devotion to tradition, provided the tradition be not older than the days of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, is extremely strong. The operas of Weber and the early operas of Wagner are well known to the man in the street, better known probably than even *The Bohemian Girl* or *Maritana* are in England. It is natural, therefore, that such Shakespeare music as Mendelssohn's and Humperdinck's should still hold the stage, even in association with a more modern style of stage-setting and production. Humperdinck's music was, in fact, composed for the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, which compared with the ordinary *Hoftheater* of German *Residenzstädte*, is decidedly advanced in its methods. But Wagnerian music demands a Wagnerian style of

acting; a character must wait for his *leitmotiv* to be announced, and if a "Wagnerian" composer does not possess Wagner's genius for forcible characterization, the wait may easily become tedious. The modern stage is making towards a swifter and directer interpretation of Shakespeare; there is no time to strike attitudes and to mouth too-familiar lines with a specious air of impressiveness.

Those who have seen Granville Barker's productions of Shakespeare will have little desire ever to revive the older methods. The real importance of these new interpretations lies not so much in the decorations as in the manner of delivery. For this reason *The Winter's Tale*, which was the first play produced in this style, was the most poetical and imaginative. Critics who were suddenly brought up against the sad fact that they had never read the play naturally found themselves embarrassed when the lines were delivered at a normal rate of speech. Humperdinck's music, exquisitely beautiful as some of it is, would have been ruinous to such an interpretation, simply because it moves habitually at a much slower *tempo*. In the same way Mendelssohn's music was unthinkable to Granville Barker's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mendelssohn's music carries on the tradition of Weber's *Oberon*, and it was just this tradition with which the new style was determined to break once and for all. The music actually employed was arranged by Cecil Sharp on a basis of English folk-songs—an ideally happy conception, if Mr. Sharp had only had the technical skill to carry it out. It was as a matter of fact rather crude and amateurish in effect, and contrasted awkwardly with the perfect finish of the dresses and decorations and of the entire stage-management. Yet even its crudity was not without method, for as in the other two plays, music was employed only when required by the poet. It had to strike the ear, then, as something external and new, and those who designed it probably saw that the mere colour of the modern orchestra would be as offensively conventional and ordinary as that of the pianoforte. It was at least better to be crude and awkward than to employ dull tints of tone, those "art shades" which the most unintelligent may safely employ because "they are always sure to be in good taste."

The problem of Shakespeare music is in a certain sense the problem of all incidental music to plays. Every age must find its own solution of it. It is one of the most fascinating questions of theatrical æsthetics. How far is music active, interpretative, decorative? I hope that the future will see a more intelligent interest taken in the investigation and application of its principles

by musicians, poets and stage-directors than has been the case in the past; we want some one to do for music what Gordon Craig has done for other branches of stage-technique. And Shakespeare has the advantage of being an inexhaustible field for experiment, for he is the one poet whose plays are certain, as far as one can dare say that anything is certain, to hold the stage for all time and for all countries. Moreover, to those plays music is absolutely indispensable, so that the problem of music is one which can never be neglected. Nor can it ever be solved, for to each new generation Shakespeare brings new suggestions, and the necessity of new interpretations in music as in every other means of self-expression.

SHAKESPEARE'S ARIEL

A STUDY OF MUSICAL CHARACTER

By RUTLAND BOUGHTON

SHAKESPEARE'S great love of music is witnessed by many exquisite passages of his finest poetry; and it has been noted by all his chief commentators and critics from Samuel Johnson to Bernard Shaw. But I do not think it has yet been properly recognised that Shakespeare has himself recorded his ideas upon music as distinct from his love of it. There is, however, sufficient internal evidence to show that Ariel is his deliberate personification of the spirit of music.

Ariel's very name is a play upon the common word for that medium through which sound works. He appears in his own form to none but Prospero, to whose will he is subservient:

Be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.

To others he is a sound and an influence, but neither visible nor subservient.

It is a matter of dispute as to whether certain of Shakespeare's leading male characters are the creations of objective dramatic vision, or of subjective poetic expression; but in the case of Prospero there is no manner of doubt. The relationships of Prospero to the other characters, and above all to his "magic" and his dukedom, perfectly tally with Shakespeare's own circumstances at the time of writing the play, he being about to retire from the stage and settle down as a country gentleman. Therefore in Prospero's ideas of Ariel we have the author's own.

But it might seem to some that Ariel would be the personification of poetry rather than of music; and the personification of poetry he undoubtedly is to some extent—to the extent that all poetry is dependent upon, and remains in association with, the principles of pure music. Musicians, and still less the majority of poets, do not realize to what extent poetry is indebted to music for its very existence.

Poetry is made in the mating and expression of thought and beauty. The thought is expressed by means of language; and no poet will accept "thought" as the essence of poetry. As Shelley puts it in his *Defence of Poetry*: "Language is arbitrarily produced by the imagination and has relation to thoughts alone." We may indeed go further: language is composed of consonantal and vowel-sounds, and Helmholtz has shown how the more beautiful of these have an essentially musical basis, consisting as they do of various arrangements of harmonics. So all there is left to language, as a separate thing from music, is the buzz, hum, and hiss of the consonants. It is clearly not upon these that the beauty of poetry depends, but upon its emotions and moods, and upon the musical quality of its rhythm and sonority. The feeling of a poem is obtained indirectly, by means of allusion, association, and the onomatopoeic values of words. The musician expresses feeling directly, without association or allusion; and the rhythm of a poem is obviously borrowed from music.

It is clear then that the inner power of poetry is music itself. Whatever is distinctive of poetry, apart from its musical values, "has relation to thoughts alone," and is "arbitrarily produced by the imagination." This, of course, in no way derogates from the obvious value of poetry. It merely separates what is a purely musical activity from that other part, the intellectual activity which chooses, decides, and wills. And that other part is individualized in *The Tempest* by the character of Prospero himself. Therefore in the relationship between Prospero and Ariel is born poetry in the complete and accepted sense of the word.

Finally, there remains what seems to me the conclusive fact that the songs and other music which constitute the mystical background and beauty of the play are all of them associated with Ariel, directly, or, as in the case of the songs of Juno and Ceres, indirectly. Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban have vulgar tavern-ditties to bawl; it is only Ariel who makes the songs that give peace of mind to the finer humanity of Ferdinand, rest to the worries of Gonzalo, instinctive delight even to the gross nature of Caliban; something foreign only to the unimaginative middle-class creatures of the play. Moreover, when Ariel sings, Shakespeare carefully emphasises the music of his song, rather than its meaning—a feature which disgruntled Dr. Johnson who lamented that "Ariel's lays, however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance; they express nothing great, nor reveal anything above mortal discovery"—but then Dr. Johnson was notoriously lacking in the musical sense. Hazlitt

had a much better appreciation of the quality of Ariel's songs, which, he said, "without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals": a description which involuntarily causes one to think of the Wagnerian principle of leading-themes which fulfils just such a function as Hazlitt claims for the songs. And to complete one's assurance of the musical nature of Ariel, Shakespeare underlines the songs with comment: "Where should this *music* be?" and "This *music* crept by me upon the waters." And as with Ferdinand, the speaker of those lines, so with Gonzalo, Stephano, and Caliban—they all agree in regarding music as the outstanding wonder of the island. And as we look further into the play we shall be faced with other evidence in support of my proposition.

Let us then examine the character and function of Ariel himself, and his influence upon the course of the dramatic development. So we are likely to gain insight into Shakespeare's own ideas of the nature and purpose of music.

The outstanding feature of Ariel's nature is the conflict between his desire for freedom and his grateful will to serve the master who delivered him from the spell of Sycorax the witch, the dam of Caliban. Prospero says:

Thou my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine. . . .

. . . . Thou best knowst
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Sycorax seems to stand for the crude earth, ungoverned by the will of man. All she could do with the delicate, spiritual nature of Ariel was to cause him to howl as the wind howls in hollow wood. Not until the intellectual imagination of Prospero was brought to bear upon the imprisoned spirit was Ariel able to sing a beautiful song, and out of inchoate noise bring shaped melody. It may be taken as an allegory of the evolution of music; its course may be followed by us in the growth of a bird's

or an infant's singing voice, or in the development of musical instruments.

And yet, though Ariel knows that without Prospero he would still be howling in his cloven pine, and though under Prospero's guidance he is continually developing new powers, he still longs for liberty. This, too, is the nature of music. Every step in the development of musical art has been taken under the fostering of the intellect, and every such step has been succeeded by a breaking of the bonds which the intellect has forged. The growth of the fugue-form was followed by a period of freedom and uncertainty of direction. The climax of sonata-form was reached by the master who broke away from it. The careful shaping of symphonic drama by Wagner has been succeeded by a period of Debussique vagueness or Straussish coarseness. And in every case the decadence has been caused by the very life—not to say levity—of the musical nature, rebelling against the pedantry which sooner or later overtakes all intellectual activity. It is the intellect which purges sound of noise and saves it from sheer sensuality; and then it is the very spirituality of the result that pulls fretfully at the cords binding it to its saviour. A spirit is an airy creature, and fain to be free of all lordship, even the lordship of reason. Ariel is the distilled essence of such an idea; as Mr. Frank Harris says, he is "a higher creation, more spiritual and charming than any other poet has ever attempted"

One other detail of his nature: Ariel reminds his master that he has told him no lies and made him no mistakings. This unerring truthfulness is bound up with all real music, from the Calibanian tunes in the variety halls to the Prosperian proportions of great symphonies. Music is so connected with the sources of human feeling that it must either express emotion actually and vividly experienced (in life, or through the sympathy of imagination), or fail to exist. So long as Prospero was limited to book-knowledge, and out of touch with the world, he had no knowledge of Ariel; and through the musical spirit he was enabled to get back to the real world of human feeling. That is a point to be developed when we are considering Prospero himself. For the moment we need only emphasise that music can serve no man who tells lies or makes mistakes, however book-wise he may be in the lore of music-science. Handel's Hallelujah chorus is the expression of a glory that the master had *seen* with the eye of his imagination. We should know it from the sky-sweeping splendour of the music even if the composer had not told us of the fact. Wagner's conception of the Holy Grail came to imperishable

music because the dramatist had actually realised in his own life-work that divine power which caused Blake to preach that Art and Christianity were interchangeable terms. A musician needs to learn to govern his spiritual conceptions by means of his intellect, but from the moment he tries to build his art *only* according to laws imposed by his own or another intellect he tells lies and makes mistakes—produces fugues, sonatas, choruses, and operas unpenetrated by the clairvoyance of spiritual insight.

The nature of Ariel, then, may be summed up as a spirit who has been delivered out of chaos by the intellect of man, a spirit incapable of falsehood or blunder when working in subjection to that intellect, but ever straining for its own freedom. The only objection to Ariel's freedom is, of course, that without Prospero's guidance there is no art-work. When Ariel is released at the end of the play it is not to a higher form of being, but 'to the elements.'

Now let us pass on to see how Shakespeare represents the power of Ariel in relation to certain kinds of human nature.

Low types, such as the sensual Caliban, the drunken Stephano, and the frivolous Trinculo, are easily moved by the superficial charm of sound. Ariel thus describes its effect on them:

Like unbacked colts they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail skins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell.

"Lifted up their noses as they *smelt* music!" What an exact description for the attitude of those music-lovers who enjoy only the mere sensuous charm of the art! And they are soon sated; the imaginative spirit soon leaves them, and they are left stuck in the bog of their own boredom. That is what happens to the lovers of variety-hall songs, musical comedies, and all the music which, however truthful in its vulgarity, needs to be consigned to the rubbish heap of oblivion as soon as it is familiar. Here is Shakespeare's sample of it—a cheap and superficial rhythm with a drunken hiccough in it:

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.

But this is not to say that the sensual beauty of music, even in its more vulgar forms, is an evil of itself. Under wise guidance it may be a power for the refinement of bestial natures. So Caliban is able to say:

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked
I cried to dream again.

So may music refine the coarser elements of our natures and draw us on to lovelier dreams. It is only when the higher brain-centres are weakened, as Caliban's were by Stephano's drink, that even the most sensual creatures are incapable of some such refinement.

Next we have to consider those more average beings like Gonzalo and the other shipwrecked folk—people who lack any considerable distinction of mind, but have yet developed beyond the primitive grossness of Caliban and Stephano.

One of the chief attractions music has for such people is its power to soothe. They are people generally occupied with fatiguing daily work, and they like a lullaby to calm their nerves and send them to sleep of an evening. This is not a very heroic task for Ariel, but none the less it is a very real one; and he may well congratulate himself when he has left them slumbering "with a charm joined to their suffered labour." Twice in the course of *The Tempest* Shakespeare represents this as a function of music—a point to recall the next time one is irritated by a sleeping beauty (generally a man) at a concert, or requested to make after-dinner music for friends who want to be wafted pleasantly into unconsciousness.

This soothing power has a more positive value in its influence upon disordered minds. One of the stage-directions in *The Tempest* runs as follows: "Reenter Ariel before: then Alonzo with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo. . . . they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed." In such a manner, presumably, David hypnotised the disordered brain of Saul with "heavenly music to work his end upon the senses"; so he, like Prospero, may well have cried to his enemy:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull!

And then, as the magic worked:

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer vision.

Perhaps some day the mental specialist will study the matter carefully, and music attain a greater usefulness in the steadying of unbalanced minds. Meanwhile it is all to the good that the controllers of our lunatic asylums prefer, and advertise for, attendants with musical ability. But the disordered brain is not the average type; at least, so the average type, constituting the majority, decides; and it is with the normal man we are chiefly concerned at the moment. More to the point is the softening, humanising influence of the art upon minds in any way susceptible to sympathy and tender emotion. So Ferdinand speaks of it as "allaying his passion"; and Ariel describes Gonzalo's behaviour under its influence in the following terms:

His tears ran down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds.

This, of course, describes the effect of music upon a nature prone to sentimentality. Music, as Plato pointed out, may enervate as well as energise. However, it is Prospero's business to decide when and how a softening or stimulating expression of the art shall be used.

Perhaps Shakespeare's most amusing description of Ariel's work is when he causes strange shapes to bring in a banquet before the company of middle-class minds. It is a picture of the average provincial symphony-concert audience of to-day. They feel they ought to understand the strange forms and enjoy the banquet; and they try hard in spite of their puzzlement. Hear them:

I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Does not that perfectly describe the average middle-class attitude to a Bach concerto or a Brahms symphony? And then their annoyance when they realise that, in spite of imagining pretty subjective fancies about stars and billows and death and

angels in the manner of a devout disciple of realism, yet the real beauty of the music is withheld from them:

GON.: I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALON.: O it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it me.

But despite that inability of such people to take in the real beauty of great music, it sometimes touches chords within them which have not yet learned to vibrate—the awakening of Alonzo's conscience is a case in point—and if the sensation is repeated and deepened they reach the point where music becomes as a message from an unknown world, the voice of a clairvoyant. Such its effect is upon Alonzo at the end of the third act; and so also it works within the mind of Gonzalo who, like Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf, hears melodies in his dreams. The question here broached is far too large and difficult to be developed in this article. It must suffice to note that music and metaphysical ideas have been universally associated, not only by primitive types of man, but by minds of the calibre of Shakespeare, Schopenhauer, and Wagner. It is still more definitely indicated by Shakespeare in the scene between Ariel and Ferdinand, a nobler character than the rest of the shipwrecked folk. To Ferdinand Ariel sings two of his loveliest songs, and the prince insists upon the spiritual nature of the sound.

Sure it waits upon

Some god o' the island!

And again:

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.

Considering the greater love for music generally shown by women, it is strange that Miranda has no sense of the presence or work of Ariel. Coleridge noticed the fact, but gave for it no very cogent reason. He said, "Miranda is never directly brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other tend to neutralise each other." But Ferdinand is no less human and natural! I am inclined to give it a much more prosaic explanation. Mr. Frank Harris states excellent reasons for presuming that Miranda is a portrait of Shakespeare's own daughter. If so, the dramatic blunder would be accounted for by the human fact that the children of authors and artists are often discouraged from intimate relations with

their parents' work. Shakespeare's daughter may, as Mr. Harris suggests, have "preserved" Shakespeare, and enabled him "to bear up under the burden of life's betrayals"; but, if so, it seems more likely that he sought preservation in the change of mental atmosphere afforded by her society than by any understanding she may have had for his work. If then we want to know how Shakespeare would portray a musical female we must examine some other character, such as Viola in *Twelfth Night*. It matters little for our present study. The real pith of the poet's understanding of the art is concentrated in the relationship of Prospero and Ariel—that is to say, his own attitude to that inner spirit of his which not only made him one of the greatest music-lovers of all time, but caused him (like Schiller) to realise that his own activities were of an essentially musical kind.

First consider Prospero's condition before he was cast upon the island. Though born to the responsibility of public affairs, he neglected them and secluded himself "rapt in secret studies." His brother took advantage of his behaviour to control the dukedom; and Prospero, in his obscurity getting the reputation for incapacity in practical matters, was by force placed in a position where he could no longer act as a leader of men.

This is an allegory of the life, not of Shakespeare only, but of the great majority of artists. Born with stronger imaginations and more delicate susceptibilities than most men, and so best fitted to stimulate and suggest ideas to their fellows, not merely in æsthetic, but in practical questions as well, the majority of artists are yet content to leave in abeyance their faculties so far as the world of material things is concerned, and confine their energies to the enjoyment of that more exquisite beauty to which their natures give them ready access. Then they are exploited by less inventive and generous, but more cunning natures. That, however, is not the worst of the evil. The greater loss is in their exile to that isolation of imagination—that island of æstheticism—where for the most part they perish in the surfeit of their art; for but few of them are capable of the renewal of will which enabled Prospero to win his way back to leadership. Let us consider the matter in a more specifically musical direction.

A human being with any sort of superior mental faculty is more likely to throw a new light upon problems outside his own sphere than a completely undistinguished person. A born musical genius is more likely to recognise a mistake in statecraft or commerce than the average man congenitally inclined to accept the things that are for the things that ought to be. And, more than

that, the more fully he enters upon an understanding of the principles of statecraft and commerce the more often will he be thrown into contact with other human beings, the larger will his sympathies become, the finer his mind, and the better his music. But the modern method of training musicians is to keep them in a music-tight compartment. We smile at their naïve attempts to understand the rights and wrongs of international questions; we discount beforehand their tendencies to criticise our methods of industry, and advise them to stick to their last; forgetting that the cobbler who stuck to his last would go raving mad; forgetting that even were our Strausses and Paderewskis of no greater distinction than ourselves, they are equally involved with us in all questions of war, trade, religion and society, and should have at least equal voices in all decisions pertaining to them. There seems no valid reason to believe that a musician who, like Strauss, has understood the commercial value of his own operas, should not be better able to deal with large questions of commerce than the average minister of state; or a musician who, like Paderewski, has suffered upon his own Polish estate the horrors of war, should not be equally able to deal with military problems than the average lawyer or member of parliament. However, we have made up our minds that artists, and especially musicians, are of so feeble a general mental capacity that no particular object would be served in giving them equal public chances with clergymen, lawyers, doctors, stockbrokers, soldiers, grocers, and trades-union secretaries. So the young musician is exiled to some island of a conservatoire of music, where his æsthetic ideas, instead of being fertilised by the emotions of real life, are left to inbreed with the ideas of others of his kind. Then, when he has attained a sufficiently exclusive refinement, we hand him over to the tender mercies of concert-agents, publishers, and other men who have not lost grip on the world of material things—men who in many ways are less capable than he, as witness the quantity of rubbish issued by the publishers and the numbers of grossly incompetent amateurs launched by the concert-agents; but who, at any rate, are better men than he, and no fools in dealing with those primitive hard facts of life for which it should be our aim to prepare everybody—even musicians.

But the education of a musician is even worse than that already outlined. We not merely limit the power and beauty of his art by cutting it off from the real world of life and feeling, but we do not even allow his own personal life and feelings to carve the channel of his work. We dedicate him "to closeness and the

bettering of his mind" by instilling precepts of obedience to art-forms which were the product of other times and quite different conditions; so that the very utmost he may hope to achieve is a sort of art compounded of all that has gone before him. And, of course, that is enough, if all we care to develop in our musicians is a sense of their own exquisiteness and a desire for nothing but their own enjoyment. But as a consequence of this it happens that the average musician is more detested and avoided outside his immediate circle than any creature of civilisation. I have been amazed and ashamed from time to time when I have found in what estimation musicians are held by men of the world, and even by painters and actors—men and women also enisled upon rocks of their own, though not quite so fearfully separated from the main continent of mankind. A musician can unfortunately spin a hymn-tune or a sonata out of his own vacuity, but actors and most painters are thrown by their work into frequent communication with people outside their own circles. If a personal reference may be forgiven, I have spent twenty years in the effort to make operas out of my musical knowledge. I succeeded only in making works which nobody wanted to produce. Those twenty years count as nothing to me beside the last three years at Glastonbury, during which I have set out to produce my own operas, and operas by any other composer whose work appealed to me; so I have not only acquired a practical musical knowledge which makes me laugh at the groping of my student days, but have also entered into all kinds of new and real human relationships, thus gaining some slight acquaintance with those forces in men and women that are the stuff of which drama is made. And this is something like the story of Prospero who, isolated and helpless upon his island, proceeded to gain power over Ariel by freeing him from the cloven pine; afterwards, by his help, achieving his own rightful position as duke, leader in the world where artists, grocers, farmers, and lawyers meet as men. The first step towards such an end was that Ariel, however reluctant, should be Prospero's servant; and the first step in any creation or rebirth of music is to subject the art to our reason, however troublesome may be the process, remembering that every really great work of art is inevitably the product in the first place of the will for human welfare, and only in the second an expression of sensual enjoyment. So it was that Ariel could reply to Prospero:

All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure.

The best pleasure of Bach was not his mastery of fugue-form, but his Protestantism, his desire for freedom of thought; of Beethoven, not his creation of symphonies, but his expression of rebellion against tyranny; of Wagner, not his lavish sense of beauty, but his will to enlarge the world of human sympathy and understanding. Music was the chief means to their end, but their end transcended the art of music as Prospero's aim transcended the work of Ariel.

But Ariel is also capable of work that is not at all according to Prospero's best pleasure. At the present day we have reached the climax and evident end of an era when loud effects, not to say mere noises, seem to be the chief purpose of musicians. The monstrous cacophonies of Schoenberg, the monstrous choruses of the British festivals, the monstrous barns at Sydenham and Kensington Gore, the monstrous preferences for hammering and rasping noises upon pianos and stringed instruments, are all of them symptoms of a non-musical mentality—rowdiness such as Ariel was employed on when Prospero sent him to make confusion aboard the ship.

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not affect his reason?

And it is not without amusement that one watches the effect of musical rowdiness upon modern audiences, who are bewildered by the "coil" but want at all costs to be in the know—in the fashion, whatever it may chance to be. During the recent futurist craze one of our best-known musicians was listening to a pianist who had obviously got his fingers to his nose, figuratively speaking, as often as actually upon the keyboard. And yet this musician had got out of the way of using his common sense to such an extent that he was in doubt as to whether he was listening to the art of the future or the art of a bluffer. "Do you think he's serious?" he asked of a friend who sat by him. "He's got a fine sense of rhythm," he pursued, apparently fearful lest his understanding should be considered behind the future in its limitations. Such a man deserves the fate that Prospero deliberately brought upon the men in the ship. The best cure for musical futurism would be to send its advocates into the trenches without an allowance of cotton-wool.

The madness of futurism can be traced to Strauss's misconception of Wagner. The earlier master, to get effects equal to the greatness of his thought, employed means much in excess of

composers before his time. Strauss is vital enough as a composer, but his wisdom and external impetus to art are comparatively small. With a trivial message as compared with Wagner's, he has exceeded Wagner's quantitative demands. As an example we may compare the sweep of their melody. Before Wagner the declamatory parts of music were generally more restricted in compass than the lyrical; but Wagner noticed that, as a matter of fact, while sustained effects of emotional speech were comparatively monotonous, in the ordinary course of unaffected conversation the human voice covered a greater range than had ever been systematically used in vocal music, though some of Bach's recitative had ventured some way in that direction. This natural sweep of declamation Strauss seems to have misunderstood, and used indiscriminately in lyric as in dramatic moments; and so his vocal writing has become degenerate and often quite meaningless. Schoenberg has gone one worse. Fortunately for German vocal music Wolf has acted as a balancing influence, owing to his sense of human and literary values.

For the finest vocal music the intellect must know exactly when and how to shape and guide the emotional element. It must say, as Prospero said to Ariel, "Exactly do all points of my command," and then will Ariel joyfully answer, "To the *syllable*," knowing that in emotion so controlled all that is greatest has come to be. This thought continually turns up in the course of *The Tempest*. In another place Prospero cries, "Come with a thought," and Ariel answers, "Thy thoughts I cleave to." And out of this intimate union the human intellect, of itself a cold and often a cruel thing, becomes charged with tenderness and beauty. The intellectual man naturally despises the person who is swayed hither and thither by his emotions; but when he sees the wonderful effect of emotion properly developed and governed by the reasoning faculty, he realises that in the coupling of forces there is a greater value to mankind than in the sanity of the virgin intellect. This is Ariel's appeal:

AR.:	Your charm so strongly works 'em
	That if you now beheld them your affections
	Would become tender.
PROS.:	Dost thou think so, spirit?
AR.:	Mine would, sir, were I human.
PROS.:	And mine shall.

And Prospero's decision is couched in words that Wagner might have used when he had done with the magic of *The Ring*, the

passion of Tristan, the humour of the Mastersingers, and set the crown to his work with the "heavenly music" of Parsifal:

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

After such a life-work there remains only the glad sigh of good-bye to Ariel: "To the elements be free, and fare thou well."

FRANZ GRILLPARZER: CRITIC OF MUSIC

By PHILIP GORDON

THE greatest of Austrian dramatists, Franz Grillparzer, is one of the most instructive of music critics. Born in the year of Mozart's death and Meyerbeer's birth (1791), he lived to see the triumphs of Wagner. His comments during the eighty-one years of his life on the art which thrilled his every fibre far more than did the sister art in which he performed his great work are, in the first place, a register of the attitude of Vienna toward certain phases of musical development, and, in the second place, a store of interesting and instructive criticism.

Let us first speak of Grillparzer himself. "To forget that Grillparzer was a musician," says his biographer, Ehrhard, "is equivalent to forgetting that Michelangelo was a poet or that Goethe was a scientist. The place which music occupied in his life and works was so large, his passion for the art and the manner in which he enjoyed it were so typical of his time and his country, that it is impossible to pass lightly over this important and significant phase of his activity."

In Vienna Grillparzer found a favorable environment for his strong natural gift for music, a gift so strong that a single detached tone made him tremble involuntarily. The musical nature had long been in the family; Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Cherubini were its distinguished guests; the poet's mother came of a house which was the center of musical activity in Vienna during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Christoph Sonnleitner, her father, dean of the faculty of jurisprudence in the University of Vienna, was a friend of Haydn and Mozart. His son, Joseph Sonnleitner, was one of the founders of the Gesellschaft der Wiener Musikfreunde and collaborator in the libretto of Beethoven's "Fidelio"; he discovered the manuscript in neume notation of the famous Antiphonary of St. Gallen. Anna Sonnleitner, the poet's mother, was a noted pianiste of remarkable talent; she gave to her son the "delicate, even morbid sensitiveness..., the wealth of imagination..., the tendency to dreaming" which made music the only element in which he found his needs satisfied. A short poem of his in praise of music concludes thus: "Ignoring the individual, it reveals the sum of the universe."

But despite his broad view of the function of music, Grillparzer had very definite views of the proper method of exercising that function. It was his claim that a poem may express as many emotions as the poet pleases; the imagination may be given free rein; but a piece of music must contain only one idea, a single germ developed into a piece of incomparable beauty. Furthermore, music must not seek to give expression to a tangible emotional idea; it is an art which deals with the emotions only vaguely, since it must rise above earthly things, it must "begin where poetry ceases."

This theory was shaped and strengthened by three great forces: Mozart, Kant, Vienna. Grillparzer's training in music had begun and ended with Mozart; he had absorbed the works of the master and had become imbued with his art. It is known that the sounds of a Mozart symphony brought back to his mind the plan of his "Golden Fleece," which he had forgotten.

Now there is perhaps no other composer who has attained that Hellenic freedom and disinterestedness which Kant makes the greatest attribute of art. Grillparzer's aesthetics of music reflects the influence of Kant on his thought in the following lines: "The only art which seeks no other end than itself; it is play even when it is serious. Evading itself, it attains itself; ever on the wing, it entwines itself in its own chains, and breaks them, and is again free as the other arts."

Finally, and this shows that Grillparzer was a Viennese, he believed the composer bound by demands to which the poet is a stranger. Because the composer reaches the soul only by an appeal to the senses, and not through the intellect, music must avoid everything harsh. "Shakespeare could employ the horrible; Mozart's limit was the beautiful." This thesis will explain Grillparzer's antagonism to the Romanticists.

Such, in brief, was the poet's philosophy of music. His greatest delight—and here again we see his city reflected in him—was the dance. "The dance is rhythm turned into flesh and blood... The most perfect, the most beautiful the visible world possesses, the human body, corporealizes in plastic mold the impalpable, fleeting form. The world would owe to its dancers one of its finest aesthetic pleasures if the ballet were what it ought to be."

Music that was unlike Mozart's was, needless to say, likely to incur Grillparzer's wrath. He was not ashamed of this partiality. "That music sings my youth; it contains all that I have felt in the best years of my life. Therefore no other music can appeal to me." The finest lines ever written on Mozart are from Grillparzer's pen:

Dem grossen Meister in dem Reich der Töne,
 Der nie zu wenig tat und nie zu viel,
 Der stets erreicht, nie überschritt sein Ziel,
 Das mit ihm eins und einzig war: das Schöne!

(To the great master in the realm of music, who never did too little, never too much; who always attained, never stepped beyond his goal, which was solely and entirely the beautiful.)

Among the frequent visitors at the Sonnleitner home was a young man, Franz Schubert. "Prometheus," the "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," and the "Twenty-third Psalm" were among the works which he offered for performance at the Sonnleitner musicales. The poet conceived a great fondness for Schubert and for his music, in which he seemed to find, perhaps not without some basis, the continuation of the Mozartian ideal. When the unfortunate composer died, his friend Grillparzer was asked to write his epitaph. The simple lines have become famous:

Der Tod begrub hier einen reichen Besitz,
 Aber noch schönere Hoffnungen.
 Hier liegt Franz Schubert
 Geboren am 31. Jänner, 1797
 Gestorben am 19. November, 1828
 31 Jahre alt.

(Death buried here a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes. Here lies Franz Schubert. Born January 31, 1797. Died November 19, 1828. Thirty-one years old.)

Most emphasized of all is the friendship between Grillparzer and Beethoven. This friendship is very interesting and enlightening, though it had little influence on the lives of the two artists. In 1809 the poet wrote in his diary: "I have often wanted to compare our composers with the Creation. Chaos: Beethoven. 'Let there be light': Cherubini. Mountains (great clumsy things): Haydn. . The human being: Mozart." It is not a very flattering opinion of Beethoven; but it was modified in time, and at any rate it did not prevent the two men from getting on together very well.

In his "Reminiscences of Beethoven" the poet relates some little known incidents in the master's life. Some are worth translating.

"The first time I saw Beethoven was in my youth; it must have been in 1804 or 1805.... He was then still thin, dark, and—contrary to his later custom—most elegantly dressed. He wore spectacles, which I recall all the more because in later years he

gave up this aid to his shortsightedness.... Abbé Vogler sat down at the piano and began an endless string of variations on an African theme, which he himself had imported.... Ultimately only Cherubini and Beethoven were left. At length the former went out also, leaving Beethoven alone beside the hard-working Abbé. Finally he too lost patience; but Vogler, left entirely alone, did not cease to caress his theme in all possible forms."

"One or two years later I spent the summer with my parents in the village of Heiligenstadt, just outside Vienna. Our rooms looked toward the garden; Beethoven had rented those facing the street. My brother and I paid no attention when the eccentric man (he had grown stronger in the last year, but he now dressed very carelessly) stormed past us; but my mother, a passionate lover of music, used to go out before our door and listen devoutly to his playing. Suddenly one day Beethoven's door opened, the master came out, saw my mother, hurried back again and rushed out of the house.... He remained implacable and left his piano untouched until the autumn brought us back to the city."

"In one of the following years I paid frequent visits to my grandmother, who had a summer home in the suburb of Döbling. Beethoven was then also living in Döbling. From my grandmother's windows you could see the dilapidated house of a certain farmer Flehberger, well known for his slovenly habits. This Flehberger possessed, in addition to his miserable shack, a very beautiful daughter Liese, whom, however, reputation had not especially favored. Beethoven seemed to take a great interest in the girl. I still see him coming up Stag Lane, his white handkerchief, sweeping the ground, in his right hand, until he stopped before Flehberger's gate.... I never saw him speak to her; he stood there silently and looked into the yard until at length the girl, either by making fun of or by stubbornly ignoring him, awakened his anger. Then he turned away quickly and stormed off—not neglecting next time to stop again before the farmer's gate. Beethoven's interest went so far that once, when the girl's father had been put into the town prison for his part in a drunkards' brawl, he advocated the man's release before the community council, treating the severe gentlemen so roughly that he came near being obliged to lend his protégé his involuntary companionship."

In 1823, when Grillparzer had made a name for himself with the trilogy, "The Golden Fleece," Beethoven requested the poet to write him a libretto. Grillparzer demurred for a time, for he

did not endorse Beethoven's stormy, emotional symphonies, but he finally wrote a libretto on the Melusina story (ultimately set by Konradin Kreutzer). It was in the style of the Italian opera of which Grillparzer was so fond, and Beethoven found after a while that he could do nothing with it. Large choruses, scenic effects, idyllic outpourings of romantic sentimentality—all these were nothing to Beethoven. But he seems to have wished to spare the poet's feelings, and so he kept putting off the work with all sorts of excuses.

In the summer of 1823 Grillparzer visited the composer in the country. The great man was now quite deaf. There have been preserved the books in which his visitors wrote their share of their conversations with him. In one place Grillparzer wrote: "I have wondered whether each entrance of or even association with Melusina could not be designated by an ever-recurring melody, short, soft, and enticing?" It is most unfortunate that we do not know Beethoven's answer to this suggestion of the leit-motiv. (This was probably the first written statement of the idea, though Hérold had used it in "*La Clochette*" in 1817.)

Farther on we meet two statements which show that Grillparzer, although he was opposed to Beethoven's style realized the fault was to some extent his own. "If one but knew what you think in your music!" he writes; and later: "Your music remains perfectly incomprehensible to us."

There is also some grim humor in their conversations. Both men were bachelors, and Beethoven seems to have said that he intended to remain unmarried. "Quite right!" answered the poet; "the intellects among women have no figures, and the figures have no intellects." ("Die Geister haben keine Leiber, und die Leiber haben keine Geister.")

They met for the last time in 1826. For the poet it was the gloomiest of periods; his engagement to Kathe Froelich had been broken off, and he felt embittered against the whole world. Beethoven did his best to cheer him—imagine the picture!—and tried to interest him in the implications of the contemporary trend of musical thought, which Beethoven followed with much concern. "Weber used four horns," he said. "What is all this coming to?"

"Later I saw him," we read in the "*Reminiscences*," "only once again. He said at that time: 'Your opera is finished.' Whether he meant that it was finished in his mind or that the innumerable note books in which he used to jot down ideas and figures for future reworking contained the elements of the opera,

I do not know.... I did not see him again until, dressed in black and carrying a burning torch, I accompanied his coffin to the grave.

"Two days before, Schindler had come to me with the news that Beethoven was dying and that his friends wanted me to write a funeral address to be spoken by the actor Anschütz at his grave.... I had come to the second part of the oration, when Schindler came again and told me that Beethoven had just died. Then something snapped inside me; the tears rushed from my eyes, and I could not finish the speech as elegantly as I had begun. However, the address was made; the company left deeply moved; and Beethoven was no longer with us!

"I had really loved Beethoven. If I can recall only little of his talk, it is because I am interested in what an artist does rather than in what he says."

Excerpts from this oration, delivered March 29, 1827, are well worth quoting, though any translation must be quite inadequate: "For he was an artist; and what he was, he was through art alone. Deeply had the thorns of life wounded him; and as the storm-tossed sailor yearns toward the land, so he sought thy bosom, thou sublime sister of goodness and of truth, comforter of the suffering, heaven-born Art. Firm he held to thee, and even when the door was barred through which thou didst enter and speak to him, he bore ever thy image in his heart, and when he died it still dwelt in his breast.

"He was an artist; and who shall stand beside him? Even as the behemoth sweeps through the seas, so he swept through the realms of his art.... Who comes after him will not follow him; he will have to begin anew, for his predecessor left off only where art ceases....

"He was an artist, but also a man—a man in every, in the highest sense. Because he secluded himself from the world, they thought him malevolent; and because he avoided sentiment, they thought him incapable of feeling.... He fled from the world because in all his nature he could find no weapon with which to oppose it. He shunned mankind after he had given it his all and received nothing in return. He lived alone because he found none other like himself. But his heart ever beat in friendship to man, in love to his relatives.

"Such was he in life—such in death—such will he live unto all time."

In the autumn of the same year the famous monument in Heiligenstadt was unveiled, and Grillparzer again wrote the ora-

tion. "He who lies here was a man inspired. Striving toward one goal, filled with one aim, enduring all for one cause, sacrificing all for one hope—thus he went through life. He knew neither wife nor child, seldom joy, and rarely pleasure."

Perhaps all this seems to fit badly with Grillparzer's opinion, "Beethoven: Chaos." There is no doubt that Grillparzer's respect and love for Beethoven grew despite the difference in their views. He did not understand Beethoven; and he admitted it. Yet he felt his great worth, as is evident from the funeral oration. He felt the master's power, and when he forgot his favorite Mozart—as he certainly did for a while when Beethoven died—he praised the master's work. But it is hard to change the impressions rooted in one's mind since childhood. Mozart was all the world to Grillparzer; Beethoven was an anomaly, a rare power whose charm he had no strength to resist, no matter how hard he tried. And as he felt, so Vienna felt. When Beethoven had no rivals, he was the idol of the Viennese. But as soon as the Italian opera of Rossini came to town they responded to an inherent impulse and flocked to the new standard. They ridiculed a now forgotten critic who dared to believe that some day "Fidelio" would be as popular as "Tancred."

Obviously the nature of the Viennese taste was to cost that metropolis its prestige. Its fate was decided in the great battle between the Romantic and the Italian opera. Vienna was known as a city loving music to distraction. It was the acknowledged superior of Berlin; and it was here that the war raged for more than ten years.

It will be remembered that Gluck had tried to effect his reform of the opera in Vienna. But the southern influence had been too strong; a clear, light, attractive melody was what music meant to the Viennese. Emotions were of no consequence; neither was dramatic content. Music was food for the senses. Whoever knows Vienna will appreciate how essentially this feeling was part and parcel of the ancestral nature of these people. Gluck was obliged to betake himself and his ideas to Paris, where the French received him favorably.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century a revulsion of feeling had seized Vienna, and Méhul, Cherubini, and Boiëldieu were favorites. Hence comes Grillparzer's opinion: "Let there be light: Cherubini." But in 1819 an Italian opera troupe came to Vienna with "Tancred." In a little while Rossini himself, one of the laziest men who ever lived, was obliged to come to Vienna to feed the popular stomach.

The other camp did not keep silent. The Romantic opera was essentially a product of northern Germany, and men might have known that the taste of the south was entirely different from that of Berlin. But Vienna was the metropolis, and music could attract no attention unless performed there. So thither went the reformers.

This, then, was the issue: Is opera to consist of expressive dramatic music, closely coördinated with the words; or is the opera to be food for the ear, regardless of emotions and action? Is its course to be determined by Hoffmann and Weber; or is Rossini to reign supreme? Time has decided for the former; Vienna decided for the latter.

In this bitter struggle the Romanticists (called at the time derogatively the "Germans") found no fiercer antagonist than Grillparzer. "Poetry and music cannot be combined," he said again and again; "the one appeals to the intellect, the other to the senses." This is, to be sure, a rather narrow view; but in one place he touched on a problem which is still engaging the attention of musical thinkers. "When music tries to degenerate into fitting itself to the sentiments of poetry, it ceases to be music; it gives up its place as the most potent of the arts to ape the functions of a lesser art." Grillparzer was attacking here primarily the thesis of the advocates of the new opera, a thesis which had found expression in the preface to Gluck's "Alceste" and was to find expression again in the writings of Wagner. They held that the drama was of more significance in the opera than was the music. To be sure, neither Gluck nor Weber nor Wagner lived up to that thesis in practice, even though the music of the music drama has always, if composed by a great master, supported and enhanced admirably the dramatic and æsthetic significance of the text. But when there arose, only a few years ago, composers whose texts were actual plays, there were and still are a goodly number of critics who felt that in their work music has degenerated into the ape of a lesser art. So much digression to show that Grillparzer was not a mere crank or fool in this controversy.

The vials of Grillparzer's wrath were emptied chiefly on Weber. There is no doubt that he drove his objections too far. What he says of Weber at times is simply the result of blind antagonism. But at other times he defends ably his claim that the horrible has no place in music. We have come by now to realize that even the horrible, if artistically employed, is good art. Grillparzer admitted that willingly enough in poetry, but not in music. Hence comes his satire on the scene of the casting

of the bullets in Weber's "Freischütz." The repetition of such words as *horrible* and *fearful* throughout the satire is intended to make the point of attack more apparent. The complete text follows in translation:

(A forest ravine. So dark that you cannot see your own hand. Thunder unceasing. All sorts of discord. Four devils with fiery eyes hang suspended from the wings as lanterns. SIROCCO, the Wild Huntsman, enters amid thunder and lightning. Gnashes his teeth and roars horribly.)

SIROCCO: Murder! death! poison! daggers! hell! fiends!
(Thunder increases.)

Abracadabra! Hokus-pokus! GODBEWITHUS,
appear! *(Forty strings scrape away unisono without stopping.)*

Appear!! *(Twenty kettle drums join in.)*

Appear!!! *(Horrible peal of thunder.)*

He does not come. *(Seeing the faithful ECKART groveling on the ground.)* Ha! it is your fault that my lord and master does not appear! *(Beats him with a whip; ECKART yells horribly.)*

But I smell his approach. *(An intolerable stench spreads through the theatre.)*

Hear me, most awful one! *(Ten wild steers race across the stage.)* Ugh! horrible! *(Fifty grenadiers enter, load their muskets, and take aim at the audience, thereby routing those who are not already out of their wits. N.B.: Before this, all the exits must be locked.)* I do herewith blaspheme the Lord—curse myself—murder myself—damn myself—everyone—everything! *(The highest gallery falls with a fearful crash; the injured yell horribly.)*

IT IS ACCOMPLISHED! *(Fire breaks out behind the scenes. Thunder. Curtain falls.)*

In all probability everybody will understand the elements in the play which Grillparzer is satirizing. The wild steers are really in the opera. Samiel, the Wild Huntsman, is here called Sirocco and is made to invoke a devil greater than himself. The words "it is accomplished" are at the end of the scene in the opera.

Grillparzer's antagonism to the music of the Romanticists remained unchanged. Of Berlioz he said: "His motto is 'Foul is fair.'" Wagner, he stated emphatically in a poem, should have been thrown into prison for his music. Interesting in this connection is his satire on the overture to "Tannhäuser." It is in the form of a letter to the composer.

"Sir: I have heard the overture to 'Tannhäuser' and am delighted. That is—now; for during the listening my ears suffered to some extent. I noted at once that it was a matter not of pleasure for the ear, but of meaning and inner significance. This inner meaning I and some music-lovers sitting nearby, not knowing the title of the piece, could not make out. One thought the music pictured the Russo-Turkish war, the trumpets and trombones of the chorale delineating the death-defying courage of the Russians, and the trembling of the violins the fear of the Turks—though in truth the Turks did not seem to be very frightened. A second listener thought the piece dealt with the crash of a ship into an iceberg. Two others were reminded, one of the creation, the other of the destruction of the world. Finally, at the end of the overture, a kind gentleman gave us the composer's program. Then we saw it all, and we decided not to miss the second performance of this splendid overture. To be sure, an old man behind us thought it better to get the composer's meaning simply by reading the program, and to let the music go altogether; but who will pay any attention to people so far behind the times! Long live progress!"

Grillparzer wrote several little poems on Mendelssohn, Clara Wieck, Liszt, Paganini, and others of his contemporaries. One of the most charming is on Jenny Lind: "Here is not flesh—nor hardly tone; I hear thy soul."

In all these views Grillparzer was the mouthpiece of musical Vienna. The attitude of this great poet and critic and of his city, once the metropolis of the musical world, is not to be scorned as something silly. It has, if not a preponderance of merit, at least a fair portion of excuse. "He who knows thy power, oh Melody—!" exclaims Grillparzer. That is the key to the Viennese philosophy of music in the period we have surveyed.

THE SECRET OF TECHNIQUE

By HERBERT J. WRIGHTSON

IT is a source of wonder to many that while the average person has difficulty in attaining to even a fair degree of skill, certain individuals acquire quite a prodigious technical dexterity in their respective lines of work. It seems as if there must be some factor entering into the conditions more than the mere amount of labor and effort put forth by each, and more even than the degree of so-called "natural talent" possessed by the one or the other; and the phrase "wizard of the keyboard" when applied to some famous pianist, almost seems to be justified in a literal sense, and to imply some distinct and extraordinary power, bordering, at least, on the supernatural.

This marvelous "technique," as we call it, is not limited to musicians, for the same principle applies in many other cases—billiards, tennis, typewriting, juggling, anything in fact where the acquirement of extreme skill is an object. What and whence is this magic? Let us investigate. And if we consider carefully the process by which the human mechanism is enabled to exhibit skill at all, even in the simplest forms, we may be able to find the apparently secret path which leads in a few isolated cases to the extraordinary results referred to: which, followed even part of the way, conducts to a certain distinguished degree of achievement, far removed from the mediocrity of the average.

The process required in the performance of any act of skill, even of the most moderate order, appears to be the following: Observation—Perception of cause and effect—Reproduction of the same.

The only imaginable incentive to the inception of this process in connection with any line of action is *Interest*. It may safely be said that no one ever did anything well who did not enjoy doing it at least in some aspect. Skill in, and indifference to any subject are entirely incompatible. Now, the greater one's interest in anything, the more one's faculties are on the alert concerning it. We are then more than usually *observant* with regard to this subject, and begin to investigate the causes which produce effects. We are obsessed with the thing itself, and search diligently to

find how it is done; instead of, as is the case with the perfunctory worker, plodding away at uninteresting elements and expecting something to grow out of it. Only the vision of the finished result can supply the true incentive. We proceed from the idea downwards to the details, never the reverse way, just as the surgeon by study of the body may obtain complete mastery of the human anatomy, but could never take the physiological elements and so piece them together as to make a man.¹

Although the success of our work depends upon our having in mind some ideal, this does not mean necessarily the ideal of something advanced and complicated, but merely the perfect form of even the simplest thing we attempt. The desire to produce an effect resembling this mental image then causes an alert attention, which in its turn reveals the weak and imperfect points of our attempted reproduction, and it is but another step to correct them. Just as initial interest in the subject produces observation, the latter again produces more interest, and so on in an increasing ration. It follows that the resulting scrupulous attention to and control of detail are not only essential for themselves but as an indication of a right mental attitude. Mechanical accuracy may not always lead to virtuosity but carelessness and inaccuracy never can. On a perfect foundation we may build a cottage or a skyscraper, but on an imperfect one, not more than the cottage, and with small stability at that.

It will probably be found that this is the rock upon which most of the failures have gone to pieces. It is not that they cannot perceive the departure from exactness in what they do, but they follow the "line of least resistance" and let it go at that. "Near enough" is their motto; and perhaps the subconscious thought is present "next time it may go better," meaning of course "it may happen to go better." But why should it? It is plainly absurd to expect such a thing. One is sometimes inclined to ask a careless pupil, "how many incorrect repetitions of the passage do you expect, will produce a perfect and satisfactory result?"

We may be told that some persons are "very fond of music"—that is, much interested; but cannot learn to play well. The

¹A recent sensational sketch dealing with wonders of modern surgery, illustrated a new and strange being, which had been pieced together by the marvelous feats of science, arising from the operating table, to the terror of the attendants and even of the surgeons themselves. While such a thing seems logically possible, its absolute impossibility and incongruity from the subjective or philosophical standpoint is what lends the idea its gruesomeness. What we call a human being *has* a body with all the anatomical details thereof, because it is first an entity requiring these for its expression. The assembling of all the anatomical parts in the world would not avail to form one individual being. In other words, effect never proceeds to cause.

explanation of such a state of things can only be that they are not interested to the extent of *Observation* and still less to that of *Perception of Cause and Effect*. They must realize that they can produce a desired result only by perfecting the elements which go to make it—after all not so much a difficult matter as a neglected one.

Every sensation received by the physical organism while practising must be acutely observed and registered, so that certain action is distinctly associated in the consciousness with (in music) certain audible effects. These definite impressions are then used in duplicating the effect produced, or on the other hand, avoiding duplication. The real object of slow practice demanded by all good teachers is precisely that these impressions on the receptive medium of the brain shall be definite and distinct. Slowness has little value in itself. In fact, speed *with distinct impression* is probably preferable to slowness with the same amount of impression. The polyphonic music of Bach derives its chief technical value to the piano student from the close observation demanded for its performance at all, and hence the greater definiteness of the impressions received.

Endless repetition of a passage with the mind but slightly applied, is not only useless but injurious. It would really be more beneficial to think a passage a number of times without playing it, than to play it without thinking it—another view of the fact that the mental impression is the thing. It is the combination of the two, however—thought and action—which is necessary. The mind must think the actions, and the nerves and muscles must become accustomed to acting the thought. Certain purely technical exercises produce these essential conditions by their very peculiarity, as the mind must be concentrated upon them in order to perform them. All other kinds are futile. In fact almost any kind soon becomes monotonous, and the activity of the mind flags. The opinion has already been expressed by famous pianists that great technique can be obtained better from real music than from purely technical studies. The reason is obvious from the foregoing remarks. If the principle does not seem to apply with some students, who prefer only "pieces," much to *their* disadvantage, it is because a perfect mechanical reading is not striven for, but the "near enough" process used, in getting a general effect. Under this kind of treatment, no class of work would benefit the student.

Technique is a development of nerves and muscles *only derivable from highly conscious action*. Their overuse, without this,

will cause hypertrophy, or a diseased condition, noticeably more common among hard students of average attainments than among virtuosi, who accomplish far more. The vitalizing effect of alert consciousness during action preserves the parts in perfect health, while conducing to their utmost development.

The pianist is perhaps more liable than any other cultivator of high dexterity to the phenomenon of reflex action; that is, the signs of notation are acted upon by habit and unconsciously. The eye sees and the hands operate, at times, with too little mental activity. Every pianist knows that occasionally his mind may wander away on something else and that he may have played a page, or half a page, absolutely without any remembrance of having played it. One great advantage of doing piano work from memory rather than from notes is evident here as this phase or reflex action, at any rate, is eliminated. *It is cultivation of the rapid and accurate THOUGHT that makes the great technician.* Everything is done consciously, so that minute differences in action and effect are noted, and the technique continually grows by accretion. Such a worker will naturally remember with ease and distinctness much of the work done, for he was strongly conscious all the time of what he was doing. He has thus another aid to proper performance of the same work on repetition, as well as the only true system of memorizing.

In conclusion, the following words of Canning may be quoted, and should be remembered by those who desire technique of any kind to a high degree. They do not in themselves form an "Open Sesame!" to the locked door of virtuosity, but they do indicate to some extent the mental attitude which is the key to the mystery: "Only those who have the patience to do simple things perfectly, can acquire the skill to do difficult things easily."

THE RÔLE OF FRANCE IN MUSICAL ART

By JEAN HURÉ

CELTIC SONG

WHOEVER has dwelt in the French countryside, especially in the west and centre of France, and more particularly in Brittany, has been surprised and delighted to hear the peasants singing melodies which are most often admirable, having a very individual character and in no way reminding one either of so-called classic music or of that which is popular in the industrial quarters of our great cities.

Those who attend our Catholic churches will instantly recognize the melodic inflexions which characterize the ancient songs of the Church, the Gregorian cantilena, or plain-chant.

To be sure, the rhythmic style of these popular songs differs from that of our liturgical chants, whether these latter be executed in the free rhythm which the Benedictine Fathers of Solesmes call "rythme oratoire," or sung in long-sustained tones with certain monotonous rhythmic formulas—a dotted note followed by a note equal to the dot in value, according to the fashion of some fifty years ago.

The popular songs are most frequently *metrical*, rarely *symmetrical*, hardly ever strangled by *rigorous* rhythm. Sometimes they wear a free and well-balanced guise that faintly recalls the antique alleluias, but with fewer ornaments and less buoyancy.

But the modalities of the songs of France are strictly conformed to the ecclesiastical modes of medieval music. In these songs one never finds oriental chromaticism or oriental excess, one never meets with the minor mode embellished with a leading-note, one never notices those modulatory turns and harmonic symmetries (expressed or understood) so common in the folk-songs of Germany, Holland or Ireland.

Now, any one who has travelled in oriental countries has observed that the most ancient songs, preserved by muezzins, rabbis or popes, have scarcely any affinity to the ecclesiastical

modes. Wherever found, they are ornamented with chromatic melismata, and affect intervals not employed in the Gregorian or Ambrosian chant. They recall Byzantine music, Greek chromaticism, and the Hebraic vocalises whose influence has been preserved, in the Christian art of the middle ages, by the admirable Gregorian alleluias.

The same applies to the cantilenas (*malagueñas*) of the South of Spain, so strikingly modified by Moorish art.

On the other hand, certain Irish songs remind one of our old French monodies, and are, consequently, constructed on the medieval modes.

In the absence of more positive evidence, the above facts would indicate that the Celtic countries were the cradle of the musical art expounded and elaborated by the medieval theorists, who erected the ecclesiastical modes, emancipated from Hellenic subtilities and, above all, from oriental refinements. Brittany, in particular—where, notably on the coast, the people live in music—sings medieval cantilenas exclusively, constructed on the eight modes of plain-song. Even in Brittany very rare borrowings from oriental modes may be met with here and there, owing, undoubtedly, to foreign admixtures due chiefly to shipwrecks; but these borrowings are of extreme rarity. A Breton would be at a loss to sing chromatically, and certain turns of phrasing, even though diatonic, he would find absolutely foreign and impracticable.

We may assume, then—without affirming it—that French music exerted the greatest influence on medieval art.

* * *

However, certain facts appear to contradict these assertions. For example, the Gallican school of the early centuries is characterized by a superabundance of embellished vocalises which remind one of the oriental chants. This need not occasion surprise. The fact is, that the French of the South were in a position to become acquainted with exotic music by reason of their incessant contact with merchants and mariners of the Orient. The simple Celtic song was, therefore, supplanted by this complex art which, in turn, made way for the Roman cantilena of soberer style and simpler; but this same Celtic song (differing in its simplicity from the Latin simplicity), was preserved in the country districts, as in Ireland, and not a trace of it is found elsewhere. It also differs from the tranquil hymns of the Greeks—whose modalities

bear a certain relation to the modes of plain-song—and from the Slavic songs, tinged with orientalism.

For the rest, one should beware—which one too seldom does—of placing too much confidence in the texts of the theorists, or even in musical manuscripts. These latter were written by educated musicians, and, frequently, but little in harmony with the popular spirit; besides, the theorists constructed their theories according to earlier works composed by musicians. The tradition more or less well conserved in the countryside therefore—despite inevitable deformations—bears testimony which must not be neglected.

DESCANT AND VOCAL ART DURING THE RENAISSANCE

Whatever may have been the rôle of the French people in the formation of the medieval tonalities, or, rather, in the invention of the melodies whence the theorists derived those modalities, it appears quite sure, according to most historians, that the musicians of France invented Descant (*Déchant*). Some assert that it was invented by the Celtic bards of Wales, who were taught by the French; but the most authoritative writer on the subject, the German musicographer Johannes Wolf, considers it to be of French origin.

Descant was not, as is foolishly taught, a sort of improvisation based on various formulas applied haphazard. On the contrary, it was a marvellously systematized art, out of which issued the entire science of counterpoint; it was the ancestor of the whole scheme of modern harmony. Coming after the aberrations of the Organum, which—(except in England, if one may trust John Scotus Erigena, who describes it as a contrapuntal art founded chiefly on contrary motion)—was a purely mechanical and rudimentary way of writing polyphonic passages of decidedly in-harmonious effect, Descant, whether simple or embellished, was controlled by exact and perfectly musical rules.

In simple descant the counterpoint (*déchant*, *discantus*) ascended when the melody descended, and vice versa; figurate descant consisted in highly embellished musical garlands developed above the *cantus firmus*, or tenor; further on, other voices joined these two principal ones.

It was at Notre Dame in Paris that this new musical science was first cultivated, and thence it spread throughout Europe. It opened the door to the contrapuntal epoch of the Renaissance, which, above all in France and the Low Countries, was to shine

with incomparable brilliancy. We know what admirable masters then won celebrity in France and served as models to the musicians of all the nations. To none are the works of the erudite Josquin des Prés unknown, so astounding in their structure, their imaginativeness, their depth, so replete with unsurpassable ingenuity; everybody knows that Goudimel founded, if not in fact, at least through his influence, the School of Palestrina. The works of Jannequin, of Mauduit, of Claude le Jeune, and of many another, would be popular in France even at the present time were they but produced frequently and, above all, with precise observance of the style suited to their performance.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, AND THE ART OF THE LUTANISTS

Whether by delving in ancient documents whose collation is often inconvenient, or by perusing the works of Jules Écorcheville, H. Quittard, or Pierre Aubry, one may gain an idea of the importance of instrumental music in France during the middle ages and under the Renaissance.

To the instruments of percussion and with plucked strings, to the flutes, the organ, to the various species of chalumeaux and trumpets of all sizes, already in use before the Christian era (and some of them coming down from remotest antiquity), are now added the harps (the Celtic *crwth*), the cromorne (a reed-instrument now wholly in disuse), the trombones, the *Positif* (a small portable organ), the simple *vièle* and the curious *vièle à clavier* (hurdy-gurdy), which was possibly the most popular instrument from the twelfth to the fifteenth century; and, finally, the lute, a kind of guitar of exquisite sonority and considerable compass, probably of Egyptian origin, later overspreading Italy and Spain, and, in the sequel, all Europe, and France in particular.

There is no question to-day that these instruments had been employed from the earliest times to sustain vocal melodies, to play the *ritournelles* of these latter, to execute dance-tunes (*estampies*, *ducties*, etc.); they played a similar part in the execution of the Organum, which was quite as much an instrumental as a vocal art.

But to France is due the glory of having written, for instruments, musical works which displayed their resources and their character, and which, on account of their range and general arrangement, were impracticable for voices. Indeed, on comparing instrumental works by the Italians and Germans during the middle ages and the Renaissance with those produced in

France within the same period, there will be found this striking difference: The former exhibit pages which would evidently sound well whether performed vocally or instrumentally; the latter, pages of an ingenious virtuosity that in no way reminds one of vocal counterpoint.

From this point of view, as well as from many others, the French lutanists, more especially, were notable innovators. As forerunners they had had the jongleurs, the trouvères and the troubadours. These last were not always poor vagabonds, begging from château to château, as is too often imagined. Some of them were even noble lords, such as Guillaume, duke of Aquitaine (eleventh century), Bertrand de Born (twelfth century), Guillaume de Machaut (fourteenth century), with many others.

They preceded by a century the German Minnesänger, whose compositions, be it noted, were remarkable.

They accompanied themselves, or were accompanied, on divers instruments, in particular the lute, more extended in compass than the *vièle* and more readily transported than the *positif*.

Thus it came that the instrumental ritournelles formed the beginning of an art of genuine virtuosity which, developing in every land, attained to incontestable superiority in France.

To be sure, one can hardly overrate the practical work of the German lutists, or the already brilliant and cleverly written pages of the Italians; but one searches these composers in vain for the elegance, the perfection and the inspiration characteristic of the French lutists.

It has not seldom been my experience, after having played compositions by Dufault, Pinel, Guesdron or Mésangeau (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) on the organ or piano, to be asked whether the number just performed were not one of those graceful pieces that J. S. Bach interpolated in his suites. The Italian and German works could never produce a similar illusion. Their entire construction is clumsy and involved; through it all one feels the heavy vocal counterpoint of earlier ages; the periods follow one another or interlock awkwardly; the melodic and harmonic lines are wanting in easy fluency.

Quite apart from the æsthetic effect—an effect disputable in its very essence—it is beyond a doubt that the art of the German and Italian lutists did not contain even the germ of the purely instrumental writing of a Couperin or a Bach; the French lutists, on the contrary, were partially possessed of the secret of this delicate art. In Pinel's compositions the running parts cross

each other freely; the harmonies are apt to find expression in arpeggio-form, spreading over the entire range of the airy instrument; there is nothing to remind one of contrapuntal vocal writing. The same qualities are in evidence in Dufault and Guesdron.

THE HARPSICHORDISTS

It was probably this French school of lutists which influenced the English virginalists. The virginal, known as early as the sixteenth century, and frequently called "l'échiquier d'Angleterre" (the chessboard of England), was a very small stringed instrument with keyboard. The forerunner of the harpsichord, it was favored by gifted virtuosi who were sometimes picturesque and original composers; like the eccentric innovator John Bull, Gibbons, Byrd, and several others.

But the harpsichord and clavichord, of wider tonal range than the virginal and richer in combinations of timbres (the harpsichord had a plurality of keyboards, and various registers which modified its tone-quality and permitted the doubling of tones in the higher or lower octave), caused the small English instrument to be forgotten.

In France, the harpsichord was held in the highest esteem. Champion de Chambonnières, in the seventeenth century, proved himself a master of the instrument. He was the leader of our school of harpsichordists, and likewise a remarkable organ-player, like all the harpsichordists of that period. He composed delightful numbers for his instrument which are still heard with pleasure, and trained numerous pupils; among them Anglebert, a musician well-versed in the art of counterpoint, and a charming and clever composer; also Couperin and Crouilly, who will find mention below.

However, the most notable harpsichordists of the time were the Couperins. (Further on we shall speak of divers highly talented organists who also displayed their musicianship on the harpsichord.)

The Couperin family originated in the French province of La Brie, and provided the church of St.-Gervais in Paris with a galaxy of very noteworthy organists who were chiefly known to contemporary fame by their skill as harpsichord virtuosi and the charm of their musical works. Louis Couperin (d. 1665) and Charles Couperin (d. 1669) were not without merit; but they may not be compared with F. Couperin, *sieur de Crouilly*, or, more especially, with Couperin le Grand (François, the son of Charles).

This master, by virtue of his little pieces for harpsichord alone, without resorting to great ensembles wherein choral and orchestral masses are skilfully combined, attained to a perfection which warrants his elevation to a place beside the greatest masters of all times. His works are fraught with absolute beauty. Although written in the extremely ornamental form of the epoch, they are wholly free from artificiality, neither do they show the slightest ineptitude in form; everything is plastically beautiful, all is necessary, nothing superfluous; from first to last the characteristic musical idea, realized with the most elegant facility. Here I can only repeat what I formerly wrote: "There has never been a more perfect composer. With an inspiration equal to Scarlatti's he combines greater sobriety, variety and good taste; he writes with the same correctness as Frescobaldi, who displays less dash and boldness. In his works one finds everything—every emotion, every mood; for he is a master of psychology and description. His four books for harpsichord (which still await a modern publisher in France) ought to be read again and again; they are incomparable, and when J. S. Bach himself attempted to imitate the great master's style, he failed pitifully, despite his assiduity, his science, and his genius, as he had failed in the imitation of the Neapolitan, Alessandro Scarlatti. But it must not be imagined that this last phrase was written with the intent to detract in any way from Bach's redoubtable genius; on the other hand, it is only fair to render homage to the great French master who often served him as a model, whom he admired, and who is slighted more especially in France."

Rameau, whose far-reaching fame we shall speak of further on, was also a talented harpsichordist; like Couperin le Grand, he wrote an instruction-book for the instrument, in which may be found a clear explanation of certain technical principles which might still be studied with profit. (Couperin's finger-technique greatly influenced that of Bach.)

THE ORGAN-SCHOOL OF THE XVIITH AND XVIIITH CENTURIES

Titelouze may be considered—neglecting his predecessors, who for the most part were still unskillful—as the founder (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) of the school of organ-playing in France. On reading his works one is quite willing to believe that he, like the German Froberger, was a pupil of Frescobaldi, being only twenty years older than the latter. More probably, he was his teacher. In fact, the Italian master published as a

young man, and while Titelouze was still in the prime of life, works written (as he himself avers) in the French style; and these works strongly resemble those of Titelouze. This latter, indeed, like the majority of French composers, produced a rather limited number of musical works. These are, for the rest, most imposing in their serenity, which sometimes touches the sublime; they are not without a certain monotony, at least for our ears, accustomed to the seductive diversity of more recent organists; the inspirations of Titelouze are of a somewhat abstract sublimity which is apt to weary contemporary auditors who are too little inclined to dwell on such heights, and who suffer from vertigo in regions so inaccessible to the vulgar.

Titelouze—so his historian, M. Pirro, informs us—had pre-science of modern music and the opera; he developed the technique of the organ and its rôle in the ritual, where till then it had served chiefly to sustain the voices.

In his works one cannot fail to notice the then novel employment of dissonances and modulations in a very bold and at the same time perfectly logical manner.

His style is still reminiscent of vocal counterpoint, although much modified in accordance with the tonal and technical resources of the organ. He well knew how to frame impressive entrances of the polyphonic parts.

He was not the pupil of any master; he taught himself by studying the early writers, and by reflection. A man of profound learning, he was sought after for expert examinations and for specifications for new organs, as well as for opening them.

He was also a (very mediocre) poet, and an excellent prose-writer. Below is a paragraph cited by M. Pirro, in which Titelouze brings forward some ingenious ideas concerning musical æsthetics:

Comme le peintre use d'ombrage en son tableau pour mieux faire parattre les rayons du jour et de la clarté, ainsi nous meslons des dissonances parmy les consonnances, comme seconde, septième, et leurs répliques, pour faire encore mieux remarquer leur douceur: et ces dissonances se font ouïr supportables, bien appliqués et à propos.¹

Titelouze was organist and canon at the church of St.-Jean in Rouen; he trained numerous pupils, among them A. Raison and Marchand. The thorough instruction which these two

¹As the painter uses shade in his picture in order to throw into relief the radiance of day and the light, so do we mingle dissonances among the consonances the better to bring out their suavity; and these dissonances affect our hearing as tolerable, well applied and apt.

received from their master is revealed in their elegant and chaste style of writing, which is, nevertheless, particularly in Marchand's case, very different. It displays an affinity for that of the lutists and harpsichordists, who seem to have been quite unknown to, or ignored by, Titelouze. They possess more imagination than their master, far less profundity, and a grace, vivacity and gayety whereof no trace is apparent in the austere canon of Rouen.

Marchand was a harpsichordist of distinction, who had an opportunity, in Germany, to enter the lists against J. S. Bach. Overawed by the colossal erudition of the German master, he took to flight, although he had already won enthusiastic plaudits beyond the Rhine. In France he enjoyed the highest repute as an improviser and virtuoso on the organ and harpsichord.

André Raison, whose gifts appear much more remarkable, knew no such triumphs. Still less esteemed, though perhaps more estimable than Raison and decidedly more so than Marchand, was the pure and elegant F. du Mage.

Couperin de Crouilly wrote a book of organ-pieces in which there is, so to say, not one mediocre page. He excelled especially in short pieces, versets and preludes, which he imbued with an astounding variety and fancy. His sober and elegant style is never embarrassed by a seeking after effect or by needless details; his offertories exhibit a clean-cut form unexampled in works of earlier date.

Gigault can hardly be so unreservedly praised; this musician, learned and industrious as he undoubtedly was, abounds in sterile and unhappy thoughts, paired with a dismal rhythmic monotony; none the less, it must be admitted that he was a highly eccentric innovator.

These masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, besides, adventurers who did not fear the boldest innovations. Roberday (who lived in the seventeenth century, and concerning whom biographical data are wanting) wrote caprices and fugues whose conception is sometimes erratic, which are replete with curious details, refined to excess, and frequently of a profundity that recalls Titelouze and Frescobaldi.

Wholly different was the amiable Clérambault, an author full of grace, gayety and charm, to whom, however, the Remigian Nicolas de Grigny might be preferred. Him Bach admired and gladly imitated, copying his organ-works with his own hand. This great master is in very deed one of the glories of France; with an impeccable style he combines a science in development, a depth and diversity of inspiration, a wealth of melody, a plasticity

of phrasing, and an harmonic inventiveness, which make him the peer of the greatest composers.

I have been at some pains to insist on the gayety, grace and tenderness of these composers for the Church; surprise may be expressed, in certain quarters, that such emotions could find room in temples for the celebration of the divine mysteries. They did so because the early masters, both in the middle ages and during the Renaissance, as well as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, did not feel that gloom and austerity were *de rigueur* in the House of God. They conceived religious music to be the Beautiful in tones, in its every manifestation, presented as an offering to the Divinity. Their robust and wholesome faith found musical charm and gayety congenial, herein resembling the sculptors of the middle ages, who ornamented the churches with figures sometimes outrageously grotesque, like those painters and decorators who covered the partitions in the cathedrals with gay colors and resplendent gilding, and ironwork overlaid with gold.

Divine service was then a *festival in the church*; one who forgets this fundamental truth can have no understanding of Catholic art—at least down to the nineteenth century, at which epoch it becomes, with some few exceptions, lachrymose, grandiloquent, or mawkish.

This brief digression was necessary to explain and justify the marks of interpretation which teem in the organ-books of the masters whom I have mentioned, and their contemporaries; in them one often finds the words *gayement, joyeusement, tendrement, très vite*ment.

As a matter of fact, this entire school of organists was the inspiration of those great German masters who in their assiduity constructed works of longer breath, more imposing for the vulgar, more accessible to the semi-educated musician, and—to give them their due—of great beauty, but in which the erudite and delicate artist rarely finds the infinite charm of a Clérambault, the impressionistic loftiness of a Grigny, the profundity of a Titelouze.

THE THEATRE

It would be inaccurate to state that the French created the lyric art of the theatre. Indeed, from the earliest ages, in Greece and among the civilized peoples of the Far East, the dithyrambs and tragedies were accompanied by vocal and instrumental music. The works of Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were chanted. But it is no less indiscreet to affirm that the Italians were the

creators of the lyric theatre. Of a surety, they have shown themselves inimitable on the stage; but in France, long before Italian opera, the Mysteries were in full flower.

These were theatrical representations of the principal occurrences in Holy Writ. At the outset they were performed in the Christian temples, later in the public squares. In them, vocal and instrumental music took a leading part; songs of the people mingled with liturgical chants, choruses with soli and instrumental ritournelles played by lutes, vièles, organs, cornets, cromorns, flutes, harps, and a considerable number of instruments of percussion.

It was during the Renaissance that secular opera originated in Italy as an ingenious amplification of these Mysteries, and embellished with a music which, then a novelty, was a reaction against the complicated counterpoint of the Netherland School.

But from the middle of the seventeenth century the French endowed the lyric theatre with an unexpected type. Cambert was its chief promoter, and the Florentine Lully, who passes for the creator of French opera, was merely the imitator of the old master.

Cambert, a pupil of Chambonnières and an organist and harpsichordist of talent, while drawing inspiration from the very real genius of contemporary Italians, penned numerous scores possessing a clarity, richness, sobriety, and a correctness in declamation, which may be sought in vain among preceding authors.

At about the same time Campra, Lambert, Lalande, and others, also won renown.

The glory of Lully eclipsed that of these well-nigh forgotten authors, some of whom were at least the equals of the celebrated Franco-Italian.

Opéra comique (comedy-opera) seems to have originated in France. Adam de la Halle laid its foundations with the *jeu de Robin et Marion* as early as the thirteenth century.

The assertion that Pergolesi was the first modern master to write comedy-operas is sufficiently disputable. It implies a confounding of the Italian *opera buffa*—a genre in which the French were mediocre while the Italians wrought miracles—with the French *opéra comique*, whose leading characteristics were charm, tenderness, emotion without extravagance, and a well-controlled vivacity.

Duni, Philidor, Monsigny and Boiëldieu excelled in this specifically French style which was to present us with some masterpieces

in the nineteenth century: *Carmen*, by Bizet; *Mireille*, by Gounod; *Nanon*, by Massenet; and the incomparable *Phyrré* of Saint-Saëns.

From the fact that the French showed themselves unrivalled in this ingratiating and attenuated art-style, must we conclude that they did not possess the lyric vein requisite for grand opera? Not at all. Rameau wrote lyric dramas which will always command the admiration of musicians, and which will achieve popularity just as soon as they shall be played, not with the wearisome monotony now affected in the performance of ancient music, but with the *exaggerated pathos* which was demanded in the theatre both in the seventeenth century and the eighteenth.

Rameau, earlier than Gluck, comprehended the simple grandeur in keeping with classic French tragedy. Any country but France would have extolled to the skies a master who was a great composer both for theatre and concert, a great virtuoso on harpsichord and organ, and a theorist of profound erudition, all in one. To him France preferred the German Gluck, certainly a man of great genius, but frequently wanting in tact and taste.

Although Méhul was not a puissant innovator, one cannot fail to recognize that he was a musician capable of influencing the French school, e. g., by his opera *Joseph*, in which there is a deal of delectable simplicity and dignity.

THE MUSICOGRAPHERS

The French are a musically gifted race; their folk-songs, more beautiful than the finest Slavic cantilenas, abundantly prove it; but nowadays our people are very ignorant in musical matters; they do not take this grand art seriously, they disdain what amuses them—wherein they are wrong—and, on the other hand, they neglect to study the technics and history of music under the pretext that where science enters in art is absent. Our most skillful and inspired musicians themselves are, in general, uninformed with regard to the mechanical and historical side of musical art.

It has not always been thus. During the middle ages, music was laboriously cultivated in France, as it had been of old in Greece and Rome. From the twelfth and thirteenth centuries our theorists, chosen most frequently from among learned monks, were possessed of a very wide general culture, mingling, with their musical science, philosophy and metaphysics, theology and mathematics. Among these didactic authors may be mentioned

Petrus de Cruce (Pierre de la Croix), Jean de Garlande, Francon de Paris, Jean de Muris, Philippe de Vitry, etc.

Coming down to comparatively recent times we meet with numerous theorists who treated of the harpsichord, the organ, and composition; but only in Couperin and Rameau do we find masters whose influence spread into every land, and whom we may look upon as beneficent innovators.

In passing, we have already remarked how Couperin's technique on the harpsichord influenced the art of Bach and his disciples. Rameau's work overpassed it by far in significance; it established the foundations of all harmony based upon the major and minor modes, it explained the rôle of the fundamental bass and its tonal functions, the laws of modulation. It is this system of harmony from which one may not depart without danger so long as one clings to the two classic scales, major mode and minor mode, which have supplanted—and all too meagrely, we must admit—the ecclesiastical modes.

The theory of Rameau, still taught at the present time with more or less modification in the conservatories of all countries, is totally inadequate when it comes to creating or analyzing modern works; it is therefore a dangerous element in the modern curriculum, though in its day it was necessary; moreover, it showed that its author, besides possessing musical gifts of the first order, wrought with a method, logic, and general culture, which were truly marvellous.

It would be a rather delicate matter to discuss the modern French theorists. Those who immediately succeeded Rameau were his colorless imitators; of those actually living, I shall say nothing but that I have opposed and shall continue to oppose their productions, puerile commentaries on Rameau's fine works, now fallen into desuetude and become detrimental. At this very moment, perchance, some toiler is framing a really sound system of theory for musical art; I should not be in the least surprised, nor should I be at all astonished if higher powers should attempt to paralyze his efforts.

Fresh musical essays by critics and chroniclers have appeared in France during every stage of progress; one may find curious bits of information in them, but prior to the nineteenth century historians were quite rare here as well as in all other countries.

The Parisian Bonnet, in the seventeenth century, was an amusing historian possessing a fund of learning quite unusual for the time, although very incomplete. In the eighteenth century, J. B. de Laborde wrote several most interesting historical volumes,

during the selfsame period when Padre Martini was penning his famous "Storia della Musica."

In the nineteenth century we find the names of Félix Clément, Coussemaker, Lavoix, Ad. Jullien, M. Brenet, etc. But it is only in our own epoch that historical researches based on authoritative evidence, and worthy of the unreserved admiration of our foreign colleagues, have been carried on in France; Messrs. P. Aubry, J. Tiersot, H. Expert, A. Pirro, J. Écorcheville, M. Emmanuel, Combarieu, Reinach, L. Laloy, L. de Laurencie, and many others whose names escape me at the moment, are learned investigators and, in some cases, excellent musicians; they have rendered the greatest services to the art, and their influence has made itself felt throughout the world of music.

Being a composer, it is difficult for me to speak, without incurring some slight suspicion, of our innumerable musical critics. Some of them have done *much good*; most of them have thought to do much harm. These latter are not invariably tiresome, and are found entertaining abroad, where their sallies and quips and quirks are copied. They have created a school of organized malevolence, of *rosserie*, as we say; this is one of the modes of manifestation most affected by impotent envy.

How amazing!—some of our critics understand music thoroughly; there are some who are even very remarkable composers.

Speaking of criticism, how avoid a quotation from M. Gauthier Villars (Willy, *alias* "l'Ouvreuse")?—"Criticism is good for nothing, and only in this point does it come near being literature."—Or this other one, from the learned *conservateur* of the Museum at Cluny: "Criticism nourishes him who does not produce; it prevents not him from living, who does produce; what more would you ask of it?"

It is an almost incredible fact that French historians, critics and theorists in general have, of one accord, treated French music, whether contemporary or ancient, with a certain disdain. With due reflection we may explain this phenomenon.

French music, with its clarity, its concision, its simplicity, its symmetrical proportions wherein everything harmonizes, in an impalpable manner defying analysis, to form a perfect ensemble; wherein the most complex, the subtlest elements are so closely blended that one cannot readily segregate any one from the rest;—French music is not a music for musicographers. Only a well-trained and thoughtful musician is capable of dissecting its component parts and exhibiting their beauty. The musicographer will find forage more to his taste in works where the structure of

the periods, the phrases and measures, the order of the modulations, the vivid contrasts in intensity, and the cumulation of contrapuntal parts, are instantly apparent. On such works—given a modicum of science, a very little patience, and a well-assorted vocabulary—one can build up endless disquisitions.

But how shall one analyze the charm of a Breton folk-song, or of a piece by Couperin?

A poet would save the day by telling of the sentiments expressed; but he could not tell us the tonal, the musical characteristics of such a work. To do that, he would himself have had to think, dream and write about music; to file and polish some musical phrase over and over again; to perceive for what reasons a melodic line is lovely or commonplace, why a chord is ill-distributed, why two chords are inharmonious in succession, why certain tonalities connect badly, why given rhythms halt; he must, above all, have fathomed the infinite mystery of *fusion* in the elements forming a work of art; finally, he must have lived long on incessant musical sensations, have dissected the works of the masters, have corrected the exercises of pupils, have corrected his own work—and, as a *sine qua non*, he must possess the innate gift of music.

Those musicographers are very rare who are endowed with all these qualities; there are some such; these frequently prefer French music to any other; they know that there is more *science* in a folk-song of Brittany or the Cévennes, in a cantilena by Rameau, or withal by the German Mozart, in *Gallia* by Gounod or *Phryné* by Saint-Saëns, than in a fugue by Bach, an Andante by Beethoven, the finale of the *Meistersinger*, or Strauss's *Salome*.

All this goes to show why French music occupies so small a place in French instruction, in French didactic books; why those who have attempted to rehabilitate this subtle art have found, more especially in France, irreconcilable opponents.

THE FRENCH PUBLIC AND FRENCH MUSIC

The foregoing remarks should not for an instant cause any one to imagine that the writer lacks appreciation for the admirable genius of a Bach, a Beethoven, or a Wagner, or for the peculiar inspirations of a Richard Strauss. Nevertheless, a French melomaniac would not be able to read what I have just written, without indignation. For much less than this I was considered, before 1914, to be a dangerous promoter of paradoxes.

The French public likes—or pretends to like—exoticism. There is no product—alimentary, industrial, æsthetic, or otherwise—which, if it be French, is not viewed with suspicion!

Any ballet-dancer possesses talent so long as she passes—even if born at Montmartre—for a Spaniard, Russian, or Dane; any style of architecture is delectable which was elucubrated in Munich or Vienna; any chocolate is superior if labelled Swiss or Dutch; all music must be Russian or Viennese, or Italian, or at least Spanish or even English; every virtuoso must be German—likewise every orchestral conductor.

Nothing can be done to oppose this—and nothing will change in this type of popular belief. No attention was paid to Goumédil, and little to Josquin; Palestrina imitated them—we adore him. Cambert was despised; Lully imitated him—we adopt Lully. We forget Couperin and Rameau, but we play Bach and Gluck; Meyerbeer, Wagner, Franck and Brahms dethrone Bizet, Gounod, Massenet, Lalo, Saint-Saëns; Messrs. Strauss and Stravinsky eclipse Messrs. Debussy and Bruneau;—and, in times to come, people will laugh heartily on learning that the French of the twentieth century preferred the *Lieder* (most of them very beautiful indeed, but some so dreadfully silly) of Schubert and Schumann to the melodies of Fauré and Duparc.

It is not in Germany, or in Russia, or in Italy, that the worst enemies of French music are to be found; it is not unusual to meet brilliant students or professors in our schools who have never read or played a page of Grigny, of Titelouze, of Couperin, of Rameau, of Chabrier, of Ravel;—I do not believe that one could encounter a similar phenomenon outside of France.

At this very moment the quartets, trios and symphonies of Beethoven are being played everywhere—and so they should be; but on no program (or very few) do I see the trios of Rameau, the ballets of Montéclair, the works of our harpsichordists, the suites of Massenet, the two graceful symphonies of Gounod.

FRENCH MUSIC IN THE XIXTH CENTURY, AND TO-DAY

The same reasons which prevented me from passing judgment on our critics induce me to avoid a lengthy appreciation of contemporary French music.

One might observe that, while foreigners have drawn invigoration for their art—often without losing their individuality—from the bourne of French music, the French owe many of their defects to stranger influences.

Do away with Rossini and Meyerbeer, and all our composers of the beginning of the last century are faultless; do away with Wagner and Franck, and many of our modern masters are directly Gallicized and refined; do away with the admirable Russian musicians, and the majority of our young composers will be rid of the faults which disfigure them.

The Frenchman may derive instruction from foreign schools, and extract therefrom elements of fertility; but it does not become him to imitate them.

Per contra, foreigners of all nationalities owe a great deal to Chopin and Gounod. For a long time astonishment has been expressed that I should rate Chopin as a French musician; true enough, he was born in Poland (though his father was French); one of his teachers was a German; and his works borrow their themes from Polish folk-lore.

All this is undeniable; but in his craft as a musician he is in no sense German, and his style, entirely new and absolutely individual, is essentially French. Whoever reads his works without prepossession will arrive at this conclusion.

Chopin influenced Wagner and Liszt and our whole modern school.

CONCLUSION

Here I end this essay. It is in nowise a résumé of the history of French music, for very many celebrated musicians have been disregarded; I have mentioned only a majority of those who, either individually or in groups, have played an important rôle in the universal history of musical art.

I trust that I have avoided Chauvinism and partisanship throughout; it would grieve me to feel that I had ruffled respectable susceptibilities; should I have done so, it was not my intention, and I shall be forgiven on calling to mind the dictum of M. Camille Saint-Saëns: "Though art may have no country, the artist has one." As to that, I do not feel quite sure that art has no country.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

FACTS AND FICTIONS ABOUT "GOD SAVE THE KING"

By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND

IT is not a little curious that the nation which held for so long the supreme position in the musical world should never yet have succeeded in creating a national anthem of its own. Germany subsisted for many years on an adaptation from the English "God save the King," and later she adopted, as "Deutschland über Alles," the Austrian Hymn which Haydn either composed or took from a Croatian source. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 produced nothing of greater moment on either side than some patriotic songs of very moderate artistic value, belonging in fact to the same class as our "Red, White, and Blue" or the "Jingo" ditty which supplied a nickname for the patriotic party in England in the days when patriotism was out of fashion. Such compositions, like "Partant pour la Syrie," could only be called national songs by a stretch of terms. So great was Germany's reputation in music that the absurd claim of a German origin for our own national anthem was believed by large numbers of amateurs in England, who in those days thought nothing good in music had ever been produced in England. In Germany itself, of course, many people grew up naively regarding the English tune as their own; and there is a story of a German cook, engaged by Sir Charles Hallé, who, on the morning after her arrival in London, appeared with her eyes full of tears, saying that she had heard a street band playing her own national anthem as a pretty compliment to herself. Unfortunately for the German claim, as we shall see later on, the original adapter of the song had the grace to acknowledge the truth in his title-page.

We may dismiss the very weak claim advanced on behalf of a French origin in 1834, in the fictitious *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui, 1710 à 1800*, in which it was implied that Lully wrote the tune and that it was appropriated by Dr. John Bull, "organist of St. Paul's." As Lully was born five years after the death of Bull, this charge of appropriation cannot be established. The attribution of the air to Bull (who, by the way, was never organist of St. Paul's), rests on curiously insecure foundations; there exists

indeed a composition by him with the name "God save the King," but unfortunately it has no sort of resemblance to the tune we have. But, oddly enough, in the MS. in which this appears, there is an "Ayre" which does bear some structural likeness to the well-known tune, though Richard Clark, at one time owner of the MS., is accused of having tampered with the composition by adding sharps, etc. to increase the similarity. In *Melismata*, a collection of vocal pieces published in 1611, there is a "carol" to the words "Remember, O thou man" which, though in the minor mode, is sufficiently like our tune to warrant some of the authorities in surmising that it is its original guise. There is also a "largo" movement in the sixth of Purcell's twelve *Sonatas of Three Parts* (1683), which has some slight resemblance, but not enough to support the claim that was formerly made on Purcell's behalf. All these theories, as well as some others even less strongly supported, are fully discussed in the late Dr. W. H. Cummings's interesting little book on the subject, to which the reader must be referred for details.

Hitherto we have been dealing with conjecture only; we begin to find some foothold shortly before the middle of the 18th. century. It has been long accepted as a fact that Henry Carey sang the song in 1740 at a dinner given at a tavern in Cornhill to celebrate Admiral Vernon's victory at Portobello. But the story rests on the information of a Mr. Townsend, who told a Mr. Ashley, who told a Mr. Bowles, that Townsend's father had been at the meeting in question and said that Carey then announced the song to be his own composition. There is not very firm ground as yet, nor does the appearance of the song in print give us a very definite date, since the first edition of first volume of Simpson's *Thesaurus Musicus* is assigned to the date [1743?] in the British Museum catalogue, and to 1740 by Dr. Cummings. It is odd that neither here, nor in any of the other of the early printed versions, does the name of Henry Carey occur as author, and in the case of a song which was obviously popular and well-known this is almost complete evidence that he did not compose it.¹

¹The most noteworthy champion of Carey's authorship is Friedrich Chrysander in his monograph on Henry Carey in the "Jahrbücher für musikalische Wissenschaft," 1863. In this essay, known of course to Mr. Maitland but unknown to the average student of the subject, Chrysander argues against dating the Portobello incident 1740 and he reaches the conclusion *via* the bibliographical method that the two volumes of "Thesaurus Musicus" must have been issued in 1744 and 1746. Whatever the merits of this theory may be, it has not yet come to be generally accepted. Without wishing to violate editorial proprieties, I may be permitted to add my personal opinion that the late Dr. Cummings was not always at his best when assigning bibliographical dates.—Ed.

We only reach the first definite and unassailable fact in 1745, when there is a record of performances of the song at the two patent theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, arranged for the two houses by Dr. Arne and his pupil Dr. Burney respectively. In the same year it was republished in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as well as in the second edition of *Thesaurus Musicus*, where the words "sung at the Theatres Royal" imply that the book cannot have been published before the last quarter of the year, since Sept. 28 is the earliest date for the performance of the song at Drury Lane, when the occasion was a celebration of the successful putting-down of the Stuart rising. The version in the second edition of this last-named collection differs slightly from that in the first, where the first bar of the air consists of three repetitions of the key-note, G, and the accompanying bass shows that it is not a misprint but intentional. This earliest printed version will be found in Dr. Cummings's book, and in Grove's *Dictionary*, art. "God save the King," where the first edition of *Thesaurus Musicus* is wrongly entitled *Harmonia Anglicana*, an error due to Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. In the new edition of Grove, it is suggested that James Oswald, a Scottish musician employed by Simpson, may have been the adapter, or even the composer, of the tune; and this theory is supported by the occurrence of a tune named "Oswald's Are" among the tunes played by the chimes of Windsor Parish Church. There is, however, no positive evidence to prove that "Oswald's Are" was identical with "God save the King," and the suggestion must, I fear, be dismissed like so many other attractive theories.

The first continental appearance of the tune was in 1763, when a collection was published at The Hague under the title of *La Lire Maçonne*. The tune appears as "D'Ongeveinsdheid" and acknowledgment is made that it is the air of the English "God save the King." Denmark appears to have been the first foreign country to appropriate the song as a national hymn, but there the adapter, one Harries, prefixed to his version "Heil dir dem Liebenden," published in the *Flensburger Wochenblatt* of Jan. 27, 1790, the statement that the words were written for the melody of "God save great George our King". In the *Spenersche Zeitung* of Berlin, for Dec. 17, 1793, the well-known form, beginning "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" appeared; it was written by B. G. Schumacher, and soon became the national anthem not only of Prussia but of various other German states.

Among the composers who have made use of the tune are Beethoven, Weber, and Brahms, of whom the first named put on

record his knowledge of the original nationality of the song, in the words "I must show the English what a blessing they have in their 'God save the King.'" (Nohl, *Beethoven-Feier*.) ; Weber ("Jubelouvertüre") and Brahms ("Trumphlied") both ignore the English origin of the tune. Among the many adaptations or arrangements of the tune, there is a very odd piece in the form of a "Fest-Praeludium" by Paul Janssen, a professor in the Dresden Conservatorium; it is for two players on one organ, using their four hands and four feet; it is described on the title-page as "mit Benutzung der sächsischen Königshymne 'Den König segne Gott.'"

Quite lately, while helping to prepare the catches of Henry Purcell for publication by the Purcell Society, I came across the following, which appears on p. 76 of a MS in the British Museum

Since the Duke is returned

1 Since the Duke is re - turn'd We'll damn all the Whiggs, And
 2 Make room for the men that ne - ver de - ny'd To
 3 Then bring up a bot - tie we'll Huz - za the glass, And

let them be hanged for Fol - li - tick Priggs: Both Pris - bit - ter Jack And
 "God save the King and Duke" they re - plied: Whose loy - al - ty e - ver was
 drink up a bot - tie each man in his place, Here's a health to the Duke! Boy,

all the whole Crew that late - ly de - sign'd For - ty - one to re - new.
 fired with that zeal Of vo - ting down Schism and proud Com - mon Woale
 give me my mea - sure, The ful - ler the glass is the great - er is plea - sure.

(Add. MSS. 19,759), a collection of songs, etc., which was in the possession of one Charles Campelman on June 9, 1681. The

music is written out on one continuous line, and is headed "A Catch for 4 voices." It is obviously for three, not four, and is rather what is now called a "round" than a catch proper.

The political allusions, even apart from the fact that the date is pretty nearly fixed by the owner's inscription, are clearly to be understood as pointing to the Duke of York's return from virtual exile in 1680. In that year there was a strong reaction in favour of the "Tories," (our two political nicknames were first used about the same year), and though "prisbitter Jack" is not easy to identify, the name undoubtedly stands for the type of nonconformists who wished to bring back the state of things which started in 1641. The interest of the composition lies in its fifth complete bar, where the second voice has the words "God save the King" referred to as if they formed part of a toast, and associated with four notes that are exactly identical with those of the opening of our national anthem. Observe that here is no mere textual identity of notes in an inner part, but the second voice, which sings the phrase, is the topmost part for the moment, while the harmonies in the other parts are virtually the same as what we have.

It remains to be seen what these four notes can be held to prove. It is clear that the combination of any given four notes with well-known words afterwards identified with them may be purely fortuitous, but a very little reflection will show how very great the odds are against such a combination. The first note has of course no chance against it, as every tune must begin somewhere; as to the second note, it is evident that, taking only the diatonic scale, there are seven chances to one against any given note; with each successive step in the phrase the adverse chances increase so rapidly that it has been calculated that there are practically 63 chances to 1 against the first three notes being what they are, and 511 to 1 against the phrase of four notes being what it is.

In favour of the intentional use of the notes by Purcell, as a quotation from a well-known tune, the following points may be recapitulated:—

1. The notes of the tune are in the uppermost part for the moment.
2. The harmonies agree with those of the earliest version which gives the accepted form of the melody.

The difference in the first edition of *Thesaurus Musicus* is quite possibly due to careless transcription of the tune, and the person who

supplied the bass (whether he were Oswald or not) may have followed the melody in retaining the tonic harmony through the bar.

3. The place of the phrase in regard to the tonality of the piece is not at all obviously in keeping with the natural course of the harmonies; it is, as it were, "dragged in by the heels," precisely as a composer in the present day would be apt to do in the case of a popular song to which he wished to make a musical allusion.

4. The words "God save the King" are associated with the phrase, and although they run on with the words "and Duke," and are not the opening words of any version, nine people out of ten would accept them as a quotation. If they really are a quotation the way they are introduced argues strongly in favour of the snatch being well-known to every one who heard or sang the round.

Against the theory that we have an intentional quotation from a well-known patriotic song that was popular in 1680, there is of course the objection that no other trace of the existence of the tune as "God save the King" can be found in musical or general literature. But the very same difficulty holds good as against the "John Bull" theory. We cannot suppose that the adaptation from Bull's virginal piece was made by Henry Carey without his claiming for himself any share in its production, and it is equally curious that a deliberate adaptation should be left unrecorded in a collection like Simpson's *Thesaurus Musicus*. Even if we accept the theory that Purcell put in these four notes to the four words deliberately as a quotation, we do not get much further on, though we obtain a far earlier date than any as yet fixed. For it is evident that many of the claims already mentioned, including the far-fetched one that it is an adaptation from one of Purcell's own sonatas, must fall to the ground. At the time of the publication of the sonatas, in 1683, the MS in which the round is written had been in Mr. Campelman's possession for two years at least; now, supposing the sonatas to have been circulated in manuscript among players of stringed instruments for some years before their publication, a fairly long time must needs elapse before a phrase embedded in such a work, and thence giving rise to a song, should be well enough known to warrant a quotation from it being made so as to be understood.

We are left, then, to choose between John Bull and the composer of the carol in *Melismata* as the author of the famous tune. Both these alternatives seem to me as difficult to accept as the theory that Purcell just put these four notes in by accident,

attaching them to the loyal words by the merest coincidence, and disturbing the natural flow of his catch in order to introduce them, though neither he nor any one else would be able to see any point in the musical phrase. I still hope for the discovery of some form of the tune dating from a sufficiently early time to justify Purcell in quoting from it. Personally, I like to fancy that the song got itself composed, as we say, during the period of the Commonwealth, when it would be obviously dangerous to write it down, and that it may have become so popular with the discredited Royalists that when the Restoration came, it was not held to be necessary to write it since it would be in every one's mouth. The most cogent objection to this suggestion is that the song would have had to change sides; it is unlikely, of course, that a Stuart song should have been adapted in 1745 to celebrate the quelling of the Stuart rising.

Where all theories are so difficult to establish there is perhaps some excuse for suggesting a new one.

THE CZIMBALOM, HUNGARY'S NATIONAL INSTRUMENT

By ARTHUR HARTMANN

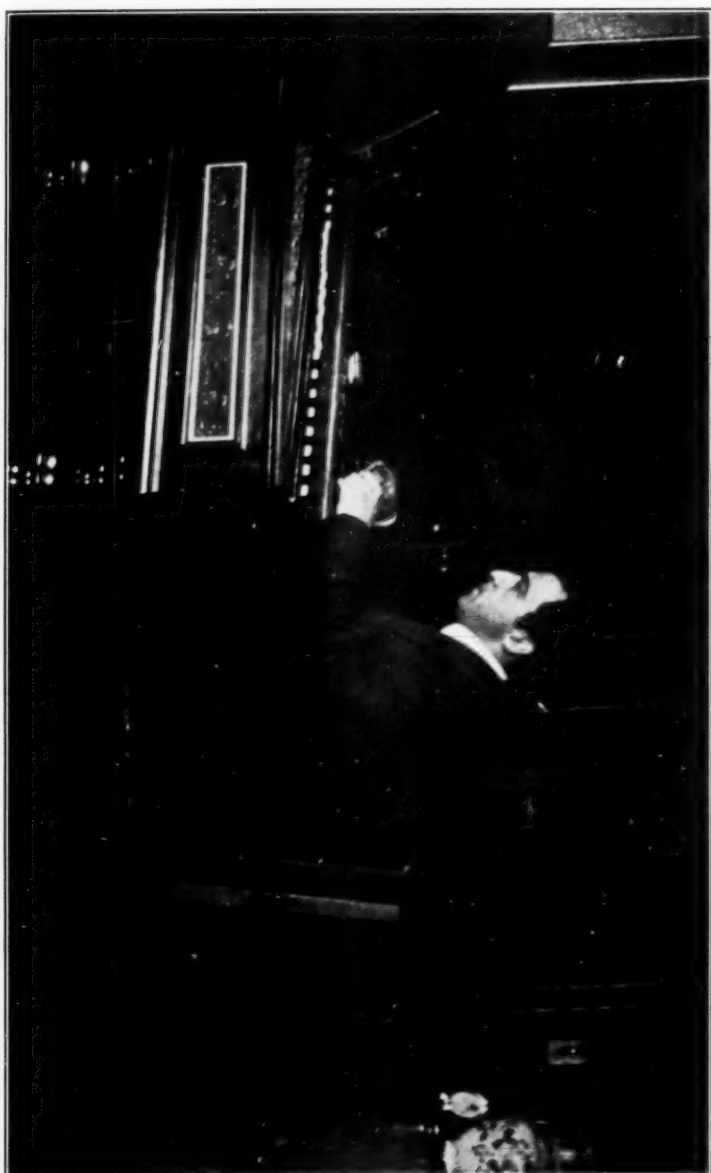
IT is to ancient Asia that we have to look for the origin of the Czimbalom! On tablets taken from the ruins of Nimrud now in the possession of the British Museum, we find the progenitor of this instrument documented. The fall of Nimrud, preceding that of Nineveh (625 B. C.) as it did by several centuries, preserved for us these relics, and again in the ruins of Nineveh, more relics have been found which establish, beyond all question of doubt, the forefather of our modern Czimbalom.

The original name of this musical instrument is lost to history, the nearest known being the *Asor*. This, however, was not a purely Assyrian, but a Hebrew instrument, meaning (as its name *Asor* implies) "Ten-stringer." While the Assyrian instrument was different from the Hebrew *Asor* we give it here, because it seems to have been the one nearest related to the Assyrian instrument. Formerly this instrument was regarded as one independently developed, different from the Hebrew *Nebel*; the more recent critics of the Bible see in the *Asor* only an abbreviation of *Nebel-Asor*, i. e. ten-stringed *Nebel*, in contradistinction to *Nebels* with a still more varied number of strings.

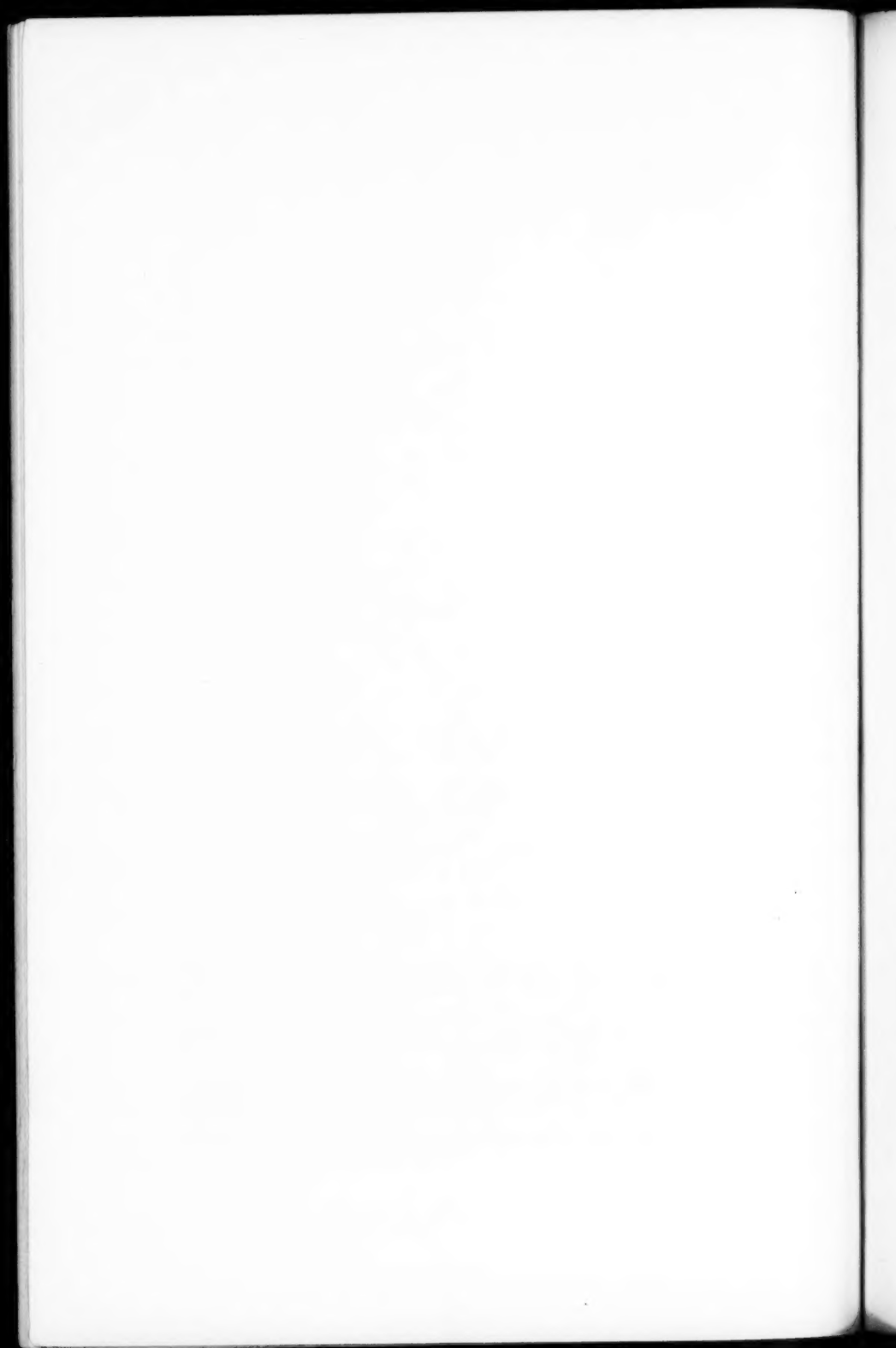
The *Asor* of the Hebrews was therefore a species of *Nebel*, of an oblong square or triangular shape, mounted with ten strings, which were struck or twanged by means of a plectrum.

Unfortunately, the information transmitted to us about the *Asor*, is like most other information regarding the Hebrews too meagre: it does not convey an exact idea of the instrument's construction, for, while *Asor* means "Ten-string," there were *Asors* of nine and eight. Furthermore, the *Asor* is delineated on a brick obtained from the ruins of Nimrud, (to repeat, several centuries prior to the destruction of Nineveh) and now in the British Museum, which shows an instrument of six strings.

It was strung horizontally, *one string above the other*, at regular distances, the lowest string being the shortest, hence producing the highest tone and the uppermost, the longest, pro-



Cimbalom Player



ducing the deepest tone. The free ends of the strings hung down, probably as an ornament.

The player fastened the instrument to his body or supported it by a belt passed around his shoulder and struck the strings with a long plectrum held in his right hand. This plectrum was probably made of wood or ivory and was not held at one end as usual, but in the middle. The left hand was used to check the vibrations.

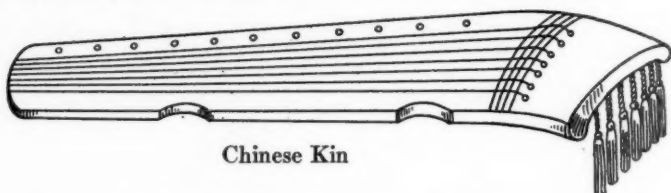


Assyrian Asor

The *Asor* seems to have been a favorite instrument with the Assyrians or at least with the higher classes, since it is introduced more frequently in their sculpture than any other, and generally at the entertainments and sacred rites of the monarchs. It never appears in combination with other stringed or wind instruments and never singly, but always at least two together. Perhaps they were tuned differently for the sake of fuller harmony. As the number of the tuning pegs is seldom in accordance with that of the strings, no great reliance can be placed on the representation of the strings or tassels.

ANOTHER PROGENITOR OF THE CZIMBALOM.

It is this time in China that another primitive form of the Hungarian instrument looms on the horizon. Its name is the KIN (or *Ch'in*) or Scholar's Lute.



Chinese Kin

Kin in its broader sense means in Chinese the plural or majority of string instruments, and in its narrower refers to a tradition to be traced to FU HSI. In reality, however, it is the type of the ideochordic bamboo, forming the Valiha family and dating to a prioric psalterium.

The original number of its *silk* strings was five, symbolical to the Chinese of the five elements. The body of the instrument (made of lacquered wood and four feet long and eight inches wide) consisted of a narrow, curved hollow, (symbolical of the Heavens), a flat top, (symbol of the Earth), and the strings already alluded to. These were soon augmented to the number of seven, which near the broader end of the instrument passed over a bridge and through holes in the body of the Kin were fastened on the bottom side of the instrument. These strings were plucked—twanged *without* the use of a plectrum. Their tone is very soft.

The Ch'in is used for what is called elegant music. It is supposed to be the special instrument of the educated classes; yet it is somewhat neglected by the present generation, and is scarcely met with except at imperial ceremonies. This may be attributed to the fact that the playing on the Ch'in is surrounded with difficulties enough to deter the most willing learners. The notation, for instance, is peculiar: each note being a compound of several simple characters, so arranged as to convey at once to the eye of the performer the note to be played, the string to be chosen, the finger to be used, etc. Ultimately more strings were added, so that there have been Kins of twenty-five and even more strings.

It is claimed that formerly the instrument was tuned



which has been modified to the present-day



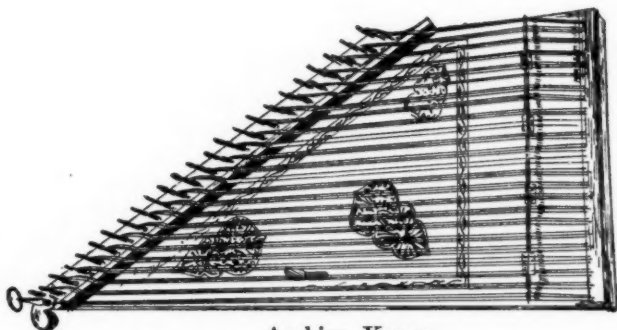
However, we incline more to the belief that its tuning is the following:



STILL ANOTHER FORERUNNER.

Again in Asia, this time among the Arabs, we encounter the third variation of our Czimbalom in the so-called **KANUN**, a favorite instrument among the ladies of the wealthy classes of Turkey.

The body is of light wood, beautifully marked, and it is strung with seventy-two strings of *gut*, in sets of three, producing twenty-four distinct tones. It is played with a small plectrum of tortoise-shell or silver.



Arabian Kanun

In the middle ages, the Kanun found its way into Europe. Evidences of this are to be seen in Orcagna's wall frescoes, "Trionfo della Morte" in the Campo Santo of Pisa, depicting a lady vocalist, accompanied by the Kanun (or Kanoon), entertaining an assembly.

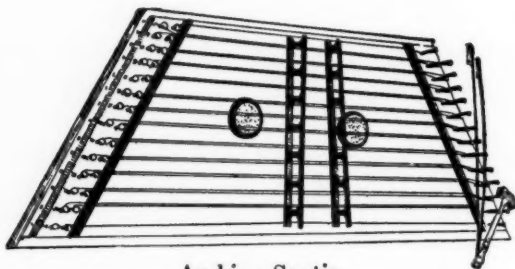
THE DULCIMER.

The origin of this instrument is unknown! Its length is thirty inches, width fourteen inches, and it is strung with twenty-six sets of three-wire strings each.

THE SANTIR.

It is unquestionably this Arabian instrument—greatly appreciated in Turkey, too—which embodied the principles on which the *modern* Czimbalom was perfected.

It has eighteen sets of *wire* strings, each set consisting of four strings tuned in unison. In the middle are two rows of movable bridges, by means of which the pitch is regulated. It is played with two little wooden hammers. Length two feet eight inches; width eleven and one half inches.



Arabian Santir

THE PSALTERIUM.

In a lesser degree, the pattern of the Czimbalom exists also in the Psalterium, that three-cornered small harp, much used in the middle ages by various nations.

In no way should one confound the *Czimbalom* with the very similar *Cymbalum*, the plate-shaped brass instrument of the Greeks and Romans which was also employed by the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews.

The *primitive* form of the Czimbalom was brought into Europe by the Nomads, the wandering hordes of Asia. With the Arabian invasion of Spain in the eighth century after Christ, they introduced their musical instruments, the Kanun among others, into Europe. Gradually, the touch of evolution reached in its refining path the Kanun as also the Santir, and thus we find that at different times, different peoples re-baptised these instruments according to their individual likes.

The Germans called it the *Hackbrett*, the French, *tympanon*, the English, *dulcimer*, while the Italians alternated between *saltiero tedesco* and *cembalo*, though they—it should be noted—also called the harpsichord “cembalo.” We also find that with the introduction and development of the Czimbalom in Europe,

the learned theorists of the sixteenth century, Virdung and Agricola, and a century later Praetorius, became interested themselves in the instrument with its flat and trapeze-like box of steel strings which by that time had come to be struck with two little hammers.

This style of instrument, the Hackbrett, etc., enjoyed considerable vogue for a long time, and is still to be found in the Appenzell¹, among the Austrian mountain population as also, occasionally, among the Hungarian mountaineers.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries show a departure in the strings of the Hackbrett; the ends are now re-inforced with small brass tongues and the tone itself is produced by contact with a hard hammer. The pressure on the keys raised little brass tongues which reached the strings, like hammers on the modern piano. This instrument was called the *Clavichord*. If at the edge of the hammer the quill end of bird's feathers touched the strings, the instrument was called the *Clavicymbal* or *Clavicembalo*. The end of the eighteenth century saw both these instruments superseded by the modern hammer piano.

The primitive forms of the Czimbalom are documented not only in numerous paintings, (for instance, in Tintoretto's "Paradise" where alongside of David's harp a Czimbalom is seen) but in numerous specimens preserved: in the South Kensington Museum of London, under the inscription of "salterio tedesco" are eight small Czimbalmos, their frames artistically laid out in mosaics of variegated design. These instruments, of Italian manufacture, are several hundred years old. In the antique room of the Luxembourg (Paris), a beautiful small, gilt Czimbalom of the epoch of Louis XIV attracts our attention. Its little white lid is covered with exquisite paintings. At the Paris Exposition of 1878 at the Trocadéro, three old Czimbalmos aroused much comment and admiration. One, having but twenty-one strings, dating from the XVII century, was sent from Brussels. The second was listed as a "Psalterion" and the third, an instrument with twenty-three strings and decorated in oil, with figures of musicians playing, was registered as a "Tympanon." Dr. Julius Schaarschmidt writing in the "Budapesti—Hirlap" in 1885, drew attention to a Chinese Czimbalom which was exhibited in the Ethnographical museum of Munich in the Chinese-Japanese division; as also to a XVII century Hackbrett which had found its way from the Appenzell and which the Münster of Basel

¹Appenzell (from Abbatis Cella), a canton in the north-east of Switzerland. Area 152 square miles, divided into two districts.

claimed to have found in the relics of the middle ages. The frame of this Hackbrett is of unpainted wood and its wire strings have the same division which the treasured Chinese instrument in Munich has. The knockers, however, are not padded at their ends with cotton.

THE CZIMBALOM IN HUNGARY.

Though it is not altogether impossible that the Hungarians did *not* bring the Czimbalom with them from their original home in the Ural-Asiatic regions, it would be very difficult to prove it.

Every indication seems to point to the probability that the Czimbalom was at home in Hungary considerably before the gypsies. As the instrument was known in Europe several hundred years before the epoch of Nagy Lajos and King Zsigmond (the time when the gypsies settled in Hungary) it is but natural that the Hungarians should have become acquainted with it quite early in its first passage of the gates of Europe¹.

In the list of instruments enumerated by Anonymous of the XII century (King Béla the Third's secretary) the Czimbalom is cited among the harp-like and zither-like instruments. That at the meeting of the magnates in 1525, the gypsies not only performed on this instrument but that it had firmly established a home in Hungary, of this we have ample proof.

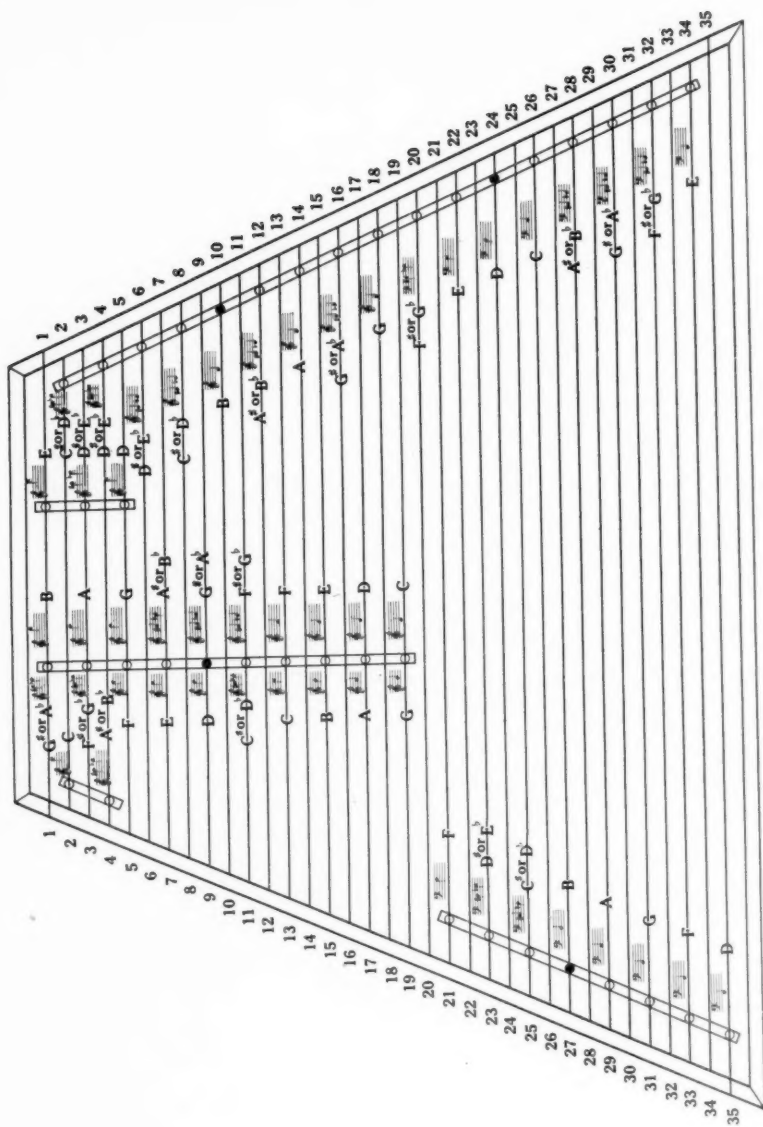
In the diary of Tamas Villimen, Venetian Ambassador to the Court of Matyas the first, at Ofen (Buda)—end of the XV century—we find enthusiastic mention of a certain Márton, the Court musician, "who with consummate mastery and great love plays on that peculiar instrument which I have found only among the Hungarians and which they call the Czimbalom."

At the crowning of Matyas II (King Mathew the second) history records that a nine-year old child performed on the Czimbalom, and in the times of Rákóczi, the Czimbalom was distributed all over Hungary, both as a solo instrument and in the orchesrras (gypsy bands.)

Komjāti Benedek who translated the Bible in 1533, knew well the voice of the Czimbalom and in Albert Molnár's dictionary, which appeared in 1621, the Czimbalom is listed. On the other hand, it is quite amazing that the Szatmárs' poet, Bodó János,

¹According to Kohacs, the Czimbalom is a Wallachian instrument. Undeniably there is an element of truth in this theory inasmuch as our Wallachian brethren *also* used the Czimbalom.



Of the many gates by which the Czimbalom could have entered Hungary, *one* was perhaps a Wallachian (to-day Roumanian) port, the one lying nearest to Italy, for there, as we have remarked above, the Czimbalom was widely used.




A czimbalom hangfekvése—The register of the cimbalom.

called the "Tékozló fiú" is silent about the Czimbalom in the verses in which he praises the instruments used in his days. Yet we have seen that the instrument then was far from unknown, even though the Hungarian had not yet consecrated to it his greatest love as being the one instrument which so deeply speaks to his heart, which translates the melancholy of the deserts and which in every way best expresses his world of emotions. When, at the end of the eighteenth century, the hammer pianoforte had conquered its predecessors, the Hungarian accepted it but he felt at the same time that still in the realm of sentiment and tone-color no instrument so interpreted the melancholy or martial fierceness of his moods as did the Czimbalom: it has retained the place of favor in his heart as his national instrument.

THE MECHANISM OF THE CZIMBALOM.

The notation for the Czimbalom is in both the treble and bass clefs. Its range is chromatic, from  to  with the exception of the two lowest notes—D-E—which are a *whole* tone apart.

From G to E  each set of strings consists of four

wire strings, graded to points of thickness and thinness necessary for producing the vibrations equivalent to certain tones. The bass, from F sharp down, have each three strings to each tone. The lowest string has but two. The strings are tuned by a key similar to that of a piano-tuner's.

The difficulty in tuning lies in the fact that by means of small bridges, permanently fastened at the sides, one string often gives *two* tones and in some cases, the subdivision of strings by yet smaller bridges, gives *three*.

Thus:



The *left* hand is considered the *first*, the right hand the second.

The small hammers are made of light wood yet sufficiently elastic to offer firm resistance to a blow. At the ends, which are curved upwards, they are filled in with cotton, tightly wound round. A small hollow is cut in the handle of the hammer. One holds the hammers between the second and third fingers, so that the thumb remains vertical and maintains its pressure on the middle finger.

There are two primary difficulties to be overcome in producing a beautiful and singing tone. One is, not to let the knockers *rebound*, for only a short and quick touch is necessary to set the strings in vibration; the other is to find exactly that part of the string where the tone is fullest. On the short strings, one would necessarily have to find this nearer the bridge than on the long strings. Immediately near the bridges the tone is hard and wooden, and again too far from the bridges the tone is hollow and colorless.

THE VARIOUS EFFECTS POSSIBLE ON THE INSTRUMENT.

The Czimbalom is supplied with a single pedal, by means of which *legato* playing may be accomplished—one of the various effects possible on the instrument. The tone may otherwise be sustained by the repetitions of the hammer done with tremendous rapidity and evenness. Spiccato tones are produced by a short, sharp blow and with the pedal closed. Glissandos can be done as well as picking the strings with the finger-tips. Finally, a shrill and metallic tone can be produced by hitting the strings with the wooden end (the handle) of the hammer. The great advantage of the Czimbalom over the harp is in that it can *repeat* notes, and in any degree of nuance desirable.

The length of the Czimbalom is *approximately four and one half feet* and its width about two and one half feet.

The Czimbalom was first used in an orchestra when on March 9, 1861, it was introduced in the Budapest National Opera House in Franz Erkel's Opera, "Bánk Bán." Mosonyi, writing in the music paper of the day, "Zenészeti Lapok" said:

The Composer has, in the second act, created a veritable orgy of sound, for here one may truly find everything. Artistic sincerity of expression, original and overwhelming musical ideas and tone-colours of rare power and effectiveness. The principal rôle was taken by the Czimbalom which, combined with the *Viole d'Amour*, the harp and the English horn, simply ravished the hearers and carried them to expressions of tumultuous applause.

The seductive beauty of the tones of such a combination of instruments must have been voluptuously gorgeous indeed!

Up to this time, the instrument was incomplete in so far as there was no means of stopping the vibrations of the strings, once one had quitted them, and the blurring of one dissonance into another was far from agreeable to the ear. Furthermore, there was no standard of tuning. There was the so-called "Zsido" (Jew) way and the so-called Hungarian. According to the former, a great number of the tones and chromatics were entirely lacking; and according to the latter, the *true intonation* was almost impossible to establish firmly, because of the deficient way in which the bridges were placed.

Added to these limitations was another, equally important: the lack of any sort of method by which the instrument might be taught.

As no player of the instrument existed whom one might have considered an authority and as gypsies are not only ignorant of "music" but antagonistic to everything which demands order or logic, a beginner's primer was compiled by Schunda and Hiekisch and published by the former in Budapest, 1873-74. Subsequently a more complete method was compiled by Géza Allaga, also published by Schunda.

The first pedal-Czimbalom came into existence when in the year 1874 W. Josef Schunda, the Czimbalom manufacturer, added a pedal. The device is exceedingly simple and one is rather amused at the "pains" of the "inventor" and the glory he insists on having for "the years of devotion and endless research."

At each side of the instrument, in the middle of the resonance box, a small hole was bored, about the width of a thin pencil. Into each of these a long nail of brass was passed. The pedal was fastened, under the body, in the middle of the Czimbalom and with two boards, on hinges, acted on these brass pieces which raised the dampers on top of the strings. The weight of the felt-covered dampers pressed the nails back again.

Liszt incorporated the Czimbalom in his "A Magyarok Istene," his "Vihairnduló" (published in 1843 by Schlesinger in Berlin, as the "Seconde Marche Hongroise" for piano, but known as the "Ungarischer Sturmmarsch" for Orchestra with Czimbalom) and in his third orchestral Rhapsody (No. 6 for piano solo).

Friedrich Bodenstedt, known as the "Persian poet" "Mirza Schaffy" dedicated many of his fancies to the entrancing tones of the Czimbalom and, naturally, lesser poets were not slow to imitate him.

In June 1890 a chair was created for the Czimbalom in the National Conservatory of Music at Budapest and Géza Allaga was chosen as its teacher. In 1897 the Royal Hungarian Academy of Music followed suit by appointing Kun László to the chair of Czimbalom instruction. It was under László Kun that the writer at one time studied the Czimbalom in Budapest.

At present over ten thousand Czimbaloms are in use in Hungary alone, and they are also to be found in collections or in the possession of individuals in every country of the world.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the present-day composers will familiarize themselves with this truly beautiful instrument and will learn effectively to combine its lovely tone with other instruments which have for long been most undeservedly neglected. I refer to the viola d'amore, the low flute and the oboe d'amore.

A SURVEY OF THE PIANOFORTE WORKS OF SRIABIN

By A. EAGLEFIELD HULL

NO revolution in musical art—perhaps in the whole history of the arts in general—is more striking than that effected by Alexander Scriabin, the great musical genius of the Russia of to-day. His innovations were so many-sided, so far-reaching, and so completely revolutionary that I cannot hope to do any sort of justice to them in a single article. When a musical genius feels himself forced to abolish the major and the minor keys, thereby renouncing modulation (although retaining tonality surely enough), and when he builds up all his harmony on a completely novel system, finally wedding all this new music (or shall we say rather, attempting to do so) to a new kind of "Theosophy" (which grew out of it, so it is said) it will be seen at once that a whole book, and not a single article, is needed to do justice to this composer's creations.

For this reason, I have chosen to write about the pianoforte works only; and this in the briefest manner possible, as in them the whole of Scriabin's evolution and revolution can be traced in a very remarkable way.

The first five Opus numbers need not concern us long. They were written during Scriabin's studentship at the Moscow Conservatoire, and at once show us the great hold which the Polish composer Chopin exercised over the young Russian pianist. Valses, Études, Preludes, Mazurkas—all are clever and original in melody, but everything is clearly seen through Chopin's mind. What a delightful little miniature that early Prelude in B major, Op. 2, No. 2, is! I often play it on the organ. Just a couple of notes is all that it requires on the pedals. Opus 3 consists of ten Mazurkas: they contain many original and piquant little touches. The *Allegro Appassionata*, Opus 4, shows what a command over harmony and form the young musician of seventeen already possessed.

The first Sonata, F minor, Opus 6, carries us a stage forward. The whole of Scriabin's artwork is so perfectly evolutionary in character, in mastery of technique, in plasticity of musical structure and in depth of expression—that any attempt to divide his work into definite periods must be discountenanced. The off-

handed saying of some ill-informed professional musicians that Scriabin had two styles—the old and the new—is misleading. His final achievements, completely revolutionary in character as they appear when faced singly, were all approached through a perfectly natural and logical development. As soon as he reached his own full individuality—his own musical expression freed from the influences of the great men who had gone before, he planted his feet firmly on the road towards his object. This took place about Opus 19 (the Second Sonata), written in 1890 at the age of eighteen. From this point, free of all trammels, he started forth on the quest which called imperatively to him and he continued steadfastly to the end, never making any concession to the public. Some of our modern geniuses, after a wonderful development of modernity, have dropped back suddenly, as though appalled, to an earlier manner. This was impossible to such as Scriabin; he died in the full zenith of his powers in 1915.

* *

To those who feel somewhat lost amongst the four hundred odd pieces large and small which Scriabin contributed to instrumental music, I offer the following very rough divisions with considerable diffidence.

- Op. 1 to 18. The Apprenticeship works; but still worthy of full respect, since they are all highly finished pieces, never betraying a "prentice hand."
- Op. 19. (Second Sonata) to about Opus 49. These works show the full personality and genius of Scriabin and may be regarded as the Middle period.
- Op. 51 to 74. The full consummation of Scriabin's genius. They represent his ripest discoveries along the unexplored tracts which he had entered.

I have put Opus 51 for the end of the middle period instead of Op. 50 as the latter has apparently been lost; or is "fifty" a superstitious number in Russia and did Scriabin accordingly "dodge" it?

To return to the *First Sonata*, which was written in Moscow in 1889 at the age of seventeen. It is Chopinesque in feeling, truly enough; but there is a masterly stride in it which even the Polish composer did not possess. It is the music of the Pole combined with the constructive perfection of Brahms. There are, however, many individual touches and already we cannot fail to see that here is no ordinary musical talent.

It comprises three movements;—the first is in the usual Sonata-form; the second, a slow movement in "Song form" full

of the spirit of folk-music; and the third, a *Presto* in "Rondo-Sonata" form, but with disaster for a Coda—a *Funeral March*. The emotional contents are very striking, and there is a remarkable unity about the whole work, which extends even to the transformation of themes. Compare the opening Subject of the First movement



with the second subject of the *Andante* and the first Subject of the *Finale*:



and the opening of the *Marche funèbre*.



There is a great nobility and charm about all this music, and as for the pessimistic ending:—abounding Youth can well afford to turn to a poetic Melancholy in its imaginings.

After this Sonata come *Preludes-Preludes-Preludes*—In his later years, he preferred the title *Poem* for this form. What's in a name? Musical pieces should go by numbers only. Prelude, Poem or Sonata, all mean very little. A Sonata may be anything; so may a Poem or a Prelude. It is the contents which count.

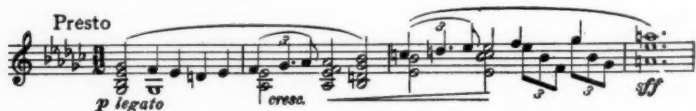
To sum up these early works quite briefly, there will be found in Op. 7 to 18 abundant material—for the concert-room, for the salon or for the study—a mass of music which will last many pianists the whole of their lives. Everyone should know these works. They are full of fancy, delight and beauty. They contain reminiscences of gay times in Paris, Amsterdam and Heidelberg—records of journeys; Op. 11, Nos. 12, 17, 18, and 23 all written at Vitznau on Lake Lucerne in 1895; No 14 at Dresden; souvenirs of holidays in Kieff (1889) and experiments in all sorts of curious times and in unusual piano figurations. Opus 9,

Prelude and Nocturne "for the Left Hand only" reminds us of the marvellous development of his left hand parts in all his keyboard music, and it also recalls the period in his early teens when a broken right shoulder-blade compelled him to practise impatiently all his music with his left hand alone. Opus 19 brings us to the Second Sonata, a "Fantasy-Sonata," the two movements of which, although written at different times, coalesce spiritually in such a wonderful way. The first movement (*Andante*) was written at Genoa in 1890; the second, five years later in the Crimea. Does the equal geographical latitude account for the cohesion? An interesting question! There are three chief themes in the first movement, all of great beauty: the first subject, very striking in rhythmical import; the second, a gracefully spun melodic line and the third an aspiring hymn-like tune. Also the composer, as is his wont, elevates his bridge-passage almost into a new subject, thus making four themes for this highly finished and very eloquent movement. The last three notes of the first subject are significant, as the little "motive" appears to have obsessed Scriabin's mind all his life. They are like the "Knocks of Fate" in Beethoven, and are used at various points throughout the movement.



This trait was destined to become a regular feature of Scriabin's works.

The second (and final) movement *Presto* has three subjects—two of graceful filagree work whilst the third, to which he evidently attaches most importance, is a hymn-like melody of great nobility and beauty.



In originality and imagination I place the Second Sonata far above the Pianoforte Concerto, which is perhaps the most popular of all Scriabin's pianoforte works. This Concerto in F sharp (Op. 20) was completed shortly after taking over his duties as Professor of Pianoforte Playing in his *alma mater*, the Moscow Conservatoire, in 1897. It is in three movements; an *Allegro* in

F sharp minor, 3-4 time; an *Andante* in F sharp major 4-4 and an *Allegro* in F sharp minor and major, 9-8 time. This novel return to the uni-tonality of the old Suite-form is noteworthy. The first movement has subjects of great beauty, handled with exquisite artistry, but is perhaps a little lacking in melodic development. The *Andante* (nearer *Adagio* surely, for it is marked 46 to the crotchet) is a set of charming variations on one of the loveliest themes ever penned. This is a hymn-like melody of sixteen bars played, *con sordino*, tinted with the ethereal beauty of the *Adagio* in the 12th Quartet of Beethoven.

The *Finale*, an *Allegro Moderato*, is a little weak in thematic material and handling, until it reaches the *Meno Allegro* when the second (or is it the third?) subject is given out in F major with light palpitating chords on the piano, whilst the wood-wind breathe pale-coloured mists in the background. The movement increases in interest as we proceed until a magnificent climax is reached with the return of the second subject in the Tonic major. The work is redolent of Chopin but undoubtedly possesses decided individuality; and the handling of form and of the orchestra is far in advance of that of the great Pole. We must not blame Scriabin for his unstinted admiration of the greatest master of the genius of the piano and indeed it would be one of the greatest tributes to call Scriabin "The Russian Chopin," just as Medtner is frequently styled "the Russian Brahms." But it would only express a part of the truth in Scriabin's case for he is much more than this.

The First and Second Symphonies followed the Third Sonata. No. 1 in E major has a Choral Epilogue—a "Hymn to Art." It was written during the six years which Scriabin seems to have wasted as Professor of the Pianoforte Class at his *alma mater*—from 1897 to 1903. During these six years he hardly composed anything, but he completed his Second Symphony in 1903 shortly after his resignation from the tutorial staff. This Symphony has five movements including the Prologue and Epilogue—a plan much favoured by Scriabin.

The year 1903 was amazingly fruitful in works and was probably the most fertile period of Scriabin's life. In the space of nine months he wrote all the pieces from Opus 30 to 43, including the Fourth Sonata, the Third Symphony "The Divine Poem," and a large number of *Études*, *Preludes*, *Valses*, and *Poems*. There is only room here to mention a few of these pieces. Let us choose the set of *Preludes*, Op. 31, the brilliant *Poème Satanique*, Op. 36, and the *Four Preludes*, Op. 37.

The first Prelude of the four in Op. 31 is a slow sweet melody in D flat, delicious in its curves and longdrawn breaths. The overlapping accompaniment figure, which he so much affected, is frequently found also in the piano works of his old tutor, Taneieff. I give a couple of bars because the left hand work is a permanent characteristic of Scriabin.



The second, marked *con stravaganza* (*Anglicé*, let yourself go) is a fine example of the little Prelude form in the sense used by Chopin; for it is a decided mood-piece with a very passionate Russian outburst of temper. The chord of the "French Sixth" with the Dominant in the Bass is much in evidence; indeed he seems fairly obsessed with this chord at this period and I think it was this chord which first turned him to the possibilities of the new harmony. Compare this piece for instance with the *Poème Satanique* which is on the border-line of the new harmony, and with the "Ironies" of No. 56, which is well into the new tract. The Third Prelude of Opus 41 is another "cross-rhythm" piece—a study in quintuplets; whilst the last one is an outstanding little gem of harmonic thought—a delightful little miniature. I have given it in full in Chapter XV of my *Modern Harmony*. Scriabin is one of the few masters who has attempted to express Irony and Satire in music, and in the *Satanical Poem* (written in 1903) he has succeeded to a large extent, granted the hearer starts off on the right road. Rugged *ironico* phrases alternate with tender *cantabile amoroso* melodies. It is one of the most striking of all his pieces. We find here his favourite "French 6th" chord carried on a stage further. The cadence will serve to illustrate this point.



Perhaps the one thing which will count largely in the popularity (or otherwise) of Scriabin's pieces is the somewhat unapproachable technique from the amateur's point of view. Still, whilst many of the pieces in all the three chief styles of Scriabin present great difficulties for either the right hand (as in Opus 37, No. 1), or else for the left (No. 3), if indeed not for both (No. 2), there is always one piece at least in each Opus more approachable, as for instance No. 4 in this set. It is angry and powerful in mood and well laid-out in design. Yet do not let us get the idea that Scriabin is "unpianistic." No one, not even Chopin, understood and wrote for the piano more entirely in its proper genius than did Scriabin.

We have got a good step forward in Opus 51, Four Pieces. From this point he begins designating his moods more decidedly. Perhaps he is dissatisfied with the term "Prelude," for later on he prefers "Poem" as a rule. In this Opus we have "Fragility," a limpid tenor melody (not easy) for the left hand with delicate uppertone chords in the treble. This mood pleased him very much and he constantly used the device afterwards. The second, merely called "Prelude," is a study in "gloom" and—in diatonic chords! Both the third, "Poem of Soaring" (*pianissimo*), and the fourth, "Danse languido," instantly suggest a close relationship with the *Poem of Ecstasy*, Opus 54.

One of the most interesting Sonatas is the Fifth, Opus 53. The work is prefaced by a motto, which may be translated very freely thus:—

*I call you to life O mysterious forces
Submerged in depths obscure
O thou creative spirit, timid embryos of life.
To you I now bring courage.*

It is this which has led annotators astray and caused them to regard his Sonatas and Symphonies as "Programme-Music." It is true that the composer explained the *Languido* (bar 13 *et seq.*) as the "Exhaustion motive" following the striving after fuller knowledge, and we get the music of his "winged" *con voglia* or *ailé* moods also, but he only really asks one thing of the performer—*stravaganza*—"let yourself go," and one thing of the auditor—"listen with an absolutely free and open mind." Musically the Sonata stands on the border-line of Scriabin's discoveries.

Opus 53, No 1, is no less remarkable for its novel harmony than for the fact that it concludes with a plain common chord. ("Prometheus" does too, by the way, but more of this later.)

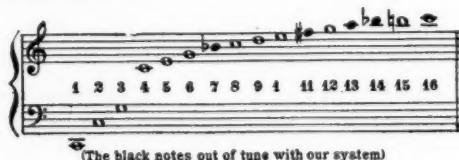
I am very fond of playing this Poem; and also its companion—"Enigma." The time-signatures of the former are confusing. Take the whole of the piece to a slow crotchet beat (metronome about 63).



Now that we have got well into his pieces in the new style, let us pause a little to discuss Scriabin's new system of harmony. Although theorists in the past have been drawn aside from time to time to the possibility of grafting the *Art* of Harmony on to the *Science* of Harmony, they have received little support and still less verification. The Right Honourable Arthur J. Balfour addressing the International Musical Congress in London at their Fourth Annual Congress said:

Of all the arts, Music seems to be connected more intimately than any other, with dry scientific facts. You can state in terms of mathematical physics, certain important truths with which music is intimately connected. But I do not believe that out of the mathematical theory of the scale, or of the chords, or of the theory of harmony, anything in the nature of a true musical æsthetic can ever be deduced.

This was in 1911 and all the leading musicians present cordially agreed with him. Yet all the time a great new tone-poet was working in Russia on these very lines which had been voted so impossible. Scriabin derived all harmony from Nature's harmonic chord, and this by a curious method of his own. We all know that there are some upper partial sounds given off by a vibrating string or pipe, which have hitherto been considered so badly out of tune with our system as to be useless: Nos. 11, 13, 14 and 15 for instance:—



Scriabin assumes that they are quite near enough for the purpose, and takes them all into his net. Moreover, he specially cultivates them, even to the most varied placements and inversions; even, when the root is *absent altogether*. Furthermore, he writes them quite freely as enharmonics; G flat and F sharp are the same sounds to him. This does not appear very consistent with his theory, and makes the root very troublesome to find. But why bother about it? Since the two sounds are accepted as the same, there is no need to find a root for them.

Scriabin founded no new scale; English and American writers have been led astray on this point. He founded a new *chord* which his disciples have stupidly christened a "mystery-chord." There is no mystery about it. He simply selects the sounds he prefers from Nature's harmonic chord and—builds them up by fourths! The result is a chord of extreme interest and beauty.



Play it over *forte*; then *piano*; now sprinkle it very softly! We have the splendid vitality of the augmented 4th; the mollity of the diminished 4th; the sweetness of the perfect 4th; and so on. Reckoned from the root, we get the augmented 11th, the minor 7th, the 3rd, the 13th, etc.

Scriabin adopts the system whole-heartedly and *all* that it involves—a veritable revolution in music. It includes the abolition of major and minor modes; the dispensing with key-signatures, the complete acceptance of the equal temperament in tuning (never entirely done before, despite Bach's "48"), and so on. All this and more.

But why did he ticket his Symphonies with the labels of a queer *pseudo*-theosophy? I prefer my music without labels and even without titles. Everyone hears music differently; and ought to do so. This very indefiniteness in rendering and hearing constitutes one of its chief charms. Photography is not art, nor is too definite a music, art. The so-called wretched "programme-music"—or shall we call it literary music?—is steadily falling back into oblivion. But this is the only mistake which Scriabin made. Like Mahler in his first Symphony, I suspect, he was tempted to put up a few sign-posts to help to convince the crowd slow of understanding that he was not describing

drunken rustics dancing on the village green, or a very wet thunder-storm; nor yet was he writing mere tinkling little tunes which the programme-annotators are prone to give as their types of Absolute Music. Scriabin was a king in the world of Absolute Music—Music free of any literal interpretation—Music—a thing of the Spirit—which “takes us to the edge of the Infinite.”

Before we return, a word about the scale which Scriabin adopts. He founded all his basses and melodies on the Duodecuple Scale, which is a scale of 12 degrees a semitone apart, all the notes being of equal importance except one, the chosen Tonic. If there be any other outstanding note with him, it is the 7th degree (the augmented 4th, or diminished 5th) which he uses as a sort of Dominant or centre of the Octave. I have already discussed this question fully in my work on Modern Harmony and have also suggested there a method of simplifying Scriabin's notation (see pages 70 *et seq.*)

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One of the most interesting sets of pieces from this point of view is the 56th Opus. There are four pieces: *Prelude*, *Ironies*, *Nuances* and *Étude*. The first piece is of a very violent nature; but it is a magnificent rage—the rage of an Othello or a King Lear. The “German Sixth” on the minor Supertonic of the key is fully exploited through all its inversions. The accidentals are very troublesome at first but not yet sufficiently complex to cause the composer to abandon his key-signatures. Play the notes just as they are: for (wonderful to relate) there are no misprints in this short piece. The ironical mood is apparently no stranger to the composer. In No. 2, he contrasts a first *Scherzando*, with an *amoroso* subject. The Irony seems to win; but no—we end on a satisfying common chord. This is one of the most characteristic of Scriabin's pieces and I recommend it with all the more confidence because it is not amazingly difficult. (I often play No. 3 “Nuances” on the organ. Draw very soft registers: an Oboe on the Swell; a Gedackt [or Unda] on the Choir; and a soft 8 ft. stop on the Pedal Organ). *Fondu* and *velouté* (melting and velvety) Scriabin marks it: I should have put “with a smooth liquid tone.” The *Étude* (No. 4) is very extreme in its harmonic handling, and it is the first piece in which Scriabin drops his key-signature. We do not hear the Tonic harmony till the twentieth bar, which is practically the Coda of this short piece.

Opus 58 is to be found only in the "New Russian Album" published in 1911 by the Russian Music Publishing Society of Moscow. A veritable *Feuilleton d'album*—it is not very interesting except as a harmonic study; but it is followed by a *Prelude and Fugue* of Taneieff which affords an excellent opportunity of tracing some close musical relationship between master and pupil.

Opus 59 is a couple of *Morceaux* (Poem, Prelude); it was followed by his great orchestral piece, *Prometheus*, begun at Brussels in 1909 and finished soon after his return to Russia in 1910. It was first produced by Kussevitzsky at Moscow in 1911. (Safonoff had produced the first three Symphonies there.)

Between Opus 60 and 70, we find the last five Sonatas. The sixth and seventh were written at Beattenberg (Switzerland) in 1912; and the last three in Moscow in 1913. They are all closely allied in style, and deeply mystic in feeling. His friends and disciples, Eugen Gunst and Leon Sabanieff, disseminate somewhat elaborate theosophic (a feeble word) explanations of the music. I think it ought to speak for itself; and so did Scriabin evidently, for he gives no indications and adheres faithfully to his life-long admiration for the Sonata-form proper—merely extending it by adding greater importance to the Prologue which often contains two leading-motives; and by giving greater prominence to the "third subject" of the "Sonata-form" proper. I shall not be considered inconsistent, I hope, if I say, read Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" before interpreting the Sixth Sonata. It seems to hit the right approach so beautifully. The Seventh and Eighth Sonatas are full of gloom and require very great powers of interpretation. The harmonic style limits the melodies to short broken phrases and the Codas become almost molecular in their *Prestissimi*.

The Ninth Sonata is to my mind one of the most attractive of all Scriabin's creations. The form is tightened up into one movement of great pliancy and cohesion. The themes have still that unworldliness which is one of the chief traits of the pure Russian national character. It is on "sonata" lines as regards construction but the form does not obtrude itself in the least. He masters form, and is not now mastered by it, as he was in his first two Symphonies. The Sonata opens in a nebulous atmosphere—in that dim crepuscular light which precedes dawn on the mountains. The four chief themes soon appear in succession. They go through a wonderful development, and even transformation. The harmony is beautiful, interesting and also amazingly distorted at times. The peroration is masterly and striking, and

the Sonata ends in that dim mysterious light in which the dream opened. If one wants to start with one of the later Sonatas, one cannot do better than select this. Then go on to the tenth. (I do not like the seventh and eighth so much.)

This last Sonata (the tenth) forms a grateful contrast to the preceding three. It is a pianoforte counter-part of the radiant "Prometheus." Full of daring harmony, it remains true to the Sonata-type and the "third Subject" (the EGO theme) is of striking beauty. There seems to be a tendency towards a clearer style in this Sonata but probably this may be only on account of the composer's ever-increasing mastery of his medium.

The other miscellaneous pieces are exceedingly inviting but I must confine myself now to the last, Opus 74, a set of Preludes written just before his sudden death in April, 1915. There is always something very touching about the swan-songs of composers: their very last musical breath as it were; whether we take the *Wenn wir in höchsten Nöten sein*, Choral-prelude of Bach, or the set of Solemn Preludes for the Organ by Brahms; the Requiem of Mozart or this final set of Scriabin, all finished in the very chamber of departure. Music apparently becomes then, more than ever, a part of a man's Soul; and here the words of Carlyle come in with peculiar force:

Music is well said to be the speech of angels: in fact nothing among the utterances allowed to mankind is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the Eternal Sea of Light.

The first four of these final Preludes are very gloomy in their perverse—one might almost say deliberately distorted—harmonic expression—but the fifth redeems them. . . We do well to remember here that for the last year of his life, Scriabin was haunted by premonitions of some indefinable fate hanging over him. . . The first is marked "Sad, heart-rending" and certainly it is so. Here is the final phrase.



The piece is only sixteen bars: such poignancy cannot go on for long. The second Prelude of this farewell set is full of a great moaning, southing as of the wind over bleak moors. It strains our modern chromatic scale almost to the breaking point, asking for an enharmonic instrument with a scale like Busoni's tertiatonal one (18 sounds to the octave) rather than our 12-note tuning. Still, on account of its pervading Tonic-sound in the bass, it is more acceptable than many of the other later pieces. The Third Prelude is more violent in its proud indignant out-cry against trouble and grief. Although marked *Allegro drammatico* it is only twenty-six bars long. The fourth contains twenty-four bars of the most cacophonous harmony ever written by this most elusive of composers. It is marked *lent, vague, indécis*. Had he passed beyond the possibilities of our musical system, or did his fine mental grip of things loosen its moorings just for one brief moment? The very last piece is proud and bellicose. The harmony is exceedingly advanced and sounds even more complex than it is, on account of the delayed appearance of the Tonic Chord (bar 4). It ends significantly with a question—a half-cadence—the diminished Fifth being reckoned as the Dominant.

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To sum up, we have in the pianoforte works of Scriabin a contribution only equalled (I am not going to say surpassed) by that of Beethoven and of Chopin. His works are much more truly pianistic than those of either Brahms or Schumann, from which composers Scriabin learnt much. The early works are now accepted classics in all our colleges and academies; the middle works, however, represent Scriabin in the most important and fascinating development of his rich personality. As to his final period, I prefer to pick up and choose amongst them. The later sonatas will never become widely popular on account of their great technical difficulties, in addition to the many baffling problems of interpretation. They will probably long remain in the hands of Mr. Eugen Gunst and Mr. Leon Sabaneieff who have devoted themselves so whole-heartedly to the furtherance of the works of their great master and friend.

The real value of his contribution to music—and this applies also to the beautiful Symphonies—is the marvellous beauty and spirituality with which his music is always imbued. A man with a single purpose, a thinker of great spiritual power, and a triumphant champion of the absolute music of idealism at the present

time when the whole world seems at first sight to be engulfed in a great tidal wave of materialism—such a man is of inestimable value. Space forbids further consideration of this great personality but I hope on some other occasion to have the opportunity of dealing with his compositions (and the theories involved) in more detail.

SECULARIZATION OF SACRED MUSIC

By G. EDWARD STUBBS

IN THE development of ecclesiastical art there have always been questions which have caused perplexity and controversy regarding the fitness and the unfitness of certain forms of expression. Religious painting, sculpture, poetry, architecture, and music, have all furnished problems without number in the past, many of which have been connected more or less intimately with radical reform. Some of them seem to have been solved permanently; others have received temporary adjustment, only to require from time to time further consideration.

The question of secularization of sacred music is a never-ending one; for the problems involved do not decrease in number or become more simple—they seem to increase and grow more intricate. The reasons for this complexity are various.

The psychology of music is an abstruse study, full of theoretical mysteries. Even trained philosophers and metaphysicians indulge in conflicting opinions regarding emotionalism and intellectualism in their practical relation to musical worship. It is then not surprising that among the majority of people there is, and perhaps always will be, a disagreement of opinion as to the real nature of music, and the wisdom and unwisdom shown in the application of its different forms to sacred worship. Moreover, with the constant change in religious thought, and with the apparently inevitable multiplication of "denominations"—perhaps we should say churches—there have arisen systems of so-called worship music which are kaleidoscopic in their variety.¹ These overlap each other, and influence each other in innumerable ways.

Scores of liturgies (the word is used here in its broad sense to denote any form of public worship) have come into existence, each calling for its own kind of choral setting, or form of musical service. These choral forms reflect the influence of tradition when there is a musical usage of sufficient age and force to make perpetuation logically desirable. In the absence of acknowledged custom they may be governed by the laws of consistency. Or

¹According to the latest statistics, there are in the United States more than one hundred and sixty separate religious denominations.

they may be moulded to suit what many clerical modernists delight in calling "present-day conditions," in which case they become elastic enough to be described as formless forms.

It has, therefore, become difficult to give a short, comprehensive, and scientific definition of church music as it exists to-day in the United States. The term should be restricted to music suitable to the worship of Almighty God. In reality it is extended to music ordinarily heard in the various churches. It includes the ancient and traditional music of the three great pre-Reformation bodies, the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican, in traditional and untraditional forms, (pure and impure), and in addition, music that is more or less familiar to the millions of persons who are not connected with these bodies. Furthermore, vast numbers of individuals who do not belong to any particular religious denomination attend church services with a certain amount of regularity, or irregularity. The music listened to by this enormous multitude is a heterogeneous compound. Some of it, styled sacred music, is characterized by the total absence of any religious quality. Much of it might be called "church music" merely because it is used in buildings called churches.

The term church music, then, as used by the masses, has lost its ancient and distinctive meaning. It now signifies "music commonly heard in churches." It embraces the worship music of all religious bodies, and includes compositions of widely varying degrees of fitness and unfitness.

There is a commensurate difficulty in explaining the term "secularization," as applied to church music. In the minds of many persons there exists a border-land, so to speak, between the sacred and the secular. The degrees of latitude and longitude in this territory vary according to the strictness or the looseness of the viewpoint.

Voyagers sailing on the Amazon often do not know when they are in the river and when they are out of it. There are thousands of people to whom the musical border-land mentioned is a veritable Siberia in extent. The existence of this hazy region shows the desirability of establishing definite boundaries. It is one thing, however, to draw lines of demarcation and quite another thing to make them distinctly visible to those who are not particularly desirous of seeing them.

Some things can be well defined by their opposites. Secularized church music is perhaps best explained by stating the characteristics it does not possess—those of true sacred music. These attributes have never been set forth more clearly than

they are in the remarkable document issued at the Vatican on the Feast of St. Cecelia, patroness of Church Music, November, 1903. This valuable Instruction in Sacred Music is vaguely supposed by the man in the street to be merely a dull dissertation on plain chant, ordering it to be used throughout the Roman Church to the general exclusion of all other music.

It is unfortunate that Protestants, as a class, know little or nothing about it. It is certain that very few think that there can be any possible connection between the teaching of Pius X and the musical enlightenment of persons outside the Roman Communion.

There are, however, documents capable of exerting an influence far beyond the circles for which they were originally intended.

The Constitution of the United States, for example, deals specifically with the political structure of this republic. Yet it involves principles of government of importance to all mankind. The *Motu Proprio* deals specifically with the musical requirements of the Roman Liturgy, yet it is a message to be heeded by all Christians who utilize music in the worship of the Almighty.¹

It is not necessary to quote at great length from the edict in order to show by its condemnation of secularized church music what that music is. The Introduction to the Instruction states that, among the cares of the pastoral office, not only of the "Supreme Chair" but of every local church, a leading one is without question "that of maintaining and promoting the decorum of the House of God in which the august mysteries of religion are celebrated, and where the Christian people assemble to receive the grace of the Sacraments, and to unite in the common prayer of the Church in the public and solemn liturgical services. Nothing should have place in the temple calculated to disturb or even to diminish the piety and devotion of the faithful; nothing that may give reasonable cause for indignation or scandal; nothing, above all, which directly offends the decorum and the sanctity of the sacred functions and is thus unworthy of the house of prayer and of the Majesty of God."

The statement then follows that there is a distinct abuse affecting sacred music. "Indeed, whether it is owing to the very nature of this art, fluctuating and variable as it is in itself, or to the succeeding changes in taste and habits with the course of

¹Readers of *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY* may find the *Motu Proprio* almost in its entirety in the issue of January, 1915, under the heading: "Music Reform in the Catholic Church," by Monsignor H. T. Henry, D.D.

time, or to the fatal influence exercised on sacred art by profane and theatrical art, or to the pleasure that music directly produces, and that is not always easily contained within the right limits, or finally to the many prejudices on the matter, so lightly introduced and so tenaciously maintained even among responsible and pious persons, the fact remains that there is a tendency to deviate from the right rule, prescribed by the end for which art is admitted to the service of public worship."

From the Instruction itself we quote: "As an integral part of the solemn liturgy, sacred music participates in its general aim, which is the glory of God, and the sanctification of the faithful. Its principal office is to clothe with a fitting melody the liturgical text proposed for the understanding of the faithful, so its peculiar object is to add to the text itself a greater efficacy."

"Sacred music should consequently possess, in the highest degree, the qualities proper to the liturgy, and particularly the sanctity and the correctness of form, from which has arisen its other characteristic of universality. It ought to be sacred, and for that reason exclude every secular element, not only in itself, but in the manner in which it is performed. It must be true art, for otherwise it will be impossible to exercise on the souls of the listeners that efficacy which the Church desired when giving it a place in her liturgy."

It is then stated that the qualities of sacred music are to be found in the highest degree in the Gregorian chant, and also in the classic polyphony which reached its greatest perfection in the sixteenth century. Full liberty, however, is given to use modern music under certain reasonable restriction.

"Modern music is also admitted in the Church, since it, too, furnishes compositions of such excellence, sobriety, and gravity, that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions. Since, however, modern music has risen mainly to serve profane uses, greater care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern style which are admitted in the Church may contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatre, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profane pieces."

A statement which is of extraordinary importance as bearing upon this whole question of secularized music is as follows: "In general, it must be considered to be a very grave abuse when the liturgy in ecclesiastical functions is made to appear secondary to and in a manner at the service of the music; for the music is merely a part of the liturgy and its humble handmaid."

It must be admitted by all that the *Motu Proprio* furnishes a description of sacred music which defines in no uncertain way its opposite, secularized church music. Intended as a specific Instruction to Roman Catholics it is a lesson, and a much needed one, of value to Protestants who are unprejudiced enough to see its general application to abuses which are everywhere apparent.

If we detach from it all that refers directly and exclusively to the Roman Liturgy we nevertheless have in the residue a compilation of general principles which should be observed in the musical worship of God no matter where it may be offered. Indeed, if we were to change its name and call it "A Compendium of the Laws of Consistency in all Church Music" the title would be strictly appropriate. This illuminating Instruction defines sacred and secularized music so clearly that it reduces the borderland between the two to negligible dimensions, if not to total extinction.

Of all the religious bodies of Christendom the Roman Church is the only one that has in very recent times inaugurated a thoroughly organized campaign against unchurchly music.

It may well be asked why there is no active and definite crusade made against impure music in the other communions. Is there no need of it? Or less need than in the case of the Roman Church? If there is room for reform where individualism (a prolific source of secularity) is at its lowest degree of influence, as it is in the Roman Church, there is assuredly room where it is at its highest, as it is in many of the other bodies.

Surprise is sometimes expressed in certain musical circles that the Episcopal Church is apathetic in regard to this matter of reform. Although vigorous steps are being taken to revive ancient traditional music and to correct certain choral abuses in the Church of England, in the American Branch of the Church (Protestant Episcopal) there is no similar movement on foot.

The Anglican Church enjoys extraordinary advantages not possessed by its American Branch. It is an Established Church, having an ancient tradition in music, which is kept alive in large numbers of Cathedrals crowded into a comparatively small space.

The area of England is approximately the same as that of the state of New York. Within the borders are no fewer than thirty-two Cathedrals of the first rank. In addition there are fourteen Collegiate Churches and Chapels, and about twenty large Parish Churches which count as Cathedrals as far as music is concerned. In all there are at least sixty-six important

ecclesiastical centres of musical influence, in a territory of only fifty thousand square miles.

In this country of three million square miles there is but one Cathedral musically worthy of the name. To make conditions similar to those in England the Episcopal Church needs about forty thousand "centres of influence" evenly distributed throughout the land. This would give New York state, for instance, one "centre" for each and every county. Furthermore, there are Anglican musical societies of age and power which exert a restricting and deterring influence upon the growth of impure music. There are no such societies in the Episcopal body.

There is, in fact, no organized movement of importance against secularity in church music in any of the churches in the United States with the exception of the Roman.¹

Nevertheless, encouragement is to be found in the increasing facilities of modern travel which are constantly bringing far distant places into closer touch with each other. The improvement of sacred music in the Episcopal Church during the past half-century is largely owing to the fact that clergymen and organists now visit England by thousands instead of by dozens, as was formerly the case.

It is well for those who indulge in a dismal view of musical progress to take a look backward. The period 1855-1865 will provide the pessimist with an interesting retrospect.

In all matters pertaining to ritual worship (which includes music) the Anglican Church was then beginning to reap the full benefit of the Oxford Movement which had been launched about twenty years previously. The influence of the Tractarians was slow enough in spreading over England; but it was particularly tardy in reaching this country, partly because trans-Atlantic travel was in its infancy.

Church music at the period mentioned, not only in the Episcopal Church, but also in many other religious bodies, consisted of chants, hymn tunes of an inferior type, anthems and settings to the Canticles which were invented with the sole purpose of affording personal display to the members of quartet choirs. The personal equation was paramount in every choir.

There was no Eucharistic music, and practically no anthem settings for full chorus. Even the Venite, and the Canticles for

¹The subject of ecclesiastical music is often discussed very seriously in Anglican conventions. Papers are read by eminent authorities, and reforms are effected.

In clerical gatherings in this country every topic under the sun comes up for consideration, with the notable exception of music.

Morning and Evening Prayer, were set so as to give the Messieurs Smith and Brown, and the Misses Jones and Jenkins a "chance" to be heard individually.

Composers (?) degraded their "art" accordingly, and music sellers contrived to furnish attractive folio copies at a dollar each—more or less. The chief thing was the *Te Deum*. A "pretty" setting would always command a good price if it gave "opportunities" to the quartet. Secularization of sacred music was at its zenith.

The Tractarian Movement changed all this in course of time. That the ancient and traditional Anglican form of service had been strangely neglected began to dawn upon Episcopalians. Quartet choirs and the musical evils peculiar to them gradually disappeared. Chancel choirs of men and boys were organized. Solo singing and the individualism connected with it declined. Eucharistic music was restored. Hymn music began to show improvement.

The general situation may be bad enough now, but it is far from being what it was fifty years ago. There has been a change for the better which has extended in countless circles. For the religious bodies, however they may differ and disagree in matters of theological doctrine, borrow largely from each other in details of musical worship. Improvement coming from one source brings an advance which spreads in many directions.

The Oxford Movement and the musical Encyclical of Pius X may be regarded as two great mainsprings of progress in choral worship. The former has been general in its influence—the latter special. The one, political in its origin, has reached the field of music through an Anglican revival of religion.¹ The other is a sharp and direct attack upon the use of profane music in the Roman Church.

Church music reform is really a part of general religious reform. It is a question of almost infinite extent, and there are plenty of pessimists who consider it too big to be handled outside the confines of the individual religious bodies.

Even in the Roman Church, with the present active propaganda against secularity, discouragement finds voice occasionally. For instance, the *St. Louis Fortnightly Review* printed the following not long ago:

¹The beginning of the Oxford Movement dates from 1833, when the Bill to suppress the Irish bishoprics was passed. The Church was threatened by the State, and the Movement was in a certain sense a political one. Its immediate object was to prevent the Church from becoming a mere creature of the State.

The London *Saturday Review* says: "The music in most Roman churches seems to have fallen at present to a lower level than it has ever known before." The reference is to the Catholic churches of England. Perhaps the war is responsible for this decline. Our country is not involved in war, and yet here, too, there has been, if not a decline, at least no noticeable progress in the matter of church music since the famous *Motu Proprio*.

If this represents the true state of affairs it would indicate the uselessness of making any definite and determined stand against musical deterioration! Such statements are unfortunate, and do not help the cause at large. In reality, there has been an enormous musical advance throughout the Roman Church, and it has been directly due to the carrying out of the wise teaching of Pius X.

Is it not the plain duty of all religious persons to uphold every concerted movement, and every individual effort to rid church music of secular contamination?

Every voice, no matter how humble, should be raised against the use of worldly and unworthy compositions. It is, however, from the higher authorities that the greatest help can come, and it is to be deplored that so eminent a master as Camille Saint-Saëns has, in a recent paper on Church Music, spoken disrespectfully of the admirable legislation of Pope Pius X. And it is lamentable that he has held up as a model of perfection in sacred music a work that is notorious for its theatrical flavor, and barred from use in many churches, both Roman and Protestant.

In commenting upon the said essay, a Roman authority, Nicola A. Montani, says:

The patriotic Frenchman could have done no greater harm to the cause than to espouse and to hold up for admiration the church music style of Gounod. Particularly unhappy is his selection of the overdone and claptrapish "St. Cecilia Mass," with the continual use of the same materials and operatic tricks found in *Faust*. To hold this composition as the ideal style of modern church music is indeed demonstrating the weakness and conventionalism of the modern style of sacred music, and only justifies the stand taken by the purists who desire that the atmosphere of the church be preserved by the rendition of music that shall not remind them of some love scene in an ever-popular opera.

As has been stated, the choral customs of the various religious bodies overlap and influence each other. An indication of this is seen in the disuse in Episcopal churches of certain masses that have practically been discarded by the Roman Church as unfit.

The beneficial effect of the *Motu Proprio* extends further than would appear at first sight. Not only are arrangements of Latin

masses that are "under the ban" going out of vogue in Episcopal churches, but separate parts of such masses are ceasing to be used as "anthems," detached from the Communion Service. It is an encouraging sign that such excerpts are often viewed with disfavor. There are now a great many church-going people who do not fail to understand why a florid setting of the Gloria in Excelsis, for instance, by, let us say, Mercadante, does not become fit for the worship of God because it happens to be arranged to other words, in "anthem form," for use in Protestant churches.

One of the problems that has brought fresh difficulties to those who are working for musical reform is the much-talked-about "Decline in church attendance." A serious drawback is found at present, especially in large cities, in the attitude of certain clergymen who insist upon making church music an attraction *per se*. The clerical cry in too many quarters is not "religion first and music afterward," but "music first—then, perchance, religion."

The excuse is that times have changed. The days of comparative leisure have passed away never to return. The strenuous life confronts everybody. People who have toiled hard for six days are exhausted on the seventh. They seek rest and recreation, mentally and physically. The argument is that something must be done to counteract the innumerable attractions outside the churches. Golf, motoring, tennis, and other outdoor sports claim their devotees by the million. Consequently Sunday is the special day for additional concerts, lectures, recitals, and "movie" shows.

To offset all this the daily papers are filled with advertisements of "church" attractions. Special preachers, with startling topics, are announced. Musical services (sometimes honestly advertised as sacred concerts) receive advance notices on the day preceding the Sabbath.¹ Recitals of secular music by organists, violinists, and other instrumental performers are brazenly offered as extra inducements to attend church. It is very questionable whether these incongruous efforts ever produce any lasting results, of real benefit, to the cause of religion.

¹During the past year two prominent Episcopal churches in New York City advertised extensively a service called "Popular Vespers," consisting very largely of secular music, and "selections" well known to habitués of the Metropolitan Opera House.

At a meeting held in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on May 15th of this year, the pastor of one of the most important Presbyterian churches of New York City said in the presence of more than six hundred ministers and laymen of the Brooklyn Presbytery: "The simple Gospel is not enough. I hope I shall not be misunderstood, but in order to compete with Sunday amusements the modern church must have the best of music and the most interesting services or otherwise the minister will find his congregation drifting away to the movies and the concerts, no matter how spiritual his sermons may be."

In marked contrast is the attitude of the Greek and Roman clergy. They advertise neither preachers nor music, and they never complain of "decline in attendance." Organ concerts are unheard of in the Greek churches—in fact, there are no organs. In the Roman churches organ music is strictly subservient to the requirements of the liturgy. Recitals are prohibited.

Does any sane person believe that the cause of religion suffers in these churches because secular music is forbidden?

Another unsolved problem of importance is that of Sunday School music. It is in the more careful instruction of the young that some of the most successful educational reforms have been effected. For example, the time was (and not so very long ago) when boys devoured dime novels as fast as they were turned off the press. They were read even in school hours, under shelter of the desks. Boys formed their own circulating libraries, and a good, red-hot story with plenty of vim and blood-letting would go the rounds until worn threadbare. One reason for this peculiar craze was that English prose fiction in its best form was not taught in the schools. All this has been changed, and Sir Walter Scott and other standard novelists are no longer unknown to juveniles. Indeed, there are many musicians who think that the first step in the matter of reform in sacred music should begin in the Sunday Schools, and also in the parochial schools. The music sung in such institutions is almost entirely hymn music. But it should be borne in mind that practically all the singing that is done by congregations in churches is hymn-singing. For the most part it is the same kind of hymn-singing that is done in the schools. If children are taught a secular style of sacred music in schools and if afterwards as adults they continue the use of that type, may it not be said that their chief participation in church music is secular?

Old and well-worn adages, such as "We reap what we sow," "Childhood impressions last the longest," etc., etc., seem to have little practical effect upon educators as far as forming correct taste in religious music is concerned. Wrong patterns for children are deliberately furnished. They become indelibly impressed upon the mind, and last through life. Dr. George W. Crile, the distinguished American surgeon, gives, in his recent work, "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace," a terrible illustration of the force of what he terms "action patterns." He maintains that when the brains of the male human machine are filled with patterns of fighting, war becomes inevitable. He contends that the first cause of the European conflict was the implanting of war

images in the minds of children who now as men are taking part in it. "German Kultur is merely one kind of belligerent action pattern in the brains of a whole nation, created by fear of neighboring nations, and by militaristic instruction from childhood up. If Germany were to conquer the world, this fighting impulse left without the foil of feared neighbors, would probably turn upon the German State itself, and destroy it as a cancer destroys a living body." However extreme this view may be, it contains a large amount of philosophic and scientific truth, directly applicable to pedagogics. It is unquestionably true that the teaching of secular tunes in Sunday Schools is largely responsible for the general difficulty now experienced in church music reform.

The *Catholic Choirmaster*, the organ of the Society of St. Gregory in America, recently pointed out the urgent need of establishing graded courses of music in schools in order to provide more thorough instruction in sacred music. We quote:

This plan is an absolute necessity if a correct taste is to be developed among our children and if results of a permanent value are to be obtained. The hymns children have been singing in the school and church for generations are, for the most part, an abomination. The real cause of the lack of taste on the part of our congregations nowadays can be attributed to the use of the "jig-tune" hymns. To attempt to change the taste of a person who has heard, during the entire school period, hymns which would better serve as dance tunes or love songs, is almost futile.

Such tunes, however, can be allowed to die out and give place to others.

Dr. Richard R. Terry, the distinguished organist of Westminster Cathedral, London, in his book on Catholic Church Music, says:

One great difficulty in hymn-singing is the tenacity with which the older members of our congregations cling to tunes of such an inane type as "Daily, Daily," "O Mother, I," and the rest of the terrible contents of "The Crown of Jesus" Music. It is not difficult to understand how even the most fatuous tunes can be beloved if they are in any way connected with the hallowed associations of a pious life. Who is he who would ruthlessly deprive these good souls of things which they hold dear? But the difficulty is not insuperable. The writer knows of one church where all these bad tunes were eliminated in the course of a single generation, by a very simple process. At the public services for adults, no change was made in the old tunes, but the children in the schools were never allowed to sing them, and at the children's Mass, and on other occasions, good tunes were substituted for the popular ones sung by their elders. By the time the children had grown to youth

they had become as familiar with and as fond of the good tunes as their elders were of the bad ones, and so the new tradition was established. If our hymnology is to be improved it must be by educating the taste of the younger generation.

It is unfortunate that the question of Sunday School music is not viewed more seriously by clergymen and organists. In most churches this important department of musical worship is treated with neglect bordering upon contempt. It follows the line of least resistance, and simply "muddles along" without any definite pains being taken in the way of advancement. There are, however, brilliant exceptions to the rule. *The Sunday School Times* occasionally mentions certain schools where only the best music is sung, and where inferior compositions are positively disliked by the pupils.

We could cite examples where undesirable tunes are carefully excluded, and where a sufficient amount of trouble is taken to form a taste for the better forms of hymn music. What can be accomplished in one case can, of course, be achieved in another. It is merely a matter of education. If salaried organists were to be appointed for the express purpose of elevating Sunday School music to a higher plane, an effective reformation would certainly result.

When we come to consider methods of reform, we find that although there are hundreds of musical abuses there are practically but *two* sources through which they can be rectified, namely, musicians and clergymen. In Roman circles special efforts are being made to establish schools of church music. In the other bodies such schools have not yet made their appearance. But there is nothing more encouraging to those who have the cause of sacred music at heart than the marked progress made during the past thirty years by American colleges and universities in recognizing the importance of general musical study by giving it its proper place in the regular academic curriculum. Chairs of music have been established in many of the more prominent institutions of learning, and every year brings additional endowments for the furtherance of musical learning. The instructive article which appeared in *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY*, October, 1915, by Mr. W. J. Baltzell, entitled "The American College Man in Music," gives a remarkable summary of what American colleges have accomplished in higher musical education during the past few years. No less than three hundred college graduates, representing sixty-five institutions, are now employed in the musical profession in various parts of the country. That

they exert a beneficial influence over sacred music is beyond all question.

With the advance of civilization comes commensurate progress in all the arts and sciences. It cannot be denied that the masses are being (as the common expression is) "educated up" to an appreciation of the higher forms of music. Opportunities for hearing the best compositions, both vocal and instrumental, have increased greatly within the past quarter of a century, and the effect has been to make the public standard of judgment higher. This general advance in taste must touch religious music in some degree, however slight.

Paradoxical as it may appear, secularization of sacred music means in its very highest sense its sanctification. For in its most exalted form secular music exhibits one of the chief characteristics of any perfect art—consistency—the one thing needful in ecclesiastical music, the one quality which embraces in full the entire teaching of the *Motu Proprio*.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT

1816-1875

Nehme man ihn also wie er ist, nicht, was er gar nicht sein möchte, als Schöpfer einer neuen Epoche, oder als einen unzubändigenden Helden, sondern als innigen, wahrhaften Dichter, der unbekümmert um ein paar geschwenkte Hüte, mehr oder weniger seinen stillen Weg hingeht, an dessen Ausgange ihn wenn auch kein Triumphwagen erwartet, so doch von dankender Hand ein Veilchenkranz, den ihm Eusebius hiermit aufgesetzt haben will.¹

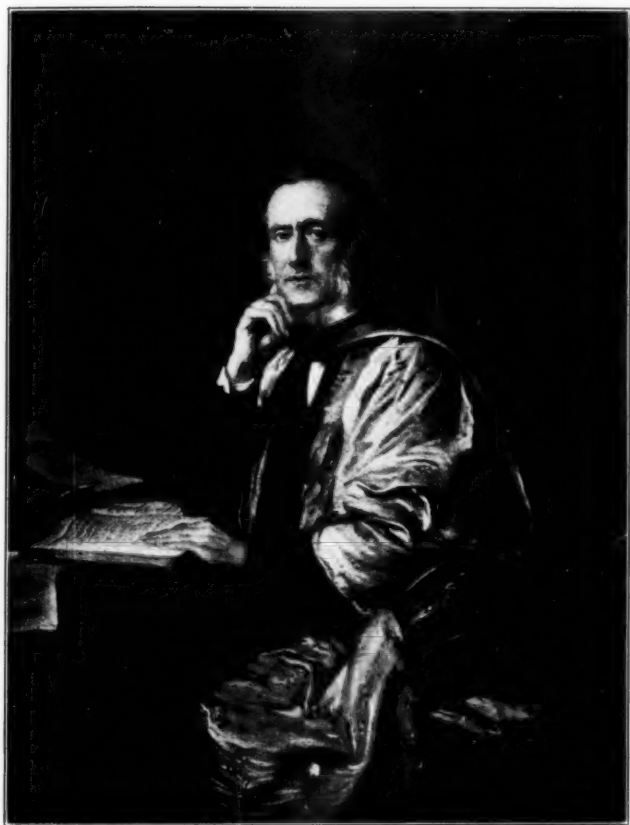
ROBERT SCHUMANN.

By SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

IN the early seventies, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, I chanced one afternoon to pay a visit to a musical friend who lived in Trinity, and was one of the fellows of the College. While we were talking, there walked into the room a small figure of a man whose dignity of bearing made him look half as tall again as his stature warranted, with a well-proportioned and squarely built head, lovely and sympathetic eyes, and an expression of unmistakable kindness and charm, which captivated me before he opened his mouth. The dress was a little in the old style, recalling with its high collar and dark ample stock, the early drawings of Berlioz and Mendelssohn, and of the musical worthies whom John Ella collected to perform at his Musical Union Concerts and took care to immortalize by a collection of drawings. I was particularly struck by the character and refined beauty of the hands. I saw at a glance who it was,—Sterndale Bennett. I had made one pilgrimage to see him in 1870, but failed to find him at home. My father, who had one strong link with him in a great personal friend who was common to them both, Wyndham Goad, the member of Parliament for Limerick, was anxious to renew an acquaintance with him which began at the Birmingham Festival of 1846, where he had given a supper to Mendelssohn after the Elijah, at which Bennett was present. But the fates were against the meeting.

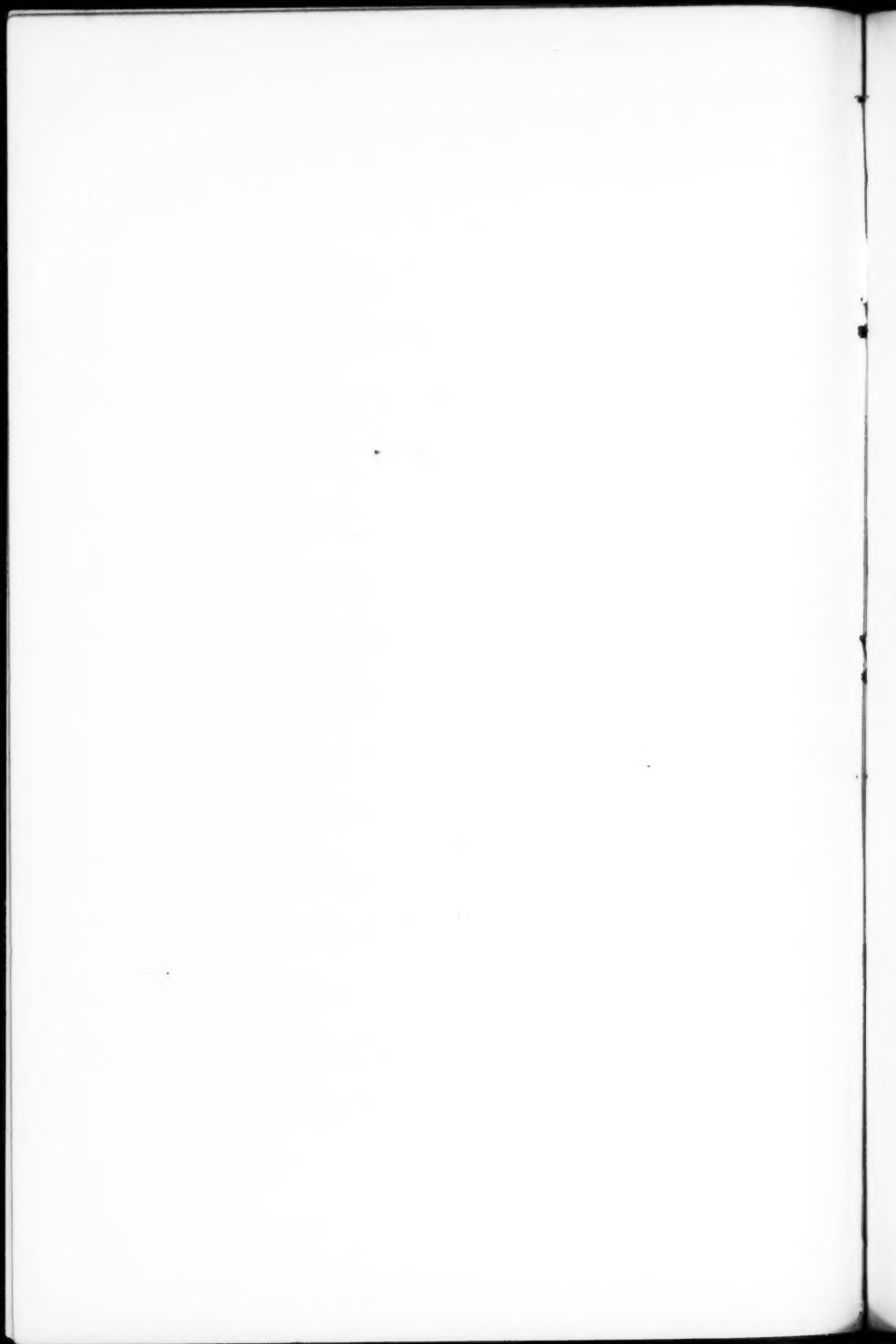
My first sight of Bennett brought many memories back to my mind. "Gentle Zephyr" was one of my first vocal efforts as

¹Gesammelte Schriften von R. Schumann, ed. Jansen, II. 177 (Critique on "The Woodnymphs").



SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT, AET. 56

From An Engraving By T. Oldham Barlow, A. R. A.
Of A Portrait By Sir John E. Millais, Bart., P. R. A.



a small boy (and my favorite one): I had also earned my first golden sovereign for playing all the "Preludes and Lessons" from memory, and I was looking at the composer who had vicariously endowed me with my first big "tip." Over it all was the consciousness of a compelling artistic atmosphere which idealized the man from whom it emanated. It came not only from the many and great associations which his presence recalled, but from his own innate nobility. It was easy to see at a glance the qualities which endeared him to Schumann and to Mendelssohn, and also the modesty which prevented his powers from being acclaimed by the mass of the public, and even stood in the way of his own exercise of them. In the few short years which intervened before his premature death in 1875, I had several opportunities of seeing him, and getting to know him both as a man and as an artist. On one occasion when I dined with him *tête-à-tête* we played pianoforte duets all the evening, and I was able to appreciate the great beauty of his touch and tone of which so many great musicians have spoken. We played the whole of his G minor Symphony, and others of the four-handed arrangements of his orchestral works. On another he came to Cambridge, when a much-needed revolution had succeeded (largely through his support) in substituting ladies for boys in the soprano department of the University Musical Society. We showed our gratitude to him by performing his "May Queen," and engaged a first-rate orchestra for the concert. He was invited to conduct, and, though in indifferent health, went out of his way to do so. Nothing, however, which I could say would induce him to believe in the efficiency of the band for accompanying the solos with enough delicacy, although the players were of the best: his memories of scratch local orchestras at the University town in old days were too painfully vivid: and he insisted upon my playing them on the pianoforte, characteristically veiling his mistrust of his forces under the euphemism, that the pianoforte would be a pleasant contrast to the orchestral accompaniments of the Chorus. His beat was clear and clean cut, but as a conductor he was the exact reverse of Hans von Bülow (as he was also in his pianoforte playing). His warmth was reserved for his pianoforte playing and was at a minimum with the *bâton*. In 1873 the appreciation of Brahms was beginning to make itself widely felt in England, and I made many attempts to interest him in the famous Requiem, in the chamber-works and pianoforte compositions of that master, thinking that their common friendship for Schumann and Schumann's warm championship of the younger

man would arouse interest and sympathy in Bennett. But he remained practically impervious to any appeal. This is the more curious, as in one respect at least, their methods, though varying fundamentally in style, were alike in principle. Passage writing for the pianoforte had before their time become mainly a medium for display, irrespective of any intrinsic merit or relevancy. To this snare even Mendelssohn, the then leader of musical fashion, had fallen a victim. With Bennett it became part and parcel of the musical idea and a natural development from it, a system which Brahms carried out with unvarying force throughout his life. Bennett's harmonic scheme was diatonic, but he was exceptionally chromatic in passage writing; another point of similarity. Finally he was very prone to *arpeggio* writing, as in "The Fountain," a form of ornament to which the German master was equally partial. But it was in the coördination of passages and the main musical idea which underlay them that Bennett showed the way, and was in this important respect a pioneer. The fact that his peculiar technique was somewhat crabbed in detail, and lacking in larger stretches and breadth of chord-presentation, does not detract from his merit in this advance. In these characteristics Brahms was the opposite pole to him, and is correspondingly easier to interpret. With the exception of Mozart, Bennett is perhaps of all pianoforte composers the most difficult to play. He unconsciously lays traps for the performer at the most unexpected moments, which spell disaster to the unwary. In view of this difficulty of interpretation, the exploit of Hans von Bülow on a famous occasion becomes almost uncanny. A short time after Bennett's death, George Osborne, the author of the "Pluie des Perles," and a close friend of his, was walking down Bond St., and opposite Lamborn Cock's music shop (Bennett's publisher) he met von Bülow, who told him that he was just going down to Brighton to give a recital that evening. Osborne remarked that as it was Bennett's birthday, he supposed that so great a lover of anniversaries as Bülow was going to play something of the English composer's. Bülow took fire, but said he knew nothing of Bennett's, and asked Osborne to tell him of something suitable. The genial Irishman took him into Cock's shop; they had out Bennett's works; Bülow chose three very difficult pieces "The Lake," "The Millstream" and "The Fountain," carried them off, learnt them in the train, and played them from memory in the evening. This I heard from two sources, from Osborne himself in London, and from a Brighton musician who heard the performance at Brighton. In

the case of an ordinary piece, this feat would be astonishing enough; in view of the unaccustomed style and technique, and the microscopic delicacy of detail, it sounds as an almost incredible *tour de force*.

When I was studying at Leipzig in 1874, I attended the revival performance of Spohr's opera, "Jessonda." Noticing that all eyes were staring in the direction of the dress circle, I turned and saw, for the first time, Richard Wagner; afterwards having a good opportunity of studying his appearance and bearing as he walked up and down the *foyer* during the entr'actes. To my great surprise he instantaneously recalled to me the figure and face of Sterndale Bennett. But it was a caricature. Though he held his head just as Bennett did, and closely resembled him in general build and in cast of features, everything was exaggerated, and there was an entire lack of the repose and dignity which was so distinguishing a mark of the Englishman. There was more force but less refinement. The one loved the limelight as much as the other loathed it. With this curious similarity of physiognomy, the likeness ended. It was not given to Bennett to be world-compelling, nor to Wagner to be the lovable and the beloved.

When Bennett appeared on the scene, chamber music of native origin had been dormant for nearly a century: there had been no outstanding composer of absolute music since Purcell. It is to Bennett's initiative that England owes the awakening which since his day has spread over the artistic life of the country. He was affected, it is true, by his intercourse with Germany and his close friendships with Germans, but he maintained his British characteristics throughout his life. In a former article which I contributed to this Review, I said: "The English take a kind of pride in concealing their feelings and emotions, and this is reflected in their folk-song. The Thames has no rapids and no falls; it winds along under its woods in a gentle stream, never dry and never halting; it is the type of the spirit of English folk-music. . . . England is as remote from Keltic fire and agony, as the Thames is from the Spey." Bennett was a typical specimen of this English characteristic. He was a poet, but of the school of Wordsworth rather than of Byron and Shelley. Brought up in the flats of Cambridgeshire, he idealised in the "Naiads" and the "Woodnymphs," the beauties of the plains and the sluggish streams, but left the painting of rushing salmon-rivers, misty mountains and storms to more fiery and vivid natures. But the poet of tranquillity has his uses as well as the poet of feverishness.

There are few travellers who do not welcome the rest, both to eyes and to mind, of a flat country after a prolonged stay in the Alps: and they experience in low countries what is denied to them in high altitudes,—the beauties of a sunset. To an audience on the prowl for startling effects and for new sensations, such music as Bennett's cannot appeal: but to those who like to sit still, and can forget temporarily the rush of trains, motors, telegrams and telephones, it will convey the soothing charm which was part and parcel of the man himself. Bennett's most famous contemporary, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, had a more powerful temperament, and a greater grasp of big climax and of choral effect; but he practically confined himself to church music, a form which Bennett rarely touched and with which he had little to do, except by request, and for occasional functions; and with pianoforte, chamber and orchestral works he had little active sympathy. Wesley was essentially an experimenter. Bennett was not. Wesley was more masterful than masterly, Bennett more masterly than masterful. But these two men together, albeit opposite poles both in nature and in style, were the first-fruits of the Renaissance of English music.

As a pianist Bennett had a great reputation, but it was confined to a circle of connoisseurs. He played too seldom in public to cover a wider field, and his activities as a performer lasted only some thirteen years. After 1848 he left the Concert platform, only returning to it as a Conductor. His playing, however, was undoubtedly remarkable, and had a fire and energy in it which does not appear on the gentle surface of his music. While yet a boy, he was called the "English Hummel" and earned the warm praise of John Field. When Mendelssohn sent the boy Joachim to him, he wrote in his letter of introduction: "I think the impression his performances made on me very much like the one I still have of your Concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, when you wore the green jacket." His studies at the Royal Academy had been under men of mark with great traditions behind them. Clementi, J. P. Cramer, and Cipriani Potter (who inherited the Mozart training through Woelfl, Leopold Mozart's pupil) were all interested in the Academy work. Bennett's immediate masters were Holmes (the biographer of Mozart) and Potter. His playing of Beethoven was rated as highly at Leipzig as in London. Schumann who (as Clara Schumann wrote) "spoke so often of him as one of the pianists whom he most admired," printed in 1837 a remarkable article comparing him as a pianist with Mendelssohn:

The Englishman's playing is perhaps more tender, more careful in detail; that of Mendelssohn is broader, more energetic. The former bestows fine shading on the lightest thing, the latter pours a new force into the most powerful passages; one overpowers us with the transfigured expression of a single form, the other showers forth hundreds of fascinating Cherub-heads as in a heaven of Raphael. Some of the same characteristics are evident in their compositions.

Ferdinand Hiller, when Bennett visited Leipzig in 1838-39, wrote of the "greatest astonishment which his playing excited" and of its perfection in mechanism, its extraordinary delicacy of nuance, its wealth of soul and fire. Ayrton, a very able critic, declared that the mantle of Cramer had fallen upon him. One who heard him play the principal movement of his "Maid of Orleans" Sonata at the end of his life, when he thought he was alone, writes: "I was quite taken aback with the force he displayed. Bülow, whom I heard play it more than once afterward, seemed by comparison to be half asleep."

* *
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Bennett was born on April 13th, 1816, at Sheffield, where his father was organist of the parish church. In his fourth year, having lost both his parents, he was adopted by his grandfather, a Derbyshire singer who had settled in Cambridge in 1792 as a lay-clerk in the College Chapels. The child's musical faculties were sufficiently remarked, and before he was five years old his grandfather found him a capable instructress for the piano. Later, while passing two years in the choir of King's college, he escaped the notice of the Organist, but the closer observation of the Vice-Provost led to his being sent in his tenth year to be tested at the Royal Academy of Music. There he was at once retained as a resident pupil to enjoy the privilege, granted in his case for the first time, of free board and tuition. Among older companions selected after keen competition at the opening of the Academy three years before, he was unlikely to attract a notice for which he had by disposition no desire. But he was now living in a house which resounded with music; his violin, prescribed as his chief study, soon admitted him to the students' orchestra; and with a quick ear and a retentive memory to help him, he had within his reach the means of quietly acquiring knowledge beyond what came to him by direct instruction. Progress on the piano, as long as the instrument remained his second study in charge of an elder student, might well elude the observation of others. So when, as five years passed, his schoolfellows began to regard

him as "somewhat apathetic if not idle"; or a Professor would be heard saying, "Here is a boy who could do something if he chose"; or when his grandfather wrote, gently chiding him for indifference to distinction, the boy was ready with a practical reply. Sir George Macfarren, in late life, recalled a day when Bennett, aged fifteen, by his "singularly beautiful playing" of a new Concerto by Hummel, suddenly revealed himself to an Academy audience—John Field happened to be one of the guests—in his true vocation as a pianist. Soon afterwards, having as yet used very little music-paper, he surprised Dr. Crotch by producing a Symphony well-planned, well-orchestrated, and clearly showing the strong hold which the music of Mozart already had on his young mind. It is said that he early acquired the habit of taking Mozart's scores to bed with him that he might con them at the dawn of day. Then in 1832, when he was sixteen, he wrote a pianoforte concerto which brought him into wider notice. The Academy Directors arranged for its publication; Queen Adelaide sent for him to play it to her at Windsor; and a later performance of the same work in 1833 brought him his first introduction to Mendelssohn. He now continued to submit compositions to the judgment of Cipriani Potter, who had succeeded Dr. Crotch as Principal of the Academy, and to study pianoforte-playing under that learned and broad-minded musician. A Concerto, No. III in C mi., written in 1834, and an Overture "Parisina" dated March, 1835, suggest that on his nineteenth birthday in April, 1835, he had served his apprenticeship in composition, while his cordial reception at the Philharmonic Concerts in the following month gave him his "freedom as a pianist." He still lingered on at the Academy, till at length the prospect of a sum of money inherited from his mother allowed him to look further afield. His desire was to sojourn in Leipzig and possibly to pursue the study of composition under Mendelssohn. Partly with a view of taking advice on this subject he attended in the spring of 1836 a Festival which Mendelssohn was conducting at Düsseldorf. But Mendelssohn after examining his compositions wrote in letters to English friends: "I have told him [Bennett] that about teachers there is in his case no more to be said by anyone"; "I think him the most promising young musician I know, not only in your country, but also here"; "I am certain to gain as much pleasure and profit from his society as he from mine." (Letters written to Attwood and Klingemann). It was in this spirit of comradeship that Bennett was now to be received in Leipzig by musicians older than himself but still in the hey-day

of life. By a training completed in his own country he went out as a well-read scholar of German music. His character as an artist was already fixed and was the cause rather than the effect of the valued associations which he was now to enjoy.

In July, 1836, when he had spent more than ten years at the Academy, he took his leave by playing a fourth (never published) Concerto at the Prize Concert, and then during a holiday at a cottage in Grantchester near Cambridge wrote his Overture "The Naiads." In October he set out on the ten-days' journey to Leipzig, which he reached on the twenty-ninth. In the evening Mendelssohn took him to the Hotel de Bavière, where at that time certain musicians with their friends, as subscribers to the table-d'hôte, met from day to day. The impression which the newcomer made upon one of this group was given a fortnight later by Robert Schumann, who wrote to his home in Zwickau of "ein junger Engländer, William Bennett, in unsern täglichen Kreisen, Engländer durch und durch, ein herrlicher Kunstler, eine poetisch schöne Seele." (R. Schumann's Briefe, ed. Jensen, p. 70).

Exempt, by Mendelssohn's interdict, from fixed musical studies, Bennett now had full freedom for observation and enjoyment, and to gain from foreign intercourse not only artistic but also, probably even to a greater degree, general advancement. Musical events, however, naturally fill space in the simple diary which he kept at the time. He found Leipzig in a ferment over "Israel in Egypt," no novelty to an Englishman, but then, in a few days to be heard for the first time in the Saxon town. He attended the rehearsals and performance in the Pauliner-Kirche, but could not agree with the Saxons' interpretation of their compatriot's music. His diary continues to show him critical. The native singers and the poor performances of operas could excite little but pity, though in exception to this he heard, later in his visit, Schroeder-Devrient and had the honour of accompanying her in "Adelaide" and other songs at the Gewandhaus, (Apr. 7, 1837). At the subscription-concerts, though he was already familiar with the best of the music given, he listened to the orchestral works of the great Masters rendered by players "rather more musicianlike," as he admitted, than his own countrymen, under a conductor to whom there was no parallel in England. Mendelssohn's own music was for the moment conspicuous by its almost entire absence from the programmes. As novelties Bennett now heard Symphonies and Overtures of contemporary German composers: Hetsch, Hiller, Lachner, Lindpainter, Molique, Müller, Reissiger, Rosenhain, Joseph Strauss. There can

indeed be little ground for thinking that the music thus presented to him gave any fresh direction to his own thought as a composer. What Germany as compared with England did show him, bringing him mixed feelings of pleasure and envy, was a more openly expressed musical sentiment, a higher respect on all sides and among all classes towards music as an art, and a more considerate attitude towards those who found in it their calling. Bennett's London friends, who are said to have noticed a change of style in his music when he returned from Germany, may have seen and demurred to a warmth of expression redolent of a foreign atmosphere, in the pianoforte pieces which he wrote in Leipzig at this time: a Sonata in F mi. (Op. 13); 3 Romances (Op. 14), and a Fantaisie in four movements (Op. 16); which do perhaps show a less guarded enthusiasm, or a more exuberant lyrical manner than is to be seen in his earlier or later works of the same class.

His diary tells of daily walks with Schumann, or with Walther von Goethe, grandson of the poet; of German lessons; of his welcome to the houses of the Saxon families whose names are so familiar to readers of the various memoirs of the time; of his reluctance to play in society, a duty apparently new to his experience. But he conquered his shyness sometimes and left behind him a special remembrance of his renderings of Beethoven's music. Schumann, too, had soon found out "wie er Händel auswendig weiss, wie er alle Mozartschen Opern auf dem Clavier spielt, als sähe man sie lebhaftig vor sich." (Gesammelte Schriften, II, 7.) When the New Year came his abilities were put to a severer test. Of his appearance at the Gewandhaus, Schumann has left a charming record, and Mendelssohn wrote to his sister: "Bennett played his C mi. Concerto amidst the triumphant applause of the Leipzigers whom he seems at one stroke to have made his friends and admirers, for you hear now on all sides nothing but 'Bennett'." The new Overture "The Naiads" was played in February at the annual concert given "for the Poor." At the close of the musical season in March, Mendelssohn left Leipzig. For twenty weeks Bennett had been daily meeting him, but chiefly in the society of others. He had not found or had not taken opportunity for that closer companionship to which in the near future he was to be admitted. He stayed in Leipzig for some months longer and the interest of the time turns upon the growing friendship between Schumann and himself. It will be understood that Schumann would first be represented to Bennett as the editor of a musical paper; there

was as yet little conception of him as a composer, still less of his possible success as such. But Bennett during months of daily intercourse made acquaintance with the pianoforte works which Schumann had already written. He quoted them when he afterwards wrote to his friend from England as if he knew them well. Moreover, it may be presumed that he played them in the privacy of Schumann's rooms with a degree of sympathy which satisfied their composer, himself unhappily a disabled pianist. Schumann seems to have recalled this a year or two later when he was leading a lonely life in Vienna, and wrote to his future wife: "Einen jüngeren Menschen, einen Bennett, habe ich noch nicht finden können, und ich muss meine besten Gedanken für mich behalten." (*Gesammelte Schriften*, ed. Jansen, II, 491.) Schumann has left a striking memento of his own esteem for Bennett in the dedication to him of the "*Études Symphoniques*." In the last movement comes a theme from Marschner's Opera "*Der Templer und die Jüdin*," where Ivanhoe calls on proud England to rejoice over her noble Knights. "It is an ingenious way"—writes one of Schumann's biographers—"of paying homage to his beloved English composer."

While still a young man Bennett went twice again to Germany. He spent the winter of 1838-39 in Leipzig, taking over with him a new Concerto in F minor which he had written just before starting, in the above-mentioned cottage at Grantchester; also a Caprice for pianoforte and orchestra which he had composed and played earlier in the same year in London. During this stay in Leipzig he wrote his Overture "*The Wood-nymphs*" and some pianoforte pieces to which belong "*Three Diversions*" for four hands, written in time to play them first with Mendelssohn on Christmas morning 1838. These "*Diversions*" have often been quoted as notable examples of Bennett's workmanship. It was when reviewing them that Schumann wrote (*Gesammelte Schriften*, II, 205): "*Aber jener Engländer ist unter allen Fremden der deutschen Theilnahme am würdigsten, ein geborner Künstler, wie selbst Deutschland wenige aufzuweisen hat.*" Schumann was away in Vienna at this time, but Bennett was now much with Mendelssohn. "We would have more music together than the first time," Mendelssohn had written when urging Bennett to come over again. This promise was fulfilled, and the many hours thus spent in undisturbed companionship set the seal on a strong mutual attachment.

A third journey which Bennett made in the first month of 1842, when he was nearing his twenty-sixth birthday, brought

him into touch with Spohr, whose acquaintance he sought by staying a few days in Cassel, and who treated him during the time—to use the words of Bennett's diary—"just as if I were his son." While making Leipzig his head-quarters, he went twice to Berlin, also to Dresden, but though he had considered the question of making a professional tour in Germany he never did make any public appearances while abroad, save at the Gewandhaus.

A letter written some forty years later by a lady with whose family Mendelssohn was closely connected pictures Bennett by his side among their Leipzig friends:—

Sterndale Bennett was a frequent and welcome guest at our house, and I often met him with Mendelssohn together. Their relationship was one of surpassing friendliness. Each loved and respected the other and Mendelssohn felt the highest pleasure not only in the eminent gifts, but also in the characteristic and amiable nature of the young artist. . . . Their intercourse was most cordial and intimate. They were both given to pleasantries and Bennett in particular was as a rule in the mood for all manner of fun. . . . Within the circle of his most intimate friends his childlike merriment was irrepressible. He was fond of divers conjuring tricks and his anecdotes and comical stories were received with shouts of laughter. In large assemblies he was reserved and retiring but very popular, all considering themselves fortunate in counting him among their guests.

During the five or six years in which Bennett's three visits to Germany occurred, he had taken the first steps towards earning a livelihood in London and had by degrees become steadfast to that purpose. Thus from March, 1839, to December, 1841, *i. e.*, for nearly three years, only a single week passed, that being a Christmas week, in which he was not at his post ready to answer calls for his services—the more to his credit, perhaps, because those interested in him had anxiously mistrusted his capacity or inclination for mundane affairs. He took no holidays, gained no further inspiration from the meadows or millstream of Grantchester, but fixed himself in his chambers in Gt. Titchfield Street, in a city which could do little, and for nine months in each year nothing, to foster a musical spirit. Early correspondence with a trusted adviser assumed as a foregone conclusion that pianoforte-teaching was in his case the only side of his profession which could hold out hopes of security. Friends of his bachelor days afterwards recalled him as "a slave to the pianoforte," but surely only as the slave, or rather the devoted student of pianoforte music. The chances of playing in public would scarcely stimulate such

zeal. Within three years he was called to the front as a pianist, no oftener than four times, and this, though quite an enviable record for a London musician of those days, could not do much towards bread-winning. As a composer his extreme caution, which is clearly shown in his correspondence with Kistner, the Leipzig publisher, sufficiently explains how composition and money never met each other in his thoughts. The story of these years tells with reasonable certainty that he was not to be a prolific writer. He gave continuous attention to such work; a large portion of an Oratorio remains as one of the memories of the time; but even finished manuscripts he hesitated to surrender, and in spite of Kistner's urgent entreaties he parted with no music to a publisher between his twenty-third and twenty-sixth birthdays. Again, as a teacher, he found his road none too smooth. In England the ephemeral *Fantasia*, with its echoes of the Italian Opera, ruled the domain of the pianoforte alike on the concert-platform and in the schoolroom. To music of a severer sort, old or new, the word *classical* was applied in common parlance to denote a social bugbear. Its place has now been taken by the epithet *academic*, of which the true, but distasteful, definition is *a composer who knows his business*. Bennett wrote at the time of the professional circles where he heard Mozart and Beethoven freely referred to as "pedants." No wonder then, that a teacher who offered nothing but the works of great Masters attracted few pupils. There is no tale to be told about Bennett of starvation or garret-life, but his exceptional musicianship retarded rather than advanced his efforts to make ends meet.

In 1842, at the age of 26, he moved from his bachelor chambers to live with some friends who were able to give up their drawing-rooms to his use, thus enabling him to receive private pupils and also to start a scheme of Chamber-concerts. With this change of residence his circumstances began to improve. In 1844, when his income had reached £300 a year, he married Mary, daughter of Commander James Wood, R. N., who, though very young at the time, soon proved herself capable of assisting him in his progress. In 1845, he took a house in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, where he stayed for many years and which in due course became a centre of some musical interest. While the cares of livelihood still pressed, it was perhaps inevitable that his work as a composer should lie somewhat in abeyance. Within the six years (1842-47) he published the "Suite de Pièces" (Op. 24)—the most important work for Pianoforte Solo that he had so far written, in which Schumann observed increased originality, and traced the

result of studying Bach and Scarlatti. He also published other less ambitious works, including the "Rondo Piacevole" (Op. 25) which had a long life and gave pleasure to many; a Chamber Trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello (Op. 26); and a first set of six songs (Op. 23), the outcome of much selection and rejection. In 1843 he wrote to Kistner: "I have ready for the engraver my new Concerto which I performed last year at the Philharmonic Society and which I have since altered." But the engraver waited in vain. This Concerto (No. VI, in A mi.), written in a newer style than his earlier works of the same class, and finding much favour when he played it, might, one would imagine, have helped, on its publication, to keep interest alive in what he was doing. He revised it again in 1848 and played it for the second time in public, but he never published it though he always meant to do so, and had the score in his hands with the intention of putting finishing touches a few weeks before his death. Mendelssohn saw an Overture of his in 1844 and wished to play it in Leipzig, but Bennett hesitated and wrote in 1846:

I should have sent you my overture according to promise, but I really could not make up my mind to like the overture and to think it good enough for the Leipzig Public who have always been so kind to me and are certainly entitled to the best I can do, whatever that is; and I do not despair, if I have health and strength and more time to devote to composition than I have just now, but you know what England is and how we must work to keep up our houses, and living on the most economical scale.

Of Bennett's interest in the musical life of London in his earlier days there would indeed be little to say, had it not been for his close connection with the Philharmonic Society. Here, since his twentieth year, he had found the opportunity of taking some share in the more prominent musical movements of the time. Since 1835 the Society regularly produced his works. By his appearances for fourteen years in succession (save for one lapse when he was away in Leipzig) he enjoyed to an unprecedented extent the most envied honour which his country could then offer to a pianist. He had early been placed on the Board of Directors, where his knowledge of orchestral music was of use to older colleagues, few of whom had found in the England of their young days chances of studying that branch of their art. He acted as their agent in their negotiations with foreign musicians. The support which Spohr and Mendelssohn gave to the Society at a time of depression (1842-44) was due to his enterprise and to his acquaintance with these two eminent men. In this

way, too, he had for himself the gratification of keeping in touch with another interesting phase of his life, viz., his personal and musical association with Germany. It can, therefore, be realized how serious a crisis came in his career when these interests were suddenly shattered by two events, one bringing to him great sorrow and the other a sense of cruel injury.

Mendelssohn's visits to England in the later years of his life, and a continuous correspondence had served to maintain and strengthen the close bond which had united him to Bennett in Germany. Their association was no mere professional alliance. They shared, as Mendelssohn once wrote to Bennett on a serious occasion, "not only musical pleasures and sorrows but also the domestic ones on which life and happiness depend." In Mendelssohn, Bennett, no less by his personal qualities than by his musical gifts, had won a friend who was far the most remarkable, for his general attainments and his knowledge of men and matters, of any amongst whom he had yet moved. The "Brüderähnlichkeit" of their music, which Schumann regarded as springing from a common nature rather than as any result of influence or imitation, characterized their personal relations. There can be no doubt that Bennett owed much, at the outset of a career which his conscience made a hard one, to the fellow-feeling and encouragement of this brotherly friend, and that Mendelssohn's sudden death at the end of 1847 came to him as an irreparable loss.

This was followed, not many months afterwards, by another stroke of misfortune, though of a very different kind. In the season of 1848, a misunderstanding, trifling in itself, about the performance of one of Bennett's Overtures, arose between himself and Michael Costa, who then and for some years to come conducted the Philharmonic Concerts. Bennett, innocent of any intentional offence, unable to gain an interview with Costa at which he hoped explanations might be exchanged, and then unable to get satisfaction through the mediation of his colleagues on the Direction, whose support he looked for, felt himself terribly aggrieved. He saw but one course to take and resigned all connection with the affairs of the Society. This meant for him not only his withdrawal as a pianist and composer from the arena where high distinction could in his case most readily be gained, but also a severance of ties of the strongest kind, and of such musical interests as he highly prized. At the end of the London season he went for a short holiday with his family to the seaside. There he completely broke down. The death of Mendelssohn was still

an open wound, and at the time of the Philharmonic trouble he had lost the best friend in whom he could have confided and whose sympathy and advice would have been so helpful. His wife was seriously alarmed at the apparently utter collapse of his health and spirits, and though he soon returned to his work, he regained his usual health so slowly that her anxiety was of long duration.

Schumann once wrote of Bennett that he was "Clavierspieler vorzugsweise," and to others who held the same view it became a matter of regret that in his thirty-third year and in the fulness of his powers he should have discarded to a great extent that branch of his musicianship in which, maybe, his individuality was most pronounced. But the time must have come to him ere long when he could no longer tax himself with the maintenance of those powers for the sake of two or three exhibitions of it as a Concerto player in the course of the year. The Philharmonic incident having relieved him of his chief duty in this direction he may have construed it into a signal for a complete withdrawal. Since 1838 he had followed the old-fashioned plan of giving an annual concert of his own. On these occasions he always employed an orchestra and played Concertos. In 1849, a year after his rupture with the Philharmonic, he gave the last of these concerts, and gained wider patronage than usual. He handed the profit of £80 to the "Governesses' Benevolent Institution," a graceful act, it may be thought, on his retirement from the front-rank of pianists. The sum named was a tithe, almost exactly, of his income at the time.

If he found himself for the present rather in the shadow of the musical world, he had on the other hand by this time secured his footing as a teacher and was pressed by little further anxiety in respect to livelihood. With an easy mind he could renew his work as a composer, though he now pursued it in its smaller forms without thought of its public performance. He seems also to have kept in view as a paramount duty the advancement of the music of great composers, and he now looked for quiet spheres in which he might work to this end, according to the time and means at his disposal. In his younger days he had diligently studied Bach's music, certainly his clavier-music as far as he had been able to find it in print in England or Germany. The instrumental works of Bach had been appreciated in this country, as is well known, by an earlier generation of musicians; but Bennett merits remembrance as a pioneer in the introduction here, under great difficulties, of the composer's vocal masterpieces. In 1848 or 1849 he purchased a pianoforte score—printed in Paris!—of the

St. Matthew "Passions-Musik," was startled by the beauty and modern freshness of its opening bars, while on further reference he became convinced that in the great Church-compositions of Bach an entirely new region was accessible to an Oratorio-loving country. In October, 1849, he asked a few musicians to his house and proposed the formation of a Society for the collection of printed or manuscript works of Bach and for the private practice of his vocal music by the members. The difficulties of the undertaking were soon manifest. The first advertisement attracted six candidates for membership. In the course of three months prospects brightened, and though a proposed Festival of Bach's music, to inaugurate the Society on the anniversary of his birthday, had to be abandoned through the want of music to perform, the birthday was kept and thirty-five members with but four female voices among them made their first trial of the only vocal work of Bach's with English words which was then to be found in England, a motet, which was afterwards said to have been the product of some other composer. Copyists were now set to work. Two more motets were produced and a set of six were a little later printed for the use of the Society; then the members found that they could not sing the motets and many of them absconded. Bennett persevered, collected by degrees a nucleus of earnest workers, Academy students were called in, the children of the Chapel Royal came to the rescue, practices were continued during the winter months of each year and private concerts were arranged. A pupil of Bennett's, Miss Helen F. Johnston, who in her eighteenth year had been the first candidate for membership, well deserves to have her name coupled with that of her master in any record of the movement. She framed the course of her young life to suit the special work, studied German, the theory of music, the organ, and lithography, and gradually produced, consulting Bennett at every step, an English version of the St. Matthew "Passions-Musik." She set up a lithographic press in her house and prepared with her own hands the parts needed for the rehearsals of that great work. Bennett afterwards wrote about the preparation of this unfamiliar music: "Its introduction was effected *bit by bit*, one portion rehearsed over and over again until performers and listeners began to find their way in it, and then some other portions ventured on." A set of solo-singers and orchestral players, all giving voluntary assistance, in most cases as a personal tribute to Bennett rather than from any interest in the unknown or mysterious Bach, attended rehearsals for quite a year, finding as much difficulty if not more than the chorus

found. The first performances of the "Passions-Musik" took place in the Hanover Square Rooms in April and November, 1854, Bennett with a few friends guaranteeing the financial results. These performances were too imperfect to convert certain eminent musicians and critics who viewed the reception of such music in England as a chimera. But the ice was broken; and in the next eight years, while the Bach Society continued to work, a much higher standard in the performance both of this and of other choral works of Bach was reached. Bennett did not pass on the work to other hands till he had seen all doubt as to the future of this music in England finally dispelled.

Meanwhile he had done loyal service elsewhere to other great composers, more especially to Beethoven. He had started, in his drawing-rooms in Charlotte Street, concerts of that chamber music in which the pianoforte takes part, and this he had done at a time when little of such music had been publicly played. After a few years he took the concerts to the Hanover Square Rooms, and by degrees they met with much appreciation. In the course of the time he gave forty concerts, drew from a repertoire of forty-five concerted works, chiefly by Beethoven, very few of which, save those by Mendelssohn, had been played in public in England before he introduced them. The critic Davison has left a tribute to Bennett in this connection in an account he gave in 1852 of one of these concerts:

The Hanover Square Rooms was densely packed with such an audience of connoisseurs and professors as perhaps Sterndale Bennett is alone able to collect together. Sterndale Bennett was the originator (in 1842) of these performances of classical Chamber-music by the great composers for the pianoforte to which the art and its professors are so much indebted, and which of late years have been so greatly in vogue. The best pianist and the best composer for the pianoforte that this country has probably known, no one could be more fitted to set the example; and if works once confined to the student's library are now widely diffused and popular it is certainly due to Sterndale Bennett, who was not only the first to venture on producing them in public, but now that ten years have passed remains without a superior among the foreign and English pianists who have followed in his steps.

Bennett continued the Chamber concerts till the year 1856. Then new duties obliged him to abandon them, and he ceased altogether to play in public.

Since the completion of his thirtieth year his employments had assumed, both in nature and extent, the form from which in future they little varied. One year serves as the pattern of many that followed. In the first six months of 1848 he taught the piano

for 950 hours; gave four concerts of his own; took some share as conductor or pianist at eleven others; helped in the organization of the new Queen's College in Harley Street, where he delivered an Introductory Lecture on Harmony in the Spring, before taking classes in the College twice a week in that subject. Continuing to teach in July, and taking but a brief holiday in the middle of August between the close of the London season and the reopening of the schools after the early Midsummer holidays, he brought up the total hours of teaching to 1632, without counting his classes at Queen's College. These figures, however, do not at all represent the time entailed. Towns such as Maidstone, Ipswich, Brighton, in all of which he taught in turn, were not in those days easily accessible; while the villages in the neighbourhood of London could not yet be called suburban. But Bennett, scrupulous as to the music he taught, had to take his work wherever he could find it. On the Brighton day, a policeman on his beat rang the door-bell in Russell Place at 4 a. m., and continued his peal till Bennett from his bedroom window answered the signal. Then there came a long drive to London Bridge to catch the 6 a. m. train. He gave eight or nine lessons at one school at Brighton and did not reach home till 11 p. m. On ordinary days he left his home at 8.30 a. m. and returned at 9 or 10 in the evening. Charles Steggall, who was his pupil for pianoforte, harmony, counterpoint, and composition for four years (1847-1851), took many lessons from him at the Academy in Tenterden Street during the summer months at 7 a. m., and Steggall, on seeing whither his master next repaired, used to wonder how any inhabitant of Portland Place could be ready to take a lesson at so early an hour as eight. That such a life was possible, was largely due to his wife, who had worked conjointly with him since their marriage and had by degrees relieved him almost entirely of correspondence and business matters. He took great pride in showing his brother professors the time-table in her hand-writing of his day's work; then he would say: "I have nothing to do with it, I only have to give the lessons." Then, again, though for some time it remained necessary to work continuously throughout the year, it was not always at high pressure, and lastly the Sunday of those times was a day of absolute rest and stillness. The pianoforte in Bennett's house was not touched on Sunday; the only music he heard that day were the Chants and Hymns and a *Te Deum* of Jackson's (a permanent fixture) in the church which he regularly attended. Before his work reached its maximum, his wife insisted on the use of a small carriage—the so-called pill-box of the medical

profession—and in this shelter he spent a great part of his life. In the long drives to and from his work it served as a reading-room full of newspapers and books. Here he is known to have studied counterpoint; to have mentally practised the pianoforte; and to have composed or sifted his musical ideas probably as much, if not more, than in any other place. The carriage served him for a dining-room or a dressing-room. Foot-warmers, hot-plates and a bull's-eye lantern were constant accompaniments. The lantern was often used on his return from Miss Lowe's school at Southgate, which journey, in the foggy season, he took on foot by the side of his horse. At least half his week was spent in rural places, and this added to the brightness and healthfulness of his life. In Spring and Summer he came home with his carriage full of flowers, and the country schools vied with each other to be the first to present him with his favourite lilac-blooms.

And the teaching itself, to which in those days so many applied no other word than "drudgery," was to him a worthy calling. How mean the occupation was in the eyes of the world must at times have forced itself to his notice. But Bennett's work lay much in educational circles, while his other pupils came to him with some seriousness of intent, knew something of his value as a musician, so that they looked up to him and treated him with courtesy and respect. The strictness of views which at first retarded his progress brought him in the end a full reward. He spent his days, not only in the society of the countless pupils he influenced, but also in continuous association, through the medium of the music he taught, with the great masters of his art. He taught school-girls who were almost beginners, but as far as could be seen, he took the same interest in them and in the simple music he found for them as he did in the advanced pupils preparing their Concertos for public performance. His patience, a quality which even the youngest scholar can appraise, was proverbial amongst his pupils. He was found strict, at times even severe. Personally, he was thought by many to be rather difficult to approach. There is little recorded of any definite systems of instruction. Music, rather than the playing of it, seems to have dwelt in the memory of his pupils. "He taught me to like Beethoven" was an often-expressed and grateful reminiscence. Not a few went much further and, sinking music altogether, preferred to acknowledge the strong influence for good that their music-master had upon their lives.

In the season of 1853, came a sharp revival of the Philharmonic trouble. The young Arabella Goddard was to make her début

at one of the concerts. Costa, having already stipulated with the Directors that he might decline to conduct any work to which he might take exception, now refused to conduct Bennett's Concerto in C mi., which Miss Goddard had chosen for her performance. When the Directors asked her to name another work by one of the great Masters, she, thinking that such a change might be taken to imply some slur on Bennett's reputation, declined to alter her choice and submitted to the cancelling of her engagement. This incident caused much remark, and even reached the columns of "Punch," in which sixteen lines of caustic verse succinctly related not only this incident, but the circumstances of the old quarrel to which it was the sequel. If the matter pained Bennett, as emphasizing his banishment from the Philharmonic, a counterbalance was near to hand. A few weeks later, he received a letter from the Directors of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, written with delightful reference to old memories, asking him to accept their Conductorship—surely one of the highest appreciations ever up to that time offered to an English musician, and of extra significance to a man who had so far found no such position in his own country. Bennett was prepared to make any reasonable sacrifice in order to embrace the offer. But the letter reached him in August when he found himself unable to get into touch with clients, or with the only musician, Cipriani Potter, to whom he thought he might entrust his more important duties during five months' absence in the following winter. "I wish I could fully express"—he wrote to Leipzig—"how sorrowful it makes me to be compelled to decide so thoroughly against my own inclinations." The special object of the letters which both he and his wife wrote to German friends at the time was to show him not ungrateful for the recollection of him in his Leipzig days which this invitation implied. Among the lasting pleasures of his life the remembrances of Leipzig took a prominent place, and to the end he was never happier than when a letter of introduction from Germany brought to his doors some young foreigner to whom he could render service. After his death, Ferdinand Hiller refers to this when characterizing his English friend:—"As a man, Bennett was extremely simple, unaffected, open, honourable, good-tempered, cheerful and sociable. German musicians found with him a truly heart-felt welcome."

One of Bennett's attempts to return German kindness has special interest. In early life he had set his mind upon introducing, sooner or later, to this country, one of the most remarkable artistic personalities whom he met in Germany. That nearly

twenty years passed before this was done, furnishes some illustration of the state to which charlatans had degraded the use of the pianoforte in this country, a matter which had had no little effect upon Bennett's own early career. Within a week of his first arrival in Leipzig in 1836, he wrote in his diary:—"I have made my bow to Miss Clara Wieck, a very *clever* girl and plays capitally. . . . I wish all girls were like her." Five years later, when Clara Wieck had become Clara Schumann, Bennett met her again in Leipzig, wrote home of her as being one of the finest players he had ever heard, and added: "I want her to come to England and I have answered that she shall play at the Philharmonic, but I fear I shall not persuade her." Nor did he; for though, as a recently appointed Philharmonic Director, he might assure her of one engagement, a pianist of Madame Schumann's order would not in 1842 secure enough patronage in London to meet her travelling expenses. At any rate Bennett's own experiences would not at that time add much force to his persuasions. But nine years later Bennett, though at variance with the Philharmonic Society, was in a stronger position to issue invitations. He had mustered a good following of music-lovers; he had secured an income by steady work, so that he could indulge in such luxuries as a Bach Society or unremunerative Chamber concerts, or even to face the risks of starting a series of fortnightly orchestral concerts in the year of the Great Exhibition. So he wrote to Schumann, who had by this time achieved a great name as a composer in his own country, and asked him to bring his wife over in 1851, so that his compositions and her playing might be made known here. Schumann, in a long and appreciative reply, wrote:

We have the greatest desire to visit England and we shall probably come. . . . The question is, could we in so short a time earn enough to cover the cost of journey and living, which we estimate at £100 at least. If you think so, we should wish for nothing further.

Bennett's reply to this, though catalogued in Schumann's collection of letters, has disappeared. Possibly the short time that the Schumanns could devote to the plan, was a cause of its failure. Bennett did not give the concerts, the arrangement with the Schumanns was postponed to the next year when it again failed of accomplishment, perhaps from want of engagements from other quarters. However, in view of the attitude which Bennett was later supposed to assume towards Schumann's music, it is desirable to notice that he was the first if not the only

person to try to bring Schumann as a composer into personal touch with an English audience. In 1854, he was again urging Madame Schumann to come to England for the 1855 season.

I can tell you (he wrote), with the very greatest confidence, that you would be received with enthusiasm and I think you would in every way be satisfied that you had at last paid a visit to England. For my own part it would be a great pleasure to me to be of the least assistance to you in your previous arrangements, and to make your stay in England as comfortable as possible. . . . I should be glad if you would tell me when you would come and how long you would stay and if you would give me leave to accept engagements for you & how much for each concert, *et cetera*—then I would take care to have a good business prepared for you.

There seems something to admire in the fact of one pianist pressing another to come and enter his own preserves, while he merely asks for himself the privilege of acting as her agent. Madame Schumann agreed to come and accepted an invitation to stay with the Bennetts. When the time came, the illness of her husband prevented her leaving home, but the fulfilment of Bennett's wish was near at hand.

In 1856, at the age of forty, he was called to greater prominence under conditions grateful to his feelings. At Cambridge, the home of his boyhood, the whilom chorister was now elected Professor of Music in the University, and at the same time he was welcomed back to the Philharmonic Society as Conductor of the concerts. These positions made no improvement in his private circumstances, for the fees he received for the conductorship did not balance the sacrifice of time incident upon performing his honorary duties at Cambridge. For his livelihood, therefore, he still had to depend entirely upon teaching. Seventeen years had gone by since he had settled down to regular work in London, and during that time, which proved in the end to represent nearly half his professional life, there had certainly been little at hand to brighten and stimulate his musical spirit; but he now found himself as well placed in his profession as he could desire to be, and he might perhaps be deemed fortunate, seeing how few were the appointments, except for organists, which this country had to offer to its musicians, to have obtained preferment with its attendant encouragement, as soon as he did.

On the evening when he took up his duties at the Philharmonic Society, Madame Schumann, who was staying in his house at the time, made her first appearance in England. Again, a wish of Schumann's, expressed in his letter to Bennett in 1851, that

his "Paradise and the Peri" might be given in London with Madame Jenny Lind as the principal singer, was now carried out at the sixth concert of the season. There is, however, no need to give details of the music played during the eleven years of Bennett's conductorship. A few suggestions which he made to the Directors at the opening of his second season were coldly received, and he was courteously reminded that the Conductor had no part in the framing of programmes. Therefore the programmes, chosen by the Directors, have no special interest as regards Bennett, such as they might possibly have if they could be taken to illustrate his musical tendencies. Referring to him simply as a conductor, it would appear that tradition gives him no place on that side of his profession comparable to that which it grants him as a pianist. He was not called to the regular exercise of a conductor's skill till he was past middle life, and the six or eight Philharmonic concerts which he then annually conducted, even when the other isolated opportunities which occurred to him with more or less frequency throughout life are superadded, could not represent the amount of experience associated with the notion of a great *chef-d'orchestre*. But putting aside Costa, the great conductor of the day, no one else had more to do in this way than Bennett, and he went to the Philharmonic with knowledge and feeling for the music with which he had to deal of a higher order than could be claimed for either Costa, or for any of the men doing similar work in London at exactly the same time. This advantage may have lost its full effect, because a musician of high ideals, who aimed for the nicer subtleties of interpretation, had in those days a limited chance of riveting his refinements upon an orchestra which he only met once a fortnight for a few months of each year at rehearsals not much longer than the corresponding concerts, an orchestra, too, no doubt splendidly trained under the strictest discipline, but entirely on lines laid down at the Italian Opera. In any case, however, few denied Bennett high rank, while many assigned him the foremost place among contemporary conductors of classical music in this country.

He was elected Professor at Cambridge by a majority so overwhelming as to cause great surprise. Within the walls of the University and among the comparatively few of its members who noticed the proceedings, he found as much or perhaps more favour than the other candidates. He had on his side the support of his predecessor's intimate friends who well knew the value that Thomas Attwood Walmisley had placed on his general

musicianship. On the other hand, he could not claim, as a secular musician, the qualifications hitherto associated with the office. But the decision did not rest with the Cambridge residents alone. There was no organist on the spot at the time on whom the authorities could confer a title which to them had only a shadowy significance. They decided to make a choice by Poll of the Senate, thus giving a chance for an open competition which had previously occurred but once during at least a hundred years. The non-resident members thus had a voice in the matter and secured for Bennett his surprising majority. Dr. Whewell, the Vice-Chancellor, wrote from Trinity Lodge shortly before the polling-day: "It is wonderful what a stir this election makes in London." The "stir" took its rise from the writing-table of Bennett's wife. She left no stone unturned, in her quiet way, to help her husband, and it was chiefly to the influence exerted, at her request, by Bennett's past and present pupils that he owed his election, and gained thereby some return for his many years of conscientious work as a teacher. He approached his position at Cambridge with zeal tempered by caution. His only fixed duty was connected with degrees in Music. The decision on the merits of candidates for these degrees rested with the Professor, or, strictly speaking, he had to approve of an "Exercise" composed by the candidate, before such Exercise was performed in the hearing of the University authorities. The University, however, had laid down the conditions for granting the degrees in terms so vague, that a new Professor had no little difficulty and responsibility in the practical application of them. Nor was Cambridge willing at the time to follow an example lately set by Oxford of issuing new enactments on the subject. The authorities of the University met Bennett's enquiries and suggestions with courtesy, but were slow to agree with him or among themselves about the construction that might be given to antique and briefly expressed formulæ. Much of Bennett's anxiety, which the University was unlikely to share, sprang from the poor repute of these degrees in the musical profession, where the most unwarrantable suspicions were rife and libellously circulated in print as to the means by which they were obtained. After much correspondence some of the points at issue were settled. Bennett was to be allowed to examine the candidates, not privately in his own house as it had been suggested by the University Registry, but in Cambridge, as a test additional to his approval of their compositions; and it was conceded, after some demur, that he was within his rights in maintaining that the candidates must, as

a first step, enter their names on the books of a College, and not approach him in a private and unauthorized capacity. Within twelve months he issued a circular containing all needful information about entrance to a College, musical Exercises and their performance, and the expenses of graduation. This circular kept at bay the incompetent aspirants who had inundated him with letters during the first year of his Professorship. As to the relation between the two degrees of Bachelor and Doctor, the latest information at hand was in a Report, dated 1852, to the University Commissioners, which stated that the "conditions for both degrees are the same." The possibility of proceeding at once to the higher degree had naturally obliterated the value of the other; and when Bennett became Professor, the Bachelor's degree had not been taken for fourteen years. He determined to revive it and succeeded in doing so. His circular clearly stated that the higher degree could be taken independently of the other. But it lay within his province to control the standard of merit. When it became common knowledge that he was a difficult man to approach, the way in which he wished to be approached seemed also to be generally understood, and as it turned out, no one, during the nineteen years of his Professorship, proceeded to the Doctor's degree who had not previously taken that of Bachelor.

Work with successful and unsuccessful candidates for degrees, scarcely any of whom saw Cambridge for more than a few hours of their lives, could of itself bring Bennett, a non-resident Professor, into little touch with University life. He wished to identify himself with music in Cambridge itself, and he lost no time in starting to do so. It being the custom for resident members of the University, including the students reading for honours, to stay up for two months of the long vacation, Bennett took advantage of this, and in the year of his election spent his summer holidays in Cambridge. This involved some sacrifice of the needed rest and retirement which he could enjoy only at that time of year, but it served a useful purpose. In the course of some weeks he made many new acquaintances and laid the foundation of many close and life-long friendships. He conquered for the time being his usual reluctance to play in private society and readily assisted at musical parties designed for "lionizing" him. He collected undergraduates and choristers to practice Bach's music two or three times a week in a Trinity lecture-room. This was the beginning of the ready help which he gave for many years to the musical societies in Cambridge, of which the amateurs became duly appreciative. He was prepared to make sacrifices

in return for the honour and pleasure which his connection with the University brought him. He gave up on the average, for ten or eleven years, in each term, four of his regular working-days to Cambridge. The hours thus spent enabled him to do everything required, beyond what he did by correspondence, in the matter of musical degrees (for which there remained a continuous flow of candidates, though the number of degrees granted did not perhaps exceed or equal the number of years for which he held the Professorship); to assist or appear at concerts; and to be present at University functions, or at such social gatherings as he might be invited to in the Colleges. He certainly became as familiar a figure in Cambridge as any other non-resident official. After he had held the Professorship for eleven years, the Vice-Chancellor of the time wrote to him: "It has been pointed out to me to my great surprise that no pecuniary consideration was assigned by the University to the Professor of Music." A Syndicate was appointed to report on the "Proceedings in Music," and this report when issued recommended that a stipend of £100 a year should be assigned as long as Professor Bennett held the chair, it being thought "that his services could not with propriety remain any longer unrequited." At the same time the degree of M. A. was conferred upon him to give him the status of a member of the Senate. Bennett therefore lived to see the Professorship in a more promising condition than that in which he had found it. Striking changes or rapid developments in the musical life of the University cannot be claimed as a result of his régime, but the degrees came to be regarded in the musical world as desirable objects none too easy to obtain; and, again, at a time when respect for music itself among the members of a learned society was somewhat lacking no man could be better qualified than he to disarm prejudice, and attract deference to the art he professed.

His duties at the Philharmonic led him to give up his Chamber-concerts. He thus retired from public playing, and, possibly as a natural consequence, ceased for many years to write pianoforte-music. But his new positions furnished greater incentives to composition than had reached him since his young days, and his work as a composer found some new directions. After his election at Cambridge he was advised to take a degree, and the Vice-Chancellor wrote: "On your composing an Anthem for Commencement Sunday to be performed in St. Mary's Church, I have reason to believe that the University will grant you the degree of Doctor of Music." So Bennett wrote an Anthem for double choir in

several movements, and this was the first of a series of such works which he wrote for Cambridge or at the request of University friends. Being now in evidence as a Conductor, he was invited, in 1857-58, to conduct "Lancashire Festival Concerts" in Manchester, as also a Festival at Leeds for which he was asked to provide a new composition—the first instance of his receiving a commission to write specially for an important occasion. The notice was short but he responded with his Cantata "The May-Queen." The welcome given to this work did not induce him to court further success on the same lines. In the next three years he devoted holidays, and much other time of value to him in a mundane sense, to the study of German Hymnology, and, in partnership with Otto Goldschmidt, edited a "Chorale Book for England," the result of laborious research. In 1862 he was asked by the Commissioners of the second Great Exhibition to join Auber, Meyerbeer and Verdi in providing music representative of four countries for their opening ceremony. He accordingly set music to an Ode written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate. His treatment by the Commissioners and the conductor Costa while he was preparing the music, and the underhand plot to prevent its performance, were fully and indignantly exposed by the London Press. In the same year he set Charles Kingsley's Ode for the Installation of a new Chancellor at Cambridge and wrote a descriptive Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," for the Jubilee celebration of the Philharmonic Society (1862).

The death of his wife in the autumn of this year ended a partnership of eighteen years, which had brought him not only full domestic happiness, but also much of the success which he had been able to gain in his professional career.

In the summer of 1863 he was on the Rhine with his children, reviving remembrances and with his thoughts turning to Leipzig. A visit there would involve writing new music. He had never gone empty-handed. Soon after his return to London he began to play the opening section of an orchestral movement in G minor, the first phrase of which he called "the waves of life." This became the principal movement of a Symphony completed and played by the Philharmonic Society in 1864. At the close of the year he found himself once more in Leipzig as the guest of Ferdinand David. He conducted his new Symphony at a Gewandhaus concert, and in the course of seven days, all the time he could spare for this tribute to old memories, was treated with the tenderest regard by the friends who had not seen him for twenty-three years.

In 1865, at the end of the musical season, he wished to retire from his place at the Philharmonic which he had already held longer than any predecessor. The Directors persuaded him to continue for another season. "The Times," when reviewing the musical events of 1866, remarked that Schumann had been "the sensation composer" of that year with the Directors of Concerts. The Philharmonic took a part in this movement. The "Paradise and the Peri," which had been laid on the shelf since 1856, was again produced under Bennett's direction; and at the last concert of the season Alfred Jaell played the A mi. Concerto so delightfully that the audience was moved to an exceptional display of approval. This was the last Concerto that Bennett ever conducted. He was deaf to the further entreaties of the Directors that he would reconsider his retirement and, indeed, before the last concert took place, had already accepted an alternative appointment at the Royal Academy of Music.

At the age of fifty, with all family obligations near fulfilment, he fancied the approach of a time when he might reduce his work as a teacher, pass his remaining years with freer choice of pursuits and devote himself to composition or, as he would more expressly say 'to the *study* of music.' His farewell to public appearances on retirement from the Philharmonic was a sign of the desire for this greater freedom; but his hopes were never realized. In June, 1866, after eighteen months hesitation he yielded to pressure, and consented to return to the Royal Academy of Music in the office of Principal, though merely accepting conditions, established by precedent, which required his attendance for six hours a week to teach composition and arrange class-lists, with remuneration equivalent to the value of his time elsewhere. So limited a scheme threatened no disturbance to his present or future plans. But there were stronger reasons for hesitation. He had not been inside the Academy for eight years. In 1858 he had thrown up his post there as a Professor by way of protest against an action of the Directors who had invited the Staff of the Italian Opera to supply the music for an Academy concert which the Queen was to attend, thereby casting a grievous slight on the musical profession of this country, for the advancement of whose interests the Institution which they governed had been expressly founded. Owing to a long course of similar acts of tactless administration the Academy had lost all esprit-de-corps, had alienated its friends and ruined its prestige. It was now on the brink of ruin, and no other man of Bennett's rank would have run the risk of connecting himself with it. If he believed that he could improve its condition his faith was

not shared by others, and his friends regarded his return to the miserable place with silent wonder. He assumed his new office without the encouragement of a single word of congratulation. He gave no explanation of his decision, which could only be accounted for by others as the outcome of grateful remembrances and of pity for the house in which he had passed his boyhood.

It would be difficult to pay just tribute to the work of Bennett's latest years without reciting the details of a long and eventful period in the history of the Royal Academy of Music. Here it must suffice to tell:—how within eighteen months of his election as Principal the Directors passed a resolution to close the Academy and attempted to surrender the Charter; how Bennett then came to the rescue, defeated the Directors and saved his old school from annihilation; and how, when the Directors promptly deserted the place declaring its prospects hopeless, Bennett had no other course than to assume the Chairmanship of the Committee of Management, and thereby to become responsible for the chief control of the Academy in relation not only to education but also to general business. As principal, his musicianship, the simplicity and unselfishness of his aims and the graciousness of his personality readily attached the respect and won the hearts of colleagues and students, and under his headship the personnel of the place grew in numbers and became imbued with the spirit of common interest. As Chairman he succeeded, after the Government had withdrawn its annual grant, in winning it back, restored the financial credit of the house, and during seven years bore the harassing anxiety of complex negotiations with various public bodies of great influence who were discussing schemes for the advance of national musical education. Bennett could not disregard the great advantages which might accrue to the Academy if it were adopted as the basis of a more extended project, but he ultimately broke off the negotiations when he found good reason to fear that the Academy might lose its identity if he allowed it to become involved in schemes which were as yet immature and about which there was no one in an authorized position to give him his required pledges of security. By his devotion and self-sacrifice during these years he fully repaid the debt he owed to his Alma Mater. He gave up his time without stint at a loss of more than a quarter of his previously earned income, and when the change in his circumstances had to be reckoned with, he was quite willing, though not without a pang, to let his own house furnished, and find shelter for three years in a cottage in Porchester Terrace. This self-denial may be placed to the honour of his character. Nevertheless, there must

remain a shadow of regret, while thinking of him as a musician, that he should have become engrossed, during years which he had hoped to employ far differently, in duties which not only took heavy toll of his powers both of mind and of body, but also, for the most part, lay quite outside a musician's province.

Though his thoughts, even those of his spare time, were constantly given to the Academy, music still held its place in his mind, and during curtailed holidays and even at times of greatest pressure he wrote works of importance. Thus he contributed his Oratorio "The Woman of Samaria" to the Birmingham Festival in 1867. After many years of silence as a writer of pianoforte music he added a Sonata "The Maid of Orleans"; and for the orchestra, wrote a fine "Prelude" and a long Funeral March as the first installments of music to the "Ajax" of Sophocles, on which music he was engaged up to the time of his death.

During the last year of his life, his anxiety for the prospects of the Academy being by that time relieved, he passed months of an apparently happy contentment in a house with a pretty garden which he had taken in St. John's Wood. But his health was broken, and after a short illness he died on February 1st, 1875, within a few weeks of completing his fifty-ninth year.

It was characteristic of early Victorian England, overrun by the foreigner and oblivious of the native, that the first State recognition of music of the day was a knighthood bestowed upon the very man, whose hostility (Corsican in its vendetta) to Bennett had been so long a scandal in the artistic life of the day, Michael Costa. It was not until two years later (in 1871) that public opinion forced those in high places to give him the honour which he ought to have been the first to receive. But if the recognition by the State was slow in coming, other bodies had been more rapidly appreciative, and he cared but little for the trappings of a title. When he died in 1875, he received his due meed, a resting place in Westminster Abbey close by the tomb of Henry Purcell, and under the shadow of the organ on which he played. The writer of this article vividly recalls how the ceremony, to all appearances stately and proud as such functions are, was resolved, by the all-pervading affectionate spirit of the man it honoured, into a close, intimate and family-like gathering of sorrowing friends. It was a striking tribute to a great artist, but still more so to a spotless, noble-minded character.¹

¹I am greatly indebted, in the compilation of this article, to the help and advice of Mr. J. R. Sterndale Bennett, the author of an admirable biography of his father. Without his active coöperation it would have been almost impossible to make the essay worthy of its subject and his environments.

THE LIFE PROBLEM IN WAGNER'S DRAMAS

By WILHELM PETERSON-BERGER¹

THE main rootstock from which Wagner's art springs is the Greek music drama, which was kept alive, by means of the words, through a long winter's sleep, until the spring of a new era, the time of the Renaissance. Then it became the object of a culturally conscious and historically antique attempt at revival, until finally it was transplanted by Richard Wagner, and given new sap and new growing power by the ingrafting of shoots from Germanic myths, music and song.

The transplanting of a rootstock from one soil to another, would naturally be impossible, unless both localities offered the same nourishment. Such nourishment is to be found in the problems which the tragic-humorous conception of life, of necessity both creates and brings to a solution in real life, as well as in its most artistic of mirrors, the music drama.

In truth, every attack on life, every obstacle which interferes with the continuity of life in its fullest and richest form, involves a life problem. In its typical, and for man its most significant form, this problem always appears as a conflict between opposing life factors, in particular between the individual and the super-individual, the private and public interest, the genius and the people, the ego and the world.

Conflicts may occur during processes of change, but in the main they arise in two ways: either directly, as when the individual, in a demand for his real or imagined rights, sets up his strength and his superiority against the world, which he wholly or in part ignores; or indirectly, as when the individual so entirely and completely yields to a certain superindividual instinct that everything else is ignored. In the first case, the opposition of the individual to the world from the standpoint of life may or may not be justifiable. In the second, the right is usually on the side of the world, the disturbed harmony of life.

¹ Wilhelm Peterson-Berger's compositions are at last gradually entering into American musical life. Not so his writings; reason enough for presenting here by agreement the third chapter in his book, "Richard Wagner som kulturföreteelse," Stockholm, 1913.—Ed.

In real life these conflicts are solved according to the tragic-humorous conception of life, in general justly, that is, in conformity to the laws of life; but very rarely in a way sufficiently logical and free from accidental contingencies, so that the conformance to the laws of life and justice may be plainly perceived. It is therefore the biological mission of tragic works of art to supplement and support the empirical realities of life by putting them on trial. If the outcome of the conflict is uncertain, the man with artistic feeling makes an appeal in error. The stage is the court of justice, and tragedy the spokesman, who conducts the trial between the ego and the world, in conformance to the highest laws governing the exigencies of life.

By means of this legal procedure, conflicts are summarized and reduced to typical life problems. The significance of the life problem for tragic art work or drama, is therefore the greatest imaginable. It constitutes the strongest hold of tragedy on reality, and is its biological justification for being.

In this connection, we have eliminated from our investigation all artificial drama that is based, not on real life problems, but on arbitrarily constructed "theater problems," or problems imitating life which, although they may possess a skillfully manufactured mechanical power to hold the imagination, never have the vital force necessary to awaken and elevate the sensibilities.

Aristotle describes the effect of the Greek music drama on the spectator as follows: The drama awakens within the spectator feelings of sympathy and awe, and thence by means of these emotions, brings about a "purification" of his being.

Refraining for the time from investigating more closely the true import of this view as a whole, let us turn our attention to the first statement: Tragedy awakens sympathy and awe. It is clear that this must come about through the incarnation of humanity in the life problem itself, and its exemplification in the dramatically living characters.

In this respect we are able to subscribe completely to Aristotle's view, even though we may not fully admit the present force of his terminology. But in order to feel sympathy and awe in the presence of an imitation of life, one must first be able to recognize the problem. No matter how powerfully a stage character may act, if we do not understand his emotion, his suffering and its cause, then we have no perception that the life problem is real and that its solution concerns us.

On the other hand, one must not assume that all dramatically expressed life problems, or those capable of being so expressed,

must necessarily be perceived immediately as such by all spectators. Individual life experiences vary to the greatest extent, both as to nature and circumstances. But nevertheless, analogies do exist, on the basis of which the great mass of spectators may be divided into larger or smaller groups, according to the number and kind of life problems they are able to recognize. The largest group, very naturally, is made up of those whose experience embraces only the most universal phenomena, those common alike to high and low, rich and poor, man and woman, whether exceptional or ordinary. And the dramatic poet is not unwise who tries to find out beforehand how large a public will be able to comprehend the life problem of his drama in its simplest elemental form, and how its presentation and solution must be worked out in order to get hold of the public, large or small, that he has in view.

Therefore, the artist who addresses himself to an entire people—as the true music dramatist does, in general—must avoid all problems, for the understanding of which only a limited number may possess the necessary experience and receptivity. He must, as Richard Wagner expressed it, concern himself alone with the “purely human,” that is to say, in the broadest sense of the term, with that which is typically human.

If now, after these general observations, we attempt to find out how far and in what way Wagner himself, in his artistic work, applied this rule of the “purely human” to his life problem, we at first get the unfavorable impression that his productions in this respect exhibit great diversity and inconsistency. In many of his dramas the characters, as for instance the title rôles in “The Flying Dutchman” and “Lohengrin,” and nearly all the figures in “The Ring of the Nibelung,” are purely legendary beings with powers, faculties, and theories of life more or less contradictory to the reality as we know it. They may therefore, at best, be looked upon as poetic symbols of the universal, of the general relations and superindividual factors of life, but not as representative of the individual, the single living human being.

And yet, in this trial between the individual and superindividual forces of life, which true drama may be said to portray, it is naturally indispensable that the human being should be presented as faithfully and truthfully as possible. A character whose actions and theories of life show him to be free from all constraint of fact, can not be truly tragic. On the contrary, however, a figure which wears a mythological or romantically fantastic form, may be tragic if its desires and manifestations of will are humanly limited and humanly true. Such a figure is that of the most

wonderful, perhaps, of all the heroes of Attic tragedy, the Titan Prometheus, who steals the fire from the selfish and power-loving gods, in order to elevate the human race, and who for this *noble crime*, is made to suffer the most dreadful tortures.

Meanwhile, if we continue our investigation of the life problem in Wagner's dramas from this standpoint, and direct our attention to the chief characters that are presented as real beings with human limitations, we shall soon come to a more harmonious and favorable result.

Let us turn then first, appropriately, to that one of Wagner's tragic compositions, in which all the characters are human beings. There is only one such, "Tristan and Isolde." In this drama we find ourselves, in spite of the mythical origin of the theme, on a foundation of reality. The only scene that has any connection with legendary fantasy, is that of the charmed drink in the first act. The supernatural power of the drink is not represented by the poet as really existing, but he allows the personages of the drama to be convinced of its power in order to base on this conviction *their* conception of the proposed life problem.

What, then, is this life problem? The legend, the theme, the characters of this much-celebrated story allow only one answer: *love, the superindividual instinct for the preservation of life, appearing as the destroyer of the individual*—in other words: the destruction of life through eroticism, a situation created and enhanced by the biological superiority of fervent beings, by their strength of feeling and spiritual inflammability. One is tempted not to recognize this as a tragic life problem, but rather as a pathologically abnormal situation—and yet we read, time and again, accounts of double erotic suicide which likewise prove that the longing of erotic love may assail and destroy one who is too weak to withstand the strain.

The only thing that can be urged against this life problem as a basis for tragic drama, is that its solution is known from the beginning. It leads to a tragedy of pure fate, where helpless individuals are crushed by blind, inexorable forces. Nor is the conflict of the kind which we have just designated as immediate. It arises, not by direct opposition of the individual to the super or exceptional individual, but comes about indirectly from the fact that the individual too unreservedly and completely yields to *one* superindividual instinct—in this case, love—at the expense of everything else. That the tragedy which thus develops from such indirect conflicts, and above all from the erotic problem, is less strong, less clearly significant of life, and less convincing in its

artistic results than the tragedy of immediate conflict, we may now be able to see through this example.

Wagner declared "Tristan" to be in every respect, both as to words and music, his most personal, typical, and most perfectly executed work. As to the music, this has always been acknowledged. The glowing passion, the immeasurable pathos, all the unwearied striving for expression through the entire scale of erotic moods, from transports of joy to longing for death; all this, from the beginning, has been looked upon less as the necessary elucidation of a choice poetic theme, than as the direct outpouring of the poet's inner soul, a revelation of the composer's personality.

But the peculiar note in this music is that which—if at the same time weaker and more intermittent and conventional—prefigures the themes of all his other dramas, the note which here in "Tristan" unveils the mystery and reveals itself as *eroticism*.

And now, a misgiving seizes us. If Wagner's most characteristic and most personal note attained its fullest expression in this work, which treats of eroticism as a tragic problem, may it not be possible that this same note, ringing out more or less clearly in his other works, is but the expression of the same problem?

The answer can not be other than in the affirmative. For this thought not only suddenly opens the way for a uniform and comprehensive survey of the multitude of questions and phenomena connected with Wagner's work, but what is more important, it gives a psychological explanation of his peculiar art and its influence on auditors of different kinds.

Wagner, a music drama erotic! If we undertake to investigate the tragic in his dramas with the help of this formula, its power to explain, its manifest character of key-word to the riddle not yet fully solved, will not fail to strike us. And in order to approve of this formula, it is not necessary to side with the present scientific tendency to explain, on principle, all manifestations of human soul life as directly resultant from erotic and sexual relations.

In "The Flying Dutchman," it is easy to show, under all circumstances, that the purely human tragedy does not lie with the masculine title rôle, but with the feminine character, Senta. Her heart is the heart of the drama. This peculiar, though by no means unfamiliar feminine eroticism, first finds expression in infinite compassion for an unfortunate being, unknown except by hearsay and as pictured by the imagination, and in a fervent longing for self-sacrifice in his behalf. Afterward, at the first meeting, this feeling is transformed into a passion of blissfully exultant devotion, which is revealed in all its intensity as soon as occasion

offers, when the necessary solution is brought about by sudden, voluntary death.

This feminine eroticism is a typical life problem of the same sort as that in "Tristan," and its humanness, which counteracts the symbolic legendary fantasy of the Dutchman, forms a connecting link with reality.

"Lohengrin" exhibits, in this respect, a striking similarity to "The Flying Dutchman." Even here, the chief masculine rôle is filled by a symbolized legendary character which, however, is as radiantly bright and beautiful as that of the Dutchman is oppressively dark and somber.

Likewise, here also the real tragedy is to be found in Elsa, the feminine counterpart, so humanly portrayed. Like Senta, she is an erotic visionary and has seen her lover in her dreams. But *her* tragedy lies in the conflict arising between an individual element—a sense of her own worth awakened during the course of the drama—and a superindividual love, with which, furthermore, gratitude has entered into an alliance.

Thus, the life problem of this drama also, the note of reality which appeals most strongly to the spectator, is the question, to what lengths a woman's love can go in submission and self-renunciation. And since the conflict between the individual and the world is here direct, the tragedy of the answer is only so much the greater.

The presentation and the development of the problem, which here very naturally take on the character of a test, are meanwhile carried out with something of the directness of the folk-tale. Lohengrin's charge to his loved one not to seek to learn who he is, as in the beautiful original of this myth, the late Greek Eros and Psyche legend, acquires human significance only through poetic-symbolic interpretation, and has, in reality, more the character of a fanciful and pleasing theater problem, than that of an immediate life problem.

The fundamental significance which eroticism possesses for the principal theme in the tetralogy of "The Nibelung Ring," is immediately brought out in the first scene of the prelude, "The Rhinegold." Whole movements are nothing but a demonstration, half musical, half philosophical, of the misfortunes and the curse which the forswearing of love—in every sense of the term—brings upon the world; while in the last scene of the last drama, this same love is represented as the only force which has the power to remove the curse and restore peace to the world.

And in each separate drama the love motif is everywhere the central theme. In "The Rhinegold" it appears as Freya, the goddess of love; in "The Valkyr," as the tragic and gloomy fate of the twin couple, Siegmund and Sieglinde; in the succeeding play of "Siegfried," as the bliss of the hero and the maiden he awakens; and finally, in "The Twilight of the Gods," it appears first as fiendish enchantment, and lastly as a pantheistic redemption of the world.

But few purely human life problems are solved in "The Ring of the Nibelung," although the dramatic development often touches them closely. The whole is a sort of grandiose morality in the form of tragic drama, with the chief character, Wotan himself, in his thirst for power, appearing more as an allegorical than as a truly tragic figure. And practically the same thing holds true with all the other more or less mythical, supernatural, and symbolical characters.

Wagner's last work, "Parsifal," and "The Ring of the Nibelung," among other things have this in common, that they both treat of the renunciation of erotic love, although from standpoints almost diametrically opposed. While in the tetralogy this renunciation is the root of all evil, in "Parsifal," on the contrary, it is the most typical expression of the highest and noblest efforts of humanity and spiritualized chivalry to attain purity and truth.

That the renunciation of erotic love under certain conditions may spring from the individualistic instinct for the preservation of life, and may thus involve a life problem in the sense which we now apply to the term, is not a new idea. Even in modern Swedish literature are to be found many forceful expressions for anti-erotic moods. The renunciation of eroticism, which indeed most commonly occurs in connection with old age and a general sublimation and cooling of passions, appears not merely as a fundamental idea in the doctrines of purity among the more advanced religions, but is seen among both primitive and civilized races. Especially characteristic is the position which eroticism holds among races that are distinguished by a tragic-humorous conception of life.

Among the Greeks of the Attic tragedy, whose Eros cult we like to picture in such glowing terms, erotic love was looked upon with something of a mixture of mild disdain and fear, concealed beneath that genuinely beautiful Hellenic attitude of poetic worship. The Greeks, perhaps more than many races of later times, were conscious of the dangers involved in this life force, both for the individual and for the race, unless it were restrained by other instincts, by reason or experience.

In the eye of the tragically wise Greek, therefore, eroticism appeared as something foolishly effeminate and unmanly. Nor did it play any rôle in tragedy until the time of Euripides and the decadence. Not until the masculine tragic conception of life had disappeared from the ancient world, did the true Greek Eros cult begin, effeminate, untragic, and Alexandrian to the last degree. During the period of its highest development, the life problems of tragedy were purely individualistic and distinctly masculine, as in the works of Æschylos and Sophocles. The rôles were chiefly masculine—or feminine, with masculine strength of mind and fortitude—and the audience addressed was, above all, masculine.

This knowledge of the dangers of erotic intoxication, and this disdain for the effeminacy of love, may be seen still more plainly among the Germanic races during their earlier stages of civilization. In a world where the struggle for existence so often assumed such terrible forms, it was soon learned that the acts which resulted from the delirium of erotic excitement were to the highest degree fatal to the continuance of life, both of the individual and of the race—and also, that the instinct which looked after this continuance must, like every other natural force, be caught, tamed, and guided, in order that it might fulfil its mission in the best possible way, without injury or harm to itself.

This masculine, unromantic conception of the nature of love early developed among the Teutons into a stern anti-erotic system of morals, which Christianity only seemingly and in part set aside. In the opposition of the new religion to sensuality, namely, is to be found a point of contact through which the instinctive, inherited conceptions were passed on and fused with the craving of medieval Christianity for chastity and purity.

But the Teuton's inner life of sentiment and feeling, only half expressed through the changes of centuries, continued to live, though inconspicuously, along with his poise of mind and strong sense of wholesomeness. And it was this inner life, turned back on itself and combined with certain moral ideals, which created in his soul a sort of modesty, a shy reluctance to exhibit or give expression to any strong feeling, and in particular to any erotic sentiment. Yet under the double constraint of the moral law and this noble, instinctive modesty, his inner life but grew in strength until at last it found expression in a form in which all contradictions could be united—the form of *art*. The German minnelied, as well as similar compositions in other lands, is an unmistakable manifestation of this intensity of feeling and repletion of moods accumulated through the centuries.

Meanwhile, through the union of the matured ideal of true Germanic chivalry with the religious idea of the Christian church, the eroticism of the minnelied soon reached a point where it lost or surrendered all self-control. In spite of its origin in an instinct for life preservation, it therefore grew away—in part through outer influences—from nature and reality, and took on a form of romanticism of the most insidious kind, devoting itself, in a way originally foreign to the Teutons, to a platonic-fantastic worship of woman. This very naturally had a strong influence on woman's conception of love, especially the woman of the higher class, who instinctively sought to preserve purity of morals and thought. And thus, through her was established this socially aristocratic, religio-romantic conception of love among all classes of society, as in reality it still exists to-day.

But the unrestrained, natural force of love is not to be done away with in this fashion. It is continually bursting its fetters, and each of its encounters with the religio-romantic conception is the occasion of a tragic conflict.

This is the origin of the life problem in "Tannhäuser," from the erotic standpoint possibly the most interesting of all Wagner's works—not excepting "Tristan." Like all erotic conflicts, this is not wholly typical and direct, a conflict between the individual and the world, but rather is indirect. A superindividual instinct, an elemental love, takes possession of the individual, and thus brings him into conflict with another superindividual power, that of the anti-erotic instinct of protection transformed into a religio-romantic enthusiasm for love.

Tannhäuser is a hot-blooded poet, and as such is open to the influence of everything natural and human, and is independent of class opinions and conventions. But as a nobleman he still shares the views of his class, and is susceptible to the influence of religious romanticism. Moreover, opposition and conflict exist in his own being from the beginning; while in "Tristan," according to their own declaration, the chief characters in reality stand in opposition only to the outer world. This is the reason why the eroticism of "Tannhäuser" in the end proves more interesting psychologically, even though the tragedy is not sufficiently individualistic to be thoroughly convincing and illuminating.

Tannhäuser is not a strong, invincible hero, but evidently he never has possessed the power of moulding the contradictions of his soul into a spiritual whole, just as little as he has had any conception that alongside of the poetic-elemental and the feminine-romantic conceptions of love, there is to be found a third,

endlessly more significant—the masculine, anti-erotic, genuinely tragic conception, in character proud, truly pure, valiant and ideal. But Tannhäuser's ignorance in this case rests with Wagner. The erotic in the drama, as well as his parallel in reality, was foreign to the writers of the Promethean age, the greatest of all time. "Tertium non datur," there is no third, was their creed.

That Elizabeth, the chief feminine character in the drama, shares this belief need cause no surprise. Moreover, in her rôle she presented the same problem as in the man. In her soul also, there is a struggle between two different conceptions. In the beginning, she herself does not understand this, but when at last she does understand, her heart receives its death blow, a deep, incurable wound, through which she slowly bleeds to death.

The Tannhäuser drama, which without doubt contains a sort of poetically limned, spiritual portrait of the word and tone poet Wagner, occupies at the same time a peculiarly central position among his artistic productions. The dual erotic problem which he there unconsciously touched upon, the relation of the elemental and the romantic love to life, and their biological significance, he subsequently divided into two separate themes. Love as an elemental, destructive force of nature became the life problem in "Tristan and Isolde," while love as self-renunciatory romanticism gave the key-note to "Parsifal."

And through "Tannhäuser" Wagner was led to the point where, for the first and last time in his life, and without suspecting it, he found himself in the forbidden circle of the "great third," and cast a glance into that realm of tragedy which is at the same time genuinely Promethean and genuinely Germanic, the realm of Shakespeare. And the inner force which at that time guided him and clarified his vision, was perhaps his greatest, the force of *humor*.

We recall the close connection between humor and Germanic individualism and the tragic conception of life, and in an instant we understand the psychology which looks upon humor as the most masculine of all attributes of the soul. Among erotics, whose sentimental life demands a more feminine excitement of an elemental, unreflecting character, this attribute is seldom to be found. The ability to control the uncertain moods of life, half dark, half light, gloomy or gay, which is based on self-mastery, comes only after the passions are under subjection.

With Wagner true humor appears for the first time in his next to the last work. And the extent of his genius for erotic composition may best be seen in the fact that this work stands

alone as opposed to nine, or if "Siegfried" is not counted, eight other works in which the life problem is tragic-erotic.

The plan of this work, "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg," originated first as a counterpart to the external treatment of "Tannhäuser." Therefore, even here the central theme is love although the humorous conception and vigorous treatment never allow it to stand out prominently, while it is often confused with the wealth of joyous themes and motifs growing out of the fundamental problem.

This fundamental problem, which is not erotic, although it receives its solution through love, consists of the contradictory relations arising between the individual on the one hand, who is endowed with creative power, and on the other hand, a receptive company of people made up of various ages and of different social standing.

These people are designated, in the beginning, as the court of final appeal for determining the value of all true production. In the matter of art, Wagner thereby places the comprehension of the people alongside that of women—and at a stroke lays bare the secret of his soul. The erotic artist, in the first place, instinctively addressed himself to women and unconsciously sought those life problems which would most deeply interest them.

In this way also, he won youth to his side, the age when love appears as the only thing in life, and as its special wonder. And with woman and youth as his allies, he conquered the world—although not without a struggle.

(Translated by Hester Coddington)

